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THE

TRIUMPH OF TRUTH;

OR, THE

VINDICATION OF DIVINE PROVIDENCE.

A POEM;

IN WHICH

PHILOSOPHY, THEOLOGY, AND DESCRIPTION

ARE COMBINED.

IN FOURTEEN BOOKS.

BY REV. CHARLES GILES.

"Λέγει αὐτῷ ὁ Πιλάτος· Τί ἐστιν ἀλήθεια."

SECOND EDITION, REVISED AND IMPROVED BY THE AUTHOR.

NEW-YORK:

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PREFACE.

SOMETHING introductory is expected to appear on the opening of every literary work, as a clew to conduct the reader, by a direct way, into the author's designs; to arouse attention by anticipation of what is to be found in the sequel, or to apologize for an unexpected entrance into the rank of authors. The first edition of this work was sent abroad without patron, preface, or dedication, as a fameless stranger, dependant alone on its own merits, and submitted to meet whatever destiny should be awarded at the bar of literary criticism or public opinion. The edition soon went off, and found its way to the reading community; where, according to report, it generally met with warm and kindly reception, opening the way for a second edition.

The author, being solicitous to aid the cause of truth and righteousness, believing that, by the aid and blessing of Heaven, this humble effort would subserve that noble end, has resolved to bring out another edition of the work, which, he intends, shall have a wider circulation than the former.

The first edition was executed in great haste; and, in the pressure of business, some typographical errors passed into the work, unnoticed at the time. The work, however, has been revised with much care and labour, the errors corrected, and some important emendations made: hence the author ardently hopes that the present improved edition will reward the reader's toil, and beguile his tedious hours.

It is no ordinary pleasure to a writer, who is labouring for the good of mankind, to leave behind him sentiments, arguments, and tokens of feeling, copies of his

own mind, so expressed and imbodied, that he can, through that medium, converse with the living on earth while his lips are silent in dust, and his spirit gone to the eternal world.

But it would be merely vanity in the author to cherish the thought of pleasing all his readers. As the different parts of matter abound with variety, so the intellectual world contains various casts of mind: every mind has a peculiar, native temperament; moves on its own level, and has a sphere and element of its own. Education, however, has a powerful influence in moulding and controlling the natural tendencies of the human passions. But, after all that can be done in the cultivation of different minds, there will remain some innocent, predominating inclinations, that will preserve individual identity. This accounts for the great diversity in the preferences and tastes of mankind respecting many things, and particularly literary matters: each one is pleased with the subject, style, and composition that agrees with the tendency of his own mind. Hence, some are only delighted with prose, while others are captivated with poetry; some are pleased with sentimental reading, others admire romance, and tragical stories of love and murder. Yet all, who are susceptible of emotions of benevolence and compassion, feel the melting power of pathetic subjects, communicated either in verse or prose.

Those who possess a cast of mind congenial with the taste and inclination of the author, will move along in his humble orbit, enjoy the delightful charm of poetic magnetism, and find themselves at home in the subject; while others of different tastes and temperaments, susceptible of no attraction to a poet's toil, will calmly open the volume, and, after reading the title-page, lay it down without a desire to know what it contains. So every reader takes the liberty to choose his authors, as the bee to select her flowers. But there is this difference: the bee is wiser; she is always in pursuit of something that is truly good; honey she will have;

and no flower will please the bee unless it contain the delicious element that supports her life. She does not trifle away her time, nor spend her strength for naught.

Though it be admitted that the love of music is a universal passion, still there may be found a native cause why some are sensibly moved by the common charm of instrumental music, and yet have no inclination nor passion for the melody of sublime, poetic composition, breathing sentiments tender, moral, and divine. The melody of poetry is complex, and though susceptible to the ear, it is felt and relished, mostly, by the powers of mind. But music, proper, is adapted to the sensibility of the nervous organs: there it acts on those tender, physical fibres, and imparts a soothing, tranquilizing sensation to the whole system; thence, by sympathetic affinity, the softer passions of the mind are touched, and become excited by those nervous conductors.

So all rational beings, according to their different degrees of susceptibility, are affected by the power of music. And who does not know that some species of animals feel also the subduing charm of instrumental melody!*

* While the author was approaching the village of Rochester on the close of a fine day, a number of musicians, seated on the deck of the boat in which he was travelling, were playing a lively air. As the boat was passing under a bridge that led from the bank to the entrance of a flouring-mill, suddenly a lusty rat, with all his native shyness and caution, being charmed by the music, left his hiding-place in the mill, leaped on the deck of the boat near where the writer stood, and ran toward the group of musicians. The sight aroused him partly from his reverie. Alarmed to find himself among strangers, he leaped suddenly down the hatchway, and so took passage for Buffalo.

For the following account we are indebted to Dr. Adam Clarke:—

A musician was brought to play on his instrument while they were feeding a savage lion in the Tower of London.

The doctrine is, therefore, true, that to be affected by music requires neither the power nor exercise of reason. So, then, this conclusion must stand, that the effect of instrumental music on the human race is merely a delightful nervous sensibility, and not a feast of intellectual enjoyment. It is true, nevertheless, that to compose music, to play correctly, and to judge of the merit of a musical performance, require the exercise of the mental faculties. Yet the mere effect of music, apart from other considerations, is only a rich entertainment for the sensitive fibres and animal passions. But when sentiments are expressed in praise to God, the sense of the sacred words understood and felt, while the sweet-toned voices form the melody, there is a mental pleasure enjoyed in common with the corporeal sensibilities and animal feelings.

It is equally true that music, unconnected with words and ideas, affects all alike, as far as their constitutions and casts are similar. The Christian and infidel are charmed alike by music; they realize the same composed state of the passions, and the same happy, nervous softness of feeling. The lion in the tower, and the rat in the mill, mentioned in the note, were both affected by the same cause, and in a smilar manner. Music also strangely suspends the power of certain diseases, by allaying the irritation of the nerves, and quieting the excited passions.

By the preceding observations we are necessarily brought to this conclusion, that the melody of heaven, so often referred to, differs as much from the music performed on earth, by human art, as the mind differs from

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The beast immediately left his food, came toward the grating of his den, and began to move in such a way as to show himself affected by the music. The musician ceased, and the lion returned to his food: he recommenced, and the lion left off his prey, and was so affected, as to seem, by his motions, to dance with delight. This was repeatedly tried, and the effects were still the same.—See *Commentary*, 1 Sam. xvi.

the body. The melody of heaven does not consist in what is philosophically called sound, produced by the vibration of the air on the fibres or drum of the natural ear. The music in the world of happy spirits must be, then, wholly intellectual; for, in that high celestial state, there are no corporeal natures, nor physical organs, to participate in harmonical sounds; and no supernatural being there could be excited by sounds, if musical sounds could be produced where no material atmosphere exists.

This argument does not lessen, in our view, the perfection or the bliss of heaven. It is, indeed, a glorious and delightful place. Still no material sun shines there, nor is material light needed: the eternal Divinity illuminates that spiritual world. The inhabitants of heaven have no downy beds, nor weary nerves requiring sleep; they have no material tenements there, nor tables pressed with viands,—neither bright terrestrial gold, nor manufactured robes. These things, like earthly sounds, are indispensable here, but would be useless in the celestial world. Every thing is perfect there, and perfectly adapted to the blissful mode of that heavenly life, of which we now have only imperfect conceptions. "We see through a glass darkly." The words used to carry our thoughts up to immortality and heaven are figures of speech, borrowed from the things of earth; and these figures, like defective mirrors, give but imperfect images or ideas of the things they are designed to represent; still we cannot speak of spiritual things without them. But the frequent use of these symbolical phrases imperceptibly leads us to form incorrect notions of spiritual things; even to materialize all the glory and perfection of the heavenly world.

But to return to the doctrine under consideration in the premises, which is, that some, who are charmed by music, are not delighted with poetry. And wherefore, if the assertion advanced by Dr. Blair be true, that "man is both a poet and a musician by nature!" The

saying is too broad and vague to be critically correct. It is true that man by nature loves music, and reference has been made to the cause. It is not the poetry which is sung that delights all who hear it; but the melody, which is made by the choir, produces the transporting effect on the multitude, while the few are pleased with both. All are excited by music, as before stated, and the cause is obvious. The tender fibres, that abound in the construction of the human body, are so formed as to vibrate at the touch of melodious sounds. Hence the love of music is an original law of instinct in human nature; but poetry, apart from its inspiration or essence, is only an art, designed to convey a kind of melody to the musical ear. It is a fact well known, that all instruments and mediums of melody are not esteemed alike by all the lovers of music. Hence, if some do not delight in the sound of verse, and throw it aside as a dull organ of music, it should excite neither displeasure nor wonder.

Music, as before stated, is merely sound, which strikes on the drum of the ear, and there comes in contact with the nervous organs, which, being excited, diffuse enlivening sensations through the whole fibrous system. The tribes of men, in distant time, were acquainted with these sensations: they perceived that nature was productive of wild, artless melody; and they felt its charm. So nature taught them music. They perceived also, that, as they expressed their thoughts by vocal signs, their words had sounds more or less melodious; and that not only some words, but some arrangement of words, were more musical and flowing than others: these facts, together with an instinctive passion for melody, led the primitive nations to form their rude, imperfect songs. And the first attempt of this kind was the origin of poetry among them; and the one who accomplished the work was doubtless favoured with a turn of mind adapted to the task—hence he became the bard. The ruling object with them was to satiate their native desire for melody.

Hence it appears that poetry originally was designed for musical purposes, to bring out the enraptured emotions and fire of the soul in sounding verse; so as in a pleasing manner to unite instruction with melody, and sense with sound. Though some do not favour this association, yet they highly esteem the thoughts and sentiments contained in poetical works; but that variegated, muse-wrought garb in which they appear, is for ever out of vogue with them, and they will not spend their time, nor perplex themselves to straighten out the poetical plaits and curls, and dress the thoughts anew, in plain prosaic habiliments.

The preceding thoughts are not introduced here to effect a change in the harmless inclinations of any one, but merely to show, by reasons founded on the principles of intellectual philosophy, why some admire poetry, while others have a strong aversion to it.

The writer is aware that some in the reading world are slow and cautious of admitting a new work among their favourite authors until it shall be reviewed, and obtain a broad seal of approbation from some of the critics of the day, especially if the author be a native of the romantic hills of America, and unknown to the celebrated patrons of the muses in the old world.

It is acknowledged that the literature of every country should be guarded by a vigilant and critical care, for on this depends much of the improvement of the age in the arts and sciences. Hence the imperfections and errors, in all works designed for the public eye, should be detected and exploded. But it is well known that, among the professed critics of our day, some are learned, judicious, and benevolent: these are ever ready to award the credit due to works of usefulness and merit; while others are merely pretenders to literary skill, captious and envious in spirit, disapproving of every work that does not flow in the channel of their own taste and views. As some admire what is comparatively imperfect on the painted canvass, and mark for defects some of the most beautiful touches of the pencil;

so a deficiency in taste and knowledge becomes the highest standard by which many form their opinions of literary works. For the labour of this class of readers no compliments are due: their defective criticisms may pass for profound learning among the ignorant, but among the wise for no more than sheer vanity.

Various reasons conspired to influence the author to compose this work in verse, which, to his understanding, were sufficiently weighty, though others may think differently, and appeal from his judgment to their own, and set his opinion aside. The consideration, that verse is more nervous and impassioned than prose, had some influence on his mind. Moreover, the laws of poetry have the prerogative of abbreviating language: much can be expressed in a condensed form, and, through its peculiar construction, may be committed to memory with greater ease, and retained longer, as it often makes a deeper impression on the mind. Besides, poetry accords more with the taste and inclination of the author: his thoughts have been strangely inclined to flow in verse; and, while a youth, he was often excited and charmed with the *whirl*, the *rush*, the *flight*, and *flow* of poetry.

The author, in composing this work, has preferred rhyme to blank verse, because it has a greater power of melody, and, therefore, it is more easily imprinted on the mind. Some writers, however, of great renown think that rhyme fetters thought, and impedes the flight of genius; hence they have assigned it a province in the middle regions of poetry. But this accommodation is not required by the power of true genius; for such is the richness of the English language, that a perfect, poetical mind, has no more difficulty in expressing his highest and warmest conceptions in rhyme, than an operative mason has in turning right angles, in any place, with square bricks.

No mode of composition can make a weak, low conception vast and sublime. True sublimity lies in ideal conception; and to think sublimely requires an intellect

of the first order. If this endowment be wanting, it is in vain to seek for modes of composition and a style by which to mount into the regions of sublimity. Blank verse does neither exalt nor expand ideas: it merely indulges the writer with more freedom of expression, which, it is supposed, the poet needs. But this freedom is often abused by some writers, in letting their sentences run down to a prosaic level, where the verse loses all the attractive attributes that constitute poetry, except its mechanical form.

The easy, flowing style, that allows the sentences to run from one line into another, which, some suppose, is alone peculiar to blank verse, may be fully maintained in connection with rhyme. To illustrate this point by example, if the reader will excuse the selection, I will introduce here a paragraph, from page 56 of this work, where the author, in support of an argument, attempts to show the speed of thought:—

"How swift thought travels!—lo! the cannon's flash,
The bright-wing'd lightning, and the whirlwind's dash,
Much slower move!—Hoarse thunder's leaping sound,
Hurl'd orbs careering through the starr'd profound,
And Time, swift charioteer—all fly behind
The speed of thought. Sunlight, our servant kind,
Along the extended void, each minute flies
Twelve million miles to bless our waking eyes—
But swifter, thought! Yes, this wing'd power of soul
Can travel round the globe, call at each pole,
Visit the moon, the portals of the sun;
Thence step from world to world, through systems run,
O'er fields of stars, where blazing comets stray,
To nature's verge—trace back Time's travell'd way
Some thousand years, to where creation rose—
And back—then onward to all Nature's close,—
To heaven's metropolis where seraphs burn,
(And but one minute gone,) to Earth return
Without the least fatigue, but ready quite
To spread her wings and take another flight."

The question, "What is poetry?" may be admitted

here, and receive a passing, momentary consideration. The learned very well know that poetry does not consist in the mere shuffling of words, to see how variously they may be combined and transposed, like the useless changes in a moving kaleidoscope.

The genius, or soul of that which we call poetry, is everywhere discovered in the material universe. The earth, the sea, and the starry heavens, are full of the essence of poetry. Order, beauty, variety, life, light, motion, and perfection, all rush on the enraptured gaze: while mingled tones and voices, thundering cataracts, roar of winds and waves, and all the wild harmony of nature, play upon the delighted ear. Yes, the essence of poetry is beheld in the twinkling of the stars—in the electric flash—and heard in the dire earthquake and rolling thunder. It appears in the golden tints of the rising day, and in the crimson radiance of the setting sun—in the rainbow hues, and in the vivid flashings of the *Aurora Borealis*—in the revolution of worlds, and changes of seasons. It is seen also in the varied beauties of the flower garden, and in the fields, where the sportive breezes dance on the waves of the bending grain. It is heard in the responsive bleating of flocks, and in the changeful notes of birds—in the artless laugh of playful mutes, and prattle of infant tongues. These delightful scenes opening, with all these varied sounds rising, and coming up from every part of creation, form the poetry of nature; and, on her altar of inspiration, the enrapturing fire continually burns.

To imitate these effects of the laws of matter and instinct—to laud the wisdom and goodness of the Creator—and to mould every thought into harmonious verse, is the work of the poet.

One apparent attribute of poetry is the mechanical arrangement of words in its construction, adapted to a measured scale of art, by which thoughts and sentiments are so expressed, as both to arouse the passions and play upon the musical ear. Hence poetry is classed among the fine arts. But the inspiration or soul of

poetry, which lives in the thoughts and sentiments, and moves in the whole machinery of verse like a wheel within a wheel, is invention, which combines the talent of imagery, and the conception and arrangement of thought. This inventive power is not the offspring of art, but the endowment of nature. Among the ancient heathen bards this gift was honoured with the personification and title of the Goddess of poetry or song. Hence, to her bewitching highness invocations were frequently made, to obtain her smile, and the needful fire of her inspiration. And here it must be admitted, that what was necessary to constitute poetry in ages past is necessary to constitute it now.

It appears, however, that some have formed erroneous opinions of the lofty powers of this ancient art; and have strangely laboured to limit its province to the wild, romantic field of fable. It is not strange that skeptical writers should imagine that poetry has no proper element or work but fiction. They must know that the Holy Bible, which they vilify and hold up to public scorn, abounds in exalted poetical strains. As skeptical oracles, they doubtless would wish to delude the world into the belief that the Bible, with all its inspired and sublime poetry, is no more than an artful fable.

We may truly say, that the soul of poetry is of celestial descent, and was born free; therefore it should not be trammelled, nor driven by erring critics from its native alliance with reason, philosophy, and truth, and left to wander, like a poor maniac, on a barren desert. The power of poetry has no bounds; it vibrates through all time and space, is familiar with all subjects, flies from description to argument, plays on the sympathy of the human heart, and bursts into holy raptures at the altar of devotion.

The author, though an advocate for versification, is, nevertheless, convinced that prose has in some things advantages over poetry; yet poetry has some peculiar excellences of its own, which will draw enraptured admirers as long as the fine arts are taught, and as

long as religion and reason shine. Works, however, that bear the name of poetry should not only display the mechanical aspect of the art, but should possess the peculiar spirit and attributes of poetic composition.

Poetry is designed both for intellectual and mechanical music; and differs as much from prose as the harmonious notes in a musical composition differ from the monotonous tones of the voice in common conversation. The mechanical music of poetry lies in the harmonious arrangement of accented and unaccented syllables that form the feet of verse; and these feet are held subservient to the poet's design: he can make his numbers move on with a majestic, solemn tread; or, if he please, he can make his verse bound and skip like a sportive roe.

So verse, properly constructed, is made to assume the spirit and nature of the theme on which it seizes; its modifications keep pace with the diversity of changes and movements in the subject. As we follow the verse, while it thus travels with its theme, we hear it roar amid the storm, rage and thunder on the battle ground, groan and lament in broken tones over scenes of wo and death; next we hear it burst abruptly in wild fits of rapture; then away it rides gently, calmly, on the zephyr's wing amid the flowery vales. Thus the verse keeps along with the theme; rises when it mounts, and falls when it descends. It gives to each character introduced peculiar attributes adapted to the part he is acting; and endows each speaker with a manner, style, and arguments, impassioned or calm, according to his part and rank; and colours every thing in the distance, and around it, with the native hues of life. Thus the reader is made to *hear*, to *see*, to *feel*, and *enjoy*, the fulness of the subject.

It is known to every nice observer that poetry and painting have some obvious similarities: words, skilfully and harmoniously arranged, with their various shades of meaning, give to language soft, expressive

beauties, equal to light and shade produced by the combination of colours on the painted canvass. A limner can easily transfer a piece of descriptive poetry to his pictorial canvass; and a poet can as easily transfer a painted design, with all its parts, beauties, and glowing tints, to his descriptive page. There is a secret with the artist in applying the finishing touches to his design: the work may appear easy to the eye of a beholder; still none but a master can do it. So of poetry, which is the picturing of thought, the language of action, where living nature is imitated, inanimate things personified and made to live a poetic life.

Design, imagery, ardour, imitation, and action, are the winged attributes of poetry, which form its life, beauty, and sublimity. Prose can move forward without the aid of wings: it is more independent and uniform, less impetuous, like a traveller, who with even pace trudges onward up hill and down; while poetry, like a steam-car instinct with flame and motion, rolls, thundering onward with accelerated force, throwing, seemingly, every thing around it into sportive movements, like an automaton or magical dance. A passage, from page 60 of this work, will aid the illustration of this view of the subject:—

"There, on its track, the locomotive stands!
Snorts like a war-horse, waiting for commands—
The time is come!—The master "Ready!" cries:
Swift, with its pompous train, the engine flies;
Far, in the distance, leaves the gazing crowd,
Like Mars, drives onward, breathing fire and cloud!
O'er gulfs and plains, 'mid changing scenes advance,
The trees take motion, whirl in lively dance:
All things alike appear to skip and play,
In merry movements, round th' enchanted way."

Prose is like a stream flowing along in its wonted channel by the common laws of gravity, rippling now and then. But poetry is like a fitful water-work, de-

signed for pleasure, ornament, and convenience. The fountain, at first, is compelled into ducts, thence it receives a greater mechanical force which sends it upward, through numerous apertures, in sportful, elegant jets; then, as if to regale the gleeful eye, as the hidden force declines, the jets turn, forming silvery arches in the air, thence the branchy fountain, falling by its own gravity, plunges precipitately into the reservoir, and steals away silently, as if on the wings of the muses.

The style and construction of poetry should be clear as a crystal or a reflecting mirror, so as to give back, instantly, all the ideal images presented in it. It should resemble the open-work of a fruit canister or vase, constructed of golden wire, designed to show the reddened peach, and yellow orange, through the openings of its frame. For poetry is but an ornamental mode of exhibiting ideas: it adds no intrinsic richness to thought; but the art displayed in its design is merely to invite attention to the mental entertainment contained within. If the reader cannot easily grasp the ideas designed to be communicated in the work, the solace and refreshment of the mind is defeated, and no exterior embellishment can atone for this egregious defect: for there is but little pleasure to be derived from the bare feet of poetry, where the meaning is obscured, by far-fetched or inadequate phrases, or lost in the tiresome maze of endless circumlocution. Soon as the empty sounds of the words die, leaving no sentiments impressed on the mind, the labour of the writer is lost.

The author, moreover, is inclined to indulge a high veneration for poetry, because its existence is coeval with the Holy Bible. Jehovah's messages to our degenerate world came down on sainted souls by inspiration; and sounded from the lips of holy bards in lofty figures of resounding verse. There, on those sacred pages, lies the ample field of truth and ancient lore—there poetry abounds in primitive sublimity; yes, in bold, native Hebrew it appears, fraught with terrific

images, rolls like a mountain torrent, and sweeps along in awful, majestic strains.

Considering the origin and antiquity of poetry, the author has been led to infer that it was designed as one grand, effectual organ, to communicate the will of God to man, and to proclaim the wonders of Almighty power, displayed in creation, redemption, and providence.

In the execution of his plan the author has endeavoured to keep himself within the limits of the title, resorting to conjecture only when silence or obscurity barred his course, and compelled him to adopt it; choosing, however, always to place the connective, doubtful ideas, along the line of probability. The several parts of the poem will be found necessary constituents of the whole: each part sustaining some fit relation to the general design; as, in an extended chain, every link is indispensable to the entire series.

The complicated government of God over the lower world, as revealed in the Bible, and manifested in every age by a superintending Providence, sustaining the cause of truth and righteousness, briefly styled, "TRIUMPH OF TRUTH," in the title of the work, forms the burden of the theme, and is made to appear in a commanding position throughout the whole design.

Directed by the light of inspiration, aided by philosophy and reason, through much solicitude and labour, the author has arrived at the termination of his toil. After all, if this humble effort should contribute nothing to advance the end for which it was designed;—if the hand that writes should move in vain; the labouring thought return void, and expire on the altar of sacrifice; and the name of the author be forgotten, and buried in the dust of his mouldering work; still the mighty cause of truth and righteousness will advance. The Lord of the universe has ample means in store, and countless agents at command. Though the restless wheels of time appear to move on slowly, yet a revolution is advancing that will be consummated in the overthrow

of the reign of darkness and error, and in the everlasting *triumph of truth.*

That this small production, which is consecrated to the cause of Heaven, and thrown into circulation, may prove a blessing to every one into whose hands it may happen to fall, is the ardent desire of the

AUTHOR.

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THE

TRIUMPH OF TRUTH.

BOOK I.

THE ARGUMENT.

TRUTH ARRAYED AGAINST ERROR.

The subject opens with a glance at romance—The power of poetry, the offspring of inspiration—The Holy Bible reviewed—That revelation and nature are from one Source: both contain mysteries; but their Author is more unsearchable than either—The whole material world gives evidence of a great First Cause—Atheism examined and exploded—Deism and fatalism considered—Man, a moral agent—That God, who provides for this mortal life, has made rich provision for the soul, in the gift of revelation—Providence extended to all beings below—An incident.

Let fiction-builders baseless fabrics raise,
Themselves t' amuse, to draw the idle gaze;
On erring wings adventure far, alone,
Amid the wild creations of their own;
Their gods awake, endow'd with flashing wings,
To give vibration to the Muse's strings;
Hear their own thunder roar, see lightning blaze,
And lose themselves in clouds and dust they raise.
Their fame I covet not—romantic ground
Is hollow, false, profane. Truth is profound,
Ancient, divine—to powers celestial known,
Blazed with full beams around th' eternal throne
Before the stars were born, or wheeling sun
His race diurnal through the void begun:

When this bright orb shall waste, and those decay,
Truth will remain a source of brighter day.
The Book of God, a Rock, to mortals given!
On that I rest. Hail! sacred Muse of Heaven!
Of inspiration born—Nymph of the sun!—
I thee invoke! Thy ransom bards have won:
Woo'd from thy native bower, betray'd, profaned,
By heathen wits; a minion long detain'd!
O'er barbarous realms thou hast been doom'd to stray,
To shrines obscene, devotion press'd to pay;
For ruthless monarchs twined ambrosial flowers,
Their conquests sung, and charm'd the festal bowers;
For faithless Venus fill'd the shameless stage
With lawless scenes, to please a wanton age.
In Virtue's bosom,—Oh! what mantled guile!—
A dagger thou hast plunged to win a smile;
With strangers wept, and raised mad folly's roar,
In error's sport, far from thy native shore.
Degraded Muse! shake off thy broken chains,
Thou art redeem'd! Truth triumphs! Reason reigns,
And doubts recede!—Come wake the deathless lay!
Aid Truth to sing, to laud th' Omnific Sway
That *light* and *life* awoke. The dark profound
Of sin and death disclose—Redemption sound!
Hurl to the wide winds, error;—far proclaim
God's ways mysterious, and the Bible's fame.
Behold our Rock! the Book inspired by Heaven,
With wonders fraught! to rule the nations given:
Truth's ancient fort, the source of sacred lore,
Where oracles declaim, loud trumpets roar,
And bards take fire; whose sweeping numbers flow
High as the heavens, and deep as hell below:

In effort all, the thoughts in diction bound,
Replete with life; truth swells in every sound:
Terrific now—now soft as zephyrs warm,
As thunder grand, impressive as the storm.
The nations shake where'er its power is known,
Tears rain on tears, and groan replies to groan.
It warms the soul—t' enlighten mortals came,
Prophetic fire, that sets the world on flame.
In that prime Book we view salvation's plan,
Learn what we are, and see the end of man.
It lights earth's travell'd shore; reveals where crime
Was born; and shows the march of Death and Time.
There, Reason labours in th' Almighty's cause,
And Justice shakes his golden chain of laws:
Roused by the sound, man starts from moral sleep,
Hears Vengeance thunder, and sees Mercy weep;
Inhales new life, new scenes before him rise,
Spurns earth-born thoughts, and measures o'er the skies.
The antidote for sin in this Book stands
To all reveal'd, in reach of mortal hands;
Whose latent charm dispels our mental gloom,
Warms deep the soul, and shines into the tomb!
Poor wanderers lost, hence learn their homeward way,
From death to life, from darkness into day.
Great boon of Heaven! of complicate design,
A chain unbroken all, and all divine,
To *measure* duty's ground where all should run,
The world's discordant faiths to *bind* in one;
To *draw* all minds with mutual force to love,
And all concentrate to the throne above.
It is a beacon on Time's dangerous shore,
Whose light gives warning in wild error's roar;

A chart and magnet too, on life's rough waves,
This points to heaven, and that by counsel saves.
There is a stone, in story, famed of old,
Whose magic touch turns every thing to gold;
Nor mines could yield it, nor rich pearly ground,
But found in truth, in Bible truth was found.
O seize the gem by faith!—The charm is told:
By truth thy heart is changed—is changed to gold!
Truth, Archimedeans!—yes, truth will stand!
Go, move the world!—the world is at command.
Almighty truth acts on the laws of mind,
Inspires celestial powers, and moves mankind.
O wondrous Book! how high, how broad, how deep!
Past, present, future, lie within the sweep:
It spans the ocean time, an arcade o'er
From Alpha to Omega, shore to shore.
There, line on line, in sacred order rise:—
Prodigious work! connecting earth and skies.
Th' eternal Shiloh—who rejects his claim?—
Is made the KEY-STONE in this arch of fame.
High o'er it angels celebrations keep,
While generations roll beneath its sweep;
O'er dispensations broad extend its wings,
Wide as the consummation of all things.
Amazing structure!—Mark the whole design!—
How strong, how grand, this masonry divine!
Proud skeptics' art and demons' rage defies—
Their vile invectives fail, and battering lies:
No part is marr'd, nor shock alarming given;
It stands defended by the throne of Heaven!
Huge pyramids must waste, strong castles fall,
Time's concave burn, flames wrap this murky ball;

But holy truth shall live, and, in the flame
Of burning worlds, shall brighter shine in fame.
Lo! th' artful novels, and romantic tales,
Light as the fog that rides on mountain gales:
A fruitless forest! wilderness of flowers!
Which crowd the Bible from our leisure hours:
That Book of books, that prompts us to be wise,
To reason fairly, and existence prize;
A mirror true, nor flatters friends nor foes,
These justly reprobates, and comforts those:
A speaking oracle with symbols crown'd,
Rich in memoirs, and parables profound.
Light clothes its doctrines, terror its commands—
O what a treasure open'd in our hands!
By angels wing'd, its vials dread are hurl'd,
From age to age, around the peopled world;
In reach of all, at every view appears
A promise fresh, in bloom a thousand years;
Nor beauty lost, nor valid charm t' inspire—
Seize, seize the *word!* and hold with strong desire!
"The Book has mysteries"—Lo! nature's too!
Both volumes read; they're open to your view;
Read and compare, believe and understand!
The two agree, impressions of one hand:
To reach their depths transcends our finite skill,
But God, their Author, more mysterious still.
Doubt him?—doubt all, thy reason, sense, and soul:
If one renounce, go, and renounce the whole!
No! *sense* and *reason* shall decide the cause,
The doubter cries,—these stand the ruling laws:
Whate'er my senses teach I'm bound to know,
All else to doubt, t' annihilation throw.

A God exists, a First Omniscient Cause—
This reason owns without a moment's pause:
Nonentity could never entity produce,
Give life and laws, arranged, for proper use.
Designs impress'd, throughout creation stand,
And all proclaim a wise Designer's hand.
By outward senses, God no mortal knows;
The fact 's inferr'd from what creation shows;
Acknowledged true. This sacred, Bible ground,
The deist owns: the greatest mystery found!
A Cause uncaused;—a Cause how little known!
Eternal, boundless—heaven of heavens his throne!
Whose power upholds all nature's vast machine,
Pervading all, but still by all unseen:—
A more than miracle—yet he believes!
(No miracles the infidel receives.)
"A God!" the deist cries—so nature cries,
The world of life, earth, seas, and flaming skies:
This fact confirm'd, the basis work is done,
And demonstration's noble task begun;
A clew we have, in this prime doctrine, laid,
To account for all in entity display'd.
Though clouds and darkness wrap the God confess'd,
There faith and reason find an equal rest.

Yes, every thing that is reports its Cause,
And gives vibration to the grand applause:
Above, below, around, in all the same,
One general concert through all nature's frame.
The rolling ocean, restless, ambient air,
Responsive thunder, and a God declare!
Each vernal bloom, that grows by nature's aid,
The noontide radiance, and the midnight shade

Each grain of sand, each drop of sparkling dew,
All that the touch can feel, or eye can view,
With every life that roves the hill or plain,
That mounts in air, or swims the sounding main,
A Cause declares; while every star that glows
In boundless space, a great Designer shows.
Yes, tongues innumerable resound abroad
This Bible truth, *there is—there is a God!*
Thus Nature lectures through the earth and skies,
By night and day, to make the scorner wise.
"A God! a God!"—inflates each melting tone,—
She tells our duty, and pursues her own.
Hark! tones uncouth I hear, which reason wounds,
And God denies!—how Atheism sounds!
Oh, horrid name!—a prodigy of ill!
A monster born, and is a monster still:
A citizen at large, a scoffer walks,
Assembles with the crowds, and laughs and talks;
Has claim to age, attendant oft at school,
But truth he scorns—was advertised fool!
Blind as the mole that ploughs the passive sod,
In gloom he creeps, and howls, "There is no God!"
Oh what deformity! blind offspring of the brain!
Conceived in madness, in some demon's reign.
Lo, this strange elf is nowhere to be found
But on our globe!—our earth is monstrous ground!
Go through all worlds, where faith and reason dwell,
Inquire in heaven, and ask the learn'd in hell,
Where Atheism prowls! They all will point to earth,
This murky planet; here it had its birth,
And here it dwells:—absurd the *fiends* declare:
The damn'd believe, and devils tremble there!

Oh fearful sight! to see a scoffer rise,
Insult his reason, and blaspheme the skies!
Where light and truth in demonstrations roll
To flash conviction through the reasoning soul;
Where Nature stands, and pleads her Author's cause,
Shows deep designs inwoven in her laws;
Unlocks her starry hall, in night's still hour,
To give bright lectures on Almighty power;
Employs her million tongues to wake his shame,
And sheds upon him tears of liquid flame;
Gives thunder voice, to lightning speed and glare,
To plead with eloquence, and truth declare;
Trumpets, in winds, to make him understand,
And points with sunbeams to the Almighty's hand;
Compels the trees to wave their arms and nod,
As he goes by, and sound,—*there is a God!*
See, how the plants, that wide creation grace,
Expand their blooms, and laugh him in the face!
The brutes rebuke him—instinct speaks by laws,
Hence every stinging fly demands its cause.
The untaught goose, that swims the turbid stream,
With taunting gabble mars the atheist's theme.

Each just effect must have as just a cause:
This is a maxim found in reason's laws.
From Bible doctrines consequences flow,
That mend our conduct, and relieve our wo.
The atheist's scheme no good to man e'er brought,
No crime prevents, nor yields one pleasing thought;
But, on each limb, deceitful evil grows,
And, from its base, a noxious river flows:
A deadly plague, an acrimonious bane,
That sweeps destructive throughout order's reign.

It fosters Folly, advocates her cause,
And pours high insult on all moral laws.
This shocking creed it holds :—There is no God ;
Death, an eternal sleep ; the soul, a clod ;
Religion, tragic scenes, a masquerade,
All sacred ties by human folly made ;
The moral laws, imperious spider threads
Of labour'd art, spun from inventive heads ;
That virtue is a supercilious thing,
And right and wrong from weak conception spring ;
High retribution, and a judgment day,
Mere bugbears, made to frighten us to pray ;
That heaven and hell are names no farther known,
Than the dark circle of this world alone.
Such is the boast of error's classic fool,
Dire emanation of the skeptic school.

How dark the night that Atheism brings !
Chance rules the world ; death spreads his boundless wings ;
A sable curtain falls before the gate
Of endless bliss : how dreadful is the fate !
No light comes over from th' eternal shore
To cheer this world ; harps thence resound no more.
Poor, wingless Hope creeps only to the tomb,
Nor looks beyond : there hangs a sunless gloom.
How mighty man, with all his grasping powers,
Is narrow'd up ! his age is wrapp'd in hours !
This wo-scarr'd world is all, all he can claim,
And that not long : so fleeting is earth's fame.
The rich, the poor, the virtuous, and the knave,
All fare alike in one eternal grave !
Is this man's end—his certain gloomy end ?
Must hope here die, nor o'er the tomb extend ?—

Annihilation! Oh what cheerless ground!
To lose all consciousness in sleep profound,
And never wake! Oh chance, how dread thy sway
Must life, must thought, must every power decay?
Ye self-consolers, by eternal sleep,
Come to the verge of this tremendous steep!
Look down—down! see, annihilation drear!
Oh deep nonentity! the thought we fear:
Reason starts back amazed, and heaves a sigh!
Shouts, *Endless life!* and dooms that creed to die.

Some, Atheism spurn, but cry with equal spite,
"The Bible errs"—"Whatever *is* is right."
One vortex shunn'd, another sweeps along,
For ever changing, but for ever wrong.
Say, where can vice be found, or virtue bright,
If this be true—"Whatever *is* is right?"
If fate eternal hold an endless reign,
And all events compose one zigzag chain,
Moved and sustain'd by some unseen control—
What diff'rence is there then throughout the whole?
'Mid such events the veriest dolt can see
That vice or virtue there could never be;
But every act would have an equal claim:
Their origin alike, their end the same.
Detested doctrine of the heathen school!
Which shields the knave, and justifies the fool;
Who charge their impious acts, of every name,
On God, and laugh and triumph in their shame
Make him the author of each midnight deed,
Absolve themselves, and cry, "It was decreed!"

If we are doom'd to err, and erring run,
The fault is his who caused it to be done:

If fate control, our will is will in vain,
And man's the poorest link in being's chain:
Doom'd much to hope, perplexities to know,
To grope in doubt, and languish here below.
"Whatever *is* is right"—that can't be true,
Opposed to Bible, and to reason too!
Heaven's throne is clear,—the world was bless'd at first;
If man's unhappy, God is good and just!

Know, then, man's level; here is reason's reign:
We choose, we will, our movements we ordain.
Virtue is choice of good, with grace to aid,
An act reverse gives vice its hateful shade.
Hence man is held responsible and free,
So he was made, and so was doom'd to be.
Th' eternal scales will all his actions weigh,
To do him justice in a future day.

A Providence we see, whose wondrous plan
Is broad, encircling all the wants of man.
We live and move in God, our cause and end,
And all that's good and great from him descend.
If God our life bestows, the world sustains,
For all provides, and o'er creation reigns,
Why not speak too, or give impressions kind,
On the soft tablet of the thinking mind?
If God the seasons roll, to bring us food,
Why not his law reveal to make us good?
Both easy are alike for him to do;
If *that* is needful, *this* is needful too.

To shield our forms, lo! God his care extends,
Our cradled life protects, our age defends:
Stores trees with gums, with oils the herbs and flowers,
Our ills to heal, to sooth our sinking powers:

The ear for music forms with skilful care,
The lungs to ply he gives th' elastic air ;
Spins fine the optic nerve to form the sight,
That sense to feast he spreads the mellow light ;
For clothing, wool provides, and fur to warm,
Those non-conductors which repel the storm.
Perfumes for smell, with blooms he fills the year,
The taste to sate, a thousand sweets appear :
Milk pours in streams, corn ripens on the plains,
The orchard reddens, and the honey rains.
He gives soft showers, and lets the dew descend,—
"O God is good!" all cry, "God is our Friend!"
But all these gifts are for our mortal forms,
Which sin, long since, has mortgaged to the worms.
If so much care is due to transient clay,
What claim has mind, which never will decay?
That master-stroke of power so little known,
The immaterial life we call our own :
Where *fancy* figures, where the *will* ordains,
Where *passions* flash, and *reason* coolly reigns.
For this prime part are no provisions made
By the great Father of the deathless shade?
Or Heaven so poor, or partial in his store,
Nor cheering gift reserved, nor blessing more?
Or is the soul, like Esau, doom'd to scorn,
Without a birthright, hopeless and forlorn ;
The whole the body heir on this wide ball,
The treasures, blessings, tenements, and all?

No! bursts my song, transporting thought, and true!
The soul has treasure here, both old and new :
His truth God will'd entire, with grace enroll'd,
Worth more than worlds on worlds of solid gold!

All earthly gifts are poor, like shadows seem,
With this compared, or diamonds in a dream.
Momentous gift! important all to man!
Computing angels laud its noble plan;
Exults the soul o'er her unrivall'd claim,
Surveys the treasure, reads the Donor's name.
'Tis bread celestial, which the spirit needs,
And water pure that from the Rock proceeds;
Fruit of life's tree, matured by heavenly rays,
Gold dust refined, and gems of purest blaze;
A field of promise too, spread round the tomb,
Where hope springs up, and thought has ample room;
A fire contains that waits th' inspiring breeze,
And life's elixir, wounded hearts to ease;
A Rock withal, salvation's fort, design'd,
With arms complete, to arm the martial mind.
All—all, O Soul! is thine—how rich! how great!
Immortal TRUTH! this—this is *real* estate!
Prize every thing below, both new and old,
The flame of diamonds, brilliancy of gold,
The balm of Gilead, fruit of sunny isles,
The spring's sweet blessings, autumn's golden smiles,
Health, beauty, strength, vivacity, and youth;—
See, all outweigh'd by God's eternal truth!

Th' omniscient Power, we say, provides for all:
Then he must hear the ravens when they call;
For every life appropriate is the care,
Makes fins for waves, and feathers for the air.
The ox to feed he spreads the grassy plain,
Their meat to reptiles gives, to birds their grain.
Then why will not th' Almighty hear thy prayer,
Inspire thy soul, and grant his special care?

If those low wants attract his careful view,
The higher must engage his pleasure too.
He spreads the lily, white, the grass paints green,
The roses, various, to complete the scene;
In lonely wilds, where eye has not survey'd,
The same perfection reigns amid the shade:
He prints the leaves, adorns each opening flower,
Which are to perish in a transient hour.
How can we doubt?—Will not this Parent kind
With rich perfections decorate the mind;
Its nature change, and change its resting place,
Impart high knowledge, and confer his grace?
Yes, if we *ask* with a believing mind,
And *knock* to enter, *seek* with care to find.
—— I knew him well, by thousands he was known,
'Mid friends and joyful scenes his lot was thrown;
'Tween want and wealth his peaceful Eden stood,
His life was ardent, and his object good;
His castle, Truth,—nor evil base believed,
In sunbeams lurk'd, and wanton'd unperceived:
Reliance strong, on confidential things,
Precluded doubt;—but happiness has wings!
A change came on more dreary than the tomb,
And whelm'd his paradise in wintry gloom.
I saw the rush, the anguish of his soul,
While desolations swept beyond control:
His hopes were wreck'd, his schemes in chaos toss'd,
And sighs and tears proclaim'd that all was lost.
But calm in faith arose his smitten form,
By Heaven sustain'd, triumphant in the storm!
O Truth eternal! O transporting theme!
True bliss of mortals—earthly bliss a dream!

When friendship fails, and life receives a shock,
Here is firm footing, *this* is solid Rock;
It wants not power propitious aid to lend,
A guardian, prompter, and unchanging friend.

END OF THE FIRST BOOK.

BOOK II.

THE ARGUMENT.

THE MYSTERIES OF NATURE AND REVELATION.

Some incidental remarks, having a tacit bearing on the subject—The mysteries of nature brought up to vindicate the mysteries of revelation—That it is folly to reject facts in nature, because they are incomprehensible; equally so, to reject revelation on account of its mysteries—The principle of heat, the cause of various wonders in the natural world—The ancient sages laboured in vain to solve many of the secret laws of nature.

Lo, common hands employ'd on common ore,
May strike out sparks that never shone before;
And bees, unseen, extract more sweet from flowers,
Than elephants with all their bulky powers.
Thoughts are free born, and have a special claim
On friendly suff'rance, till they merit blame.
Truth holds a charm, subdues the heart with ease,
The spice of reason makes the doctrine please.
With age thoughts ripen, but are green in youth;
The feast of reason is a feast of truth.
How slow faith travels! Doubts advent'rous fly;
And Bible doctrines scorn'd, neglected lie!
Hence, wanderer, turn, and trace th' eternal Cause
Round earth and sky!—go, study nature's laws!
Her volumes read: there dark enigmas rise
Which mock solution, and confound the wise;
Yet all believe, though nothing understand
Of this deep style of the Creator's hand.

A miracle, this universal frame!
What holds the wonder there is still the same.
What God has done, what he does every hour,
Are miracles of his almighty power.
Then shall we spurn his law that bears his name,
And, with vile rage, provoke the dust to flame,
Because its page with miracles abounds,
Like nature's print, which every sage confounds?
Is it absurd that God, who form'd the eye,
And spread soft light for it around the sky,
Should equal care bestow on thy dark soul,
And, from its Source, let inspiration roll?
Go, scan the Bible,—all its depths explore,
Believe its doctrines, and contend no more:
Of miracles a mine,—dig deep with care,
A treasure you will find,—gold dust is there!
No part is worthless, all essential, good,
Consistent all, when all is understood.

Lo! God has paved a crystal road on high,
The starr'd galaxy o'er the vaulted sky;
And keeps it there to serve his mystic will:
A nightly wonder mocking human skill.
Why then demur? Cannot the mighty Cause,
That arch'd the sky, and framed those hidden laws,
Intelligence control, and reason's frame
Adorn, and write thereon his laws and name,
In characters of light, with pen of fire,
To wake devotion?—Cannot God inspire
The soul he made? Yes, reason owns it true,
What the Almighty wills, his power can do.

Shall matter gravitation have, and spirit none?
A preference then is given to a stone:

If bodies all a centric action share
In every state—the soul's attraction where?
Should inspiration cease,—though true the steel,—
No magnet would be left the soul could feel.
Spirit on spirit acts; truth has in spirit laws,
Now moves repulsive, now it kindly draws.
Here souls have orbits mark'd where they should run,
To glow and shine beneath th' inspiring sun.
Great minds, like Saturn, take a mighty sweep,
Rush into height, or press through wisdom's deep;
Superior still, some, prodigies of blaze,
Who, comet-like, call up th' astonish'd gaze;
While weaker powers in lower circles move,
And spread the light they borrow from above.
Order is law in matter and in soul,
Through nature reigns,—all spirits should control:
Withdraw this sway, the universe would burn,
Stars fall to chaos, men to devils turn.
Souls moved by *grace* resist attraction here:
Earth holds the body, heaven the spirit's sphere.
Truth sets us free, and lends us wings to fly:—
Triumphant hope!—then is it death to die?
Shall life material have material streams
Of elemental fire, and solar beams?—
Shall spring's return the frozen mountains cheer,
The floods dissolve, and renovate the year;
And souls immortal sleep, in moral gloom,
Like frost-bound reptiles in their wintry tomb,
No spring to feel, nor joy, nor summer's glow?
It cannot be; truth's herald thunders No!
The Sun appears, the great supernal Light;
The dead awake!—the blind receive their sight!

A renovating spring the ransom'd see:
How great the change! salvation full and free.
We know in part—how bounded reason's sweep!
Canst thou explain the mystery of sleep?
How wise the God of providential care!
He framed our dust; he knows what dust can bear:
The frail machine is made with wondrous skill,
Subjected, partly, to the officious will;
The springs wound up, the wheels in motion keep,
Till wearied nature runs them down to sleep:
Like death it seems—to life a partial pause;
Yet no one fears it;—strange are nature's laws!
Behold the statesman struggling with his fate!
Here, early active; there, is busy late;
Concerting plans for wealth, or schemes for fame,
Meets friends and foes, receives applause and blame;
But, instantly, at sleep's propitious call,
The scene departs, and he forgets it all.
O, needful sleep! thy balmy power we own,
Kind nature's charm,—a mystery unknown!
Th' elastic chords of life lie all unwound,
Like harp-strings slack'd, and lost to every sound;
The ports of sense stand closed on every side
And thought and fancy rove in visions wide;
Light shines unseen, unheard commotions roll,
While Death, unnoticed, steals upon the soul;
O'er years elapsed, a dusky veil is thrown,
And Time's industrious wheels revolve unknown;
But soon as rest repairs the waste of toil,
The springs of life resume their wonted coil;
Each volant nerve in its own place is found,
Replete with spirit, active, on the bound.

Sleep, cordial sleep, for flesh and nerves design'd:
A state abhorrent to the thinking mind.
The mind, with flesh, no part in slumber takes,
Though it seems stronger when the body wakes;
The strength conferr'd, is on the medium where
The spirit acts: sleep gives refreshment there.
The mind does never sleep, it folds its wings,
While nature rests t' invigorate her springs.
Dreams are the efforts of our mental powers,
Which float, in fragments, on our wakeful hours.
One-third of life to this strange state is doom'd,
The while the soul lies partially entomb'd.

The Power who built the frame, with prescient care,
Inwove these laws to keep it in repair;
Nor once forgets the mind, the ardent soul,
Which fills, and crowns, and animates the whole.
Still mind here suffers more, the burden bears
Of common ills; endures perplexing cares,
Distracting doubts, temptation's busy dart,
The rage of demons, and conviction's smart;
By silken ties reciprocation knows,
Shares with the body in its frequent woes.
When crown'd with grace, and on her Rock reclined,
The soul finds comfort, to her chains resign'd;
While o'er her powers shines inspiration's ray,
Which gives the dawn of an illustrious day:
Triumphant hope! fruition of desire!
A boundless range, and wings of living fire!

Behold the light! that haunts the northern sky,
Which often calls the anxious gazer's eye:
From dusky groundwork sparkling shoots surprise,
And brilliant forests like enchantments rise;

As if t' amuse, like puppets softly dance,
By turns recede, then into view advance;
Like armies marching now in gilt attire,—
Now like the blaze of distant towns on fire—
From cloud-built castles bursts in grand display,
And wraps the arctic pole in sunless day.
From cloud to cloud it sports with vivid light,
Then hides in gloom, and mocks the eager sight.
The potent cause of this nocturnal show
Is wrapp'd in doubt; the obvious facts we know.

The thinking world is ardent with desire
All things to know: each bosom feels the fire.
A seraph's mind may take more rapid sweeps;
But man is bounded here; his reason creeps
From thought to thought, from truth to truth ascends,
Till, with the golden clew, his labour ends.
Reason depends on facts to aid and teach:
We cannot know what lies beyond our reach.
Thus Truth and Reason are in march allied,
Climb hand in hand, and travel side by side;
Till Truth ascends beyond what mortals know,
Then wingless Reason can no farther go.
Know then thyself!—know what is human art!
Though proud of knowledge, we but know in part.

Mysterious things full oft arrest the view,
The modes though dark, the facts no less are true:
To doubt because we cannot comprehend,
Would prove us fools, or madmen in the end.
Can Intellect, in its most lucid reign,
Its life resolve, its origin explain;
Tell how the thoughts are born, how passion flows,
How it reflects, and by retention knows?—

What gives the blood its heat, the heart its tone,
And how obeys the hand the will alone?
Say, what is life, that potent thing unseen,
Which fills each part, and moves the whole machine?—
Is light a substance?—whence derives its force?
Why ceaseless flow, and not impair its source?
Lo, clustering growths the mountain tops imbower,
All foster'd kindly by some genial power;
Whose diff'rent forms spread diff'rent leaves, and thrive,
Though from one source their nourishment derive;
Alike though nursed, with various natures grow,
And in each species different fluids flow.
There clans of plants adorn the fertile glade,
Of changeless kinds, with gaudy robes array'd;
For use or beauty all distinguish'd stand,
The blooming wonders of th' Omnific hand.
We call their names, profess to know each kind:
This herb will heal, that plant for food design'd;
But mark their life!—Who can the mystery show,
That moulds each form, and makes their blood to flow?
Why does the hop, from year to year, arise,
Wind toward the *right* to gain the sunny skies;
While the cross bean, by clews reverse, ascend,
Wind toward the *left:* both aiming at one end?
These doubts remain, still other doubts we spy,
In earth's deep chambers which beneath us lie:
What shapes the crystal?—Solid masses grow,
And coral forests rise in deeps below.
Perpetual change all nature undergoes,
And how 'tis done who but th' Almighty knows!
So intricate are all life's moving springs,
In earth and sky, and all material things.

Thus stands creation's style, obscure each line,
Though suns and stars amid the volume shine.
Construction vague, to cry,—"O, nature's laws!"
This solves no knot—we do not know the *cause!*
Then may we scoff because these doubts arise,
And call fair nature's book "a book of lies?"
No!—the learn'd approve, all ardent still to know,
Hence, wander thoughtful through the maze below,
Where mystic depths defeat the lab'ring view,
Which show God's wisdom, and our weakness too.
So, Bible doctrines, miracles, and laws,
Fair reason owns, and owns the proper Cause,
But never scoffs though myst'ries thickly grow:
The sage believes, and sounds their depths to know;
Yet knows but part while in this cloudy state:
For future openings must imploring wait.
'Tis folly sheer, yes, base presumptuous pride,
To scorn the Bible, throw the Truth aside,
Because we cannot measure, with our line,
Its awful depth, nor know its whole design.
Wait till the mighty chain of years unroll
The things profound; then we shall know the whole;
Shall know them true, when their grand end is known:
Pure emanations from th' eternal Throne.

Lo, the principle of heat! now, bursts in flame,
Unseen now acts, or sleeps in nature's frame:
Floats in each atom, lives unquench'd in waves,
With earth commix'd, glows in volcanic caves;
Housed in firm marble, wrapp'd in solid ores,
With coral grows, and sleeps on shelly shores;
Flows in all plants and trees, dwells in each zone,
Mix'd with all forms of life, and in our own.

It moves all nature's wheels, soul of the air;
Now sweeps the sky, now piles the vapours there.
From springs and lakes see liquid bodies rise,
Exhaled by heat, ascend the stormy skies!
Wakes whirlwinds dread, those engines of the deep,
Which hurl vast torrents up the cloudy steep;
The floods in air sustains, directs their course,
And holds dominion o'er the meteor force.
Lo, now it wakes a magic war on high,
On Alps of clouds, in bulwarks of the sky;
Broad sheets of flame wave with an angry glare,
And fiery arrows cut the sullen air.
With rage it flies—see, on th' embattled steep!
Now drives hoarse thunder o'er the rolling deep;
Now moulds, in heavy drops, the liquid store,
Dissolves the clouds, and lets the torrents pour.

How grand the principle of heat! the soul,
The subtile spring, that moves the moving whole.
'Tis everywhere, in every thing the same;
To what is known philosophy gives name:
Heat obvious glows; *light* meets the eye in air;
Here strong *repulsion* reigns, *attraction* there.
See, *cohesion* binds, while *magnetism* draws,
Th' *electric power*, and *gravitation's* laws.
All are th' effects of nature's latent art;—
Why not one *principle* these laws impart?
And others too, that rise in nature's course,
Which show affection of one common source!
All *heat* is *one*, experimenters know;
Percussion, friction, mixture make it glow.
Heat is the source of *light;* all light is *one*,
From meteors, phosphor, lamps, or stars, or sun,

Th' electric power gives *light*, whose *heat* we feel,
Which oft imparts *magnetic power* to steel.*
Heat forced to action, gives *repulsion's* laws;
When it recedes, with quick *attraction* draws.
O'er all material things it holds control:
Coheres, repels, attracts, and lights the whole.
Hence, in due order, rolls each shining sphere,
And active wonders mark the changeful year:
The northern lights, phosphorus in the seas,
The evening glow-worm, and the fitful breeze.
Allied to life, gives trees and plants their flow,
It warms our blood, and makes all nature grow.
Without this power—rhyme must report it fire—
All motion would subside, and life expire.

The sun, who knows, or knows it not, full fraught,
With this strong agent, all in action wrought?
Inert, at first, and all opaque was made,
But Heaven's decree the rayless mass obey'd:
"Let there be light,"—then motion straight begun
Swift, on his axis, wheel'd the centric sun.
The whole, in parts arranged, throughout his sphere,
With diverse motion rush'd in full career;
Mass against mass, in fervid contact, hurl'd,
Like wheel in wheel, or rolling world on world:
The rush of friction raging through the frame,
Involved his orb in an electric flame;

* Rev. William Gunn, of Kentucky, in 1828, was struck with lightning, his clothes and flesh were torn, and his limbs burned. His pocket-knife was so highly charged with magnetism that it would lift a large steel thimble. The steel belonging to his watch was charged in like manner.

See Christian Advocate.

Effects stupendous rose; without delay
Light's portals burst, and fill'd the void with day.
So, this grand orb, surrounding worlds behold,
Entire, unchanged, with ceaseless motion roll'd.
The spots opaque, which on his surface rise,
Are masses moving where the friction dies.

Amazing thought! how vast that centric orb!
Of worlds like ours a million could absorb.
Now, if that centre be electric flame,
To sway the planets through the solar frame;—
If his repulsive heat Heaven should recall,
The wreck of worlds would to that centre fall,—
Or air compress, the whole to flame would turn,
And heaven's vast concave like an oven burn.
If, in our earth, those agents should conspire
That cause the heat, the world would roll in fire;
And round its orbit trail a frightful flame,
Like some strange comet in the solar frame.
Phlogistic agents fierce are now restrain'd,
By agents opposite, like lions chain'd,
Else the whole universe, from shore to shore,
Would melt into a flame, and be no more.
We know but part, the rest we doubtful sing:
Mysterious laws are found in every thing.

In high or low alike, in great or small,
Almighty power display'd confounds us all!
At every view the scenes of wonder grow,
Perplexing reason,—What can reason know?
Go, trace the devious course of ancient lore,
Awake the sages, and their works explore!
What conflicts rose, see down the mazy way
From Plato's school to Newton's brighter day!

In reasoning lost, they blunder'd through the skies,
'Mid falling doctrines, saw new doctrines rise;
Hypothesis upon hypothesis o'erthrown:
To reason dark, though bright in fancy shone.
See, their proud theories now scatter'd wide,
As learned lumber on time's wasting tide.
Doubts barr'd their march abortive efforts show,
They knew but part, the whole they could not know;
In mystery whelm'd, above, beneath, around,
With nature dazzled, and in learning drown'd.
The orbs too vast to scan, too fine the light,
The mind too intricate, too small the mite.
Here nature works so quick, and there, so slow,
Now, soars so high, and now, descends so low—
With her progressive march who can keep pace,
From cause to cause, her latent footsteps trace?
Still nature's works, which we mysterious call,
Should awe each thinking mind, and prostrate all;—
Should check the doubter's scorn, his rage restrain,
Till he can know the whole, the whole explain.
Go, trembling doubter, go, with care explore
Religion's source, and nature's God adore!
Creation and the Bible both conspire
To make us wise: they light devotion's fire!
On this ascending scale man was design'd
To mount, from sense to faith, to feast his mind.
Then doubt no more, but laud this Bible plan,
By Heaven devised to raise degraded man!
The power of truth will raise our fallen powers,
And angel minds unite, in bliss, with ours.

END OF BOOK SECOND.

BOOK III.

THE ARGUMENT.

THE SYSTEM OF ORDER AND PROVIDENCE.

Eulogy of Truth—Gradation of mental powers—A spiritual world—The mystery of mind—The speed of thought—Heaven the home of happy spirits—That provision is made to answer the wants of man—It is the duty of man to cultivate the earth, and, by the aid of arts, to make every thing contribute to his happiness—That man is bound also to improve his mind and regulate his morals—The wants of the body are supplied, but the soul is neglected—The will of God is the source of moral law—The will of God respecting matter gives it a law of fatality, but mind is doomed to be free.

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TRUTH never fails, in principle the same,
Through ancient ages strove, and gather'd fame.
True friend to virtue, error's foe severe,
In enterprises prompt, it knows no fear;
Mighty in contest, sways a crushing force,
And, meteor-like, describes a brilliant course.
The law it guards, gives conscience power and sight,
Promotes devotion, and awakes delight;
With inspiration comes, in instinct found,
Directs the magnet, charms in music's sound.
It stands the artist's aid; completes design,
Rests on the *square*, the *level*, and the *line*;
The soul of science, th' rhetorician's aim,
Logician's boast, th' mathematician's claim,
Philosopher's pursuit, the chymist's test,
The poet's theme, the theologian's rest;

A clew to reason, and perfection's goal,
Possess'd by few, a wonder to the whole.
As all the modes of life, beneath the sky,
Have ranks assign'd, subordinately lie;
So human souls, alike gradation know,
From reason's dawn to its meridian glow.
See, mind pass mind along life's rugged steep:
Some climb with speed, while others slowly creep.
This mental scale directs us every day
To Order's law, and Wisdom's perfect sway.
All right and just, but oft th' extremes amaze:
The glow-worm talent, and the sun-like blaze.
On life's broad stage, see diff'rent parts assign'd!
There acts the stronger, here, the weaker mind:
All may be useful in some place or state;
All may be happy, but all can't be great.
Science gives aid, as polish'd metals glow,
But germs of genius it cannot bestow.
All souls have reason: reason spirits claim;
Except in measure all possess the same.
There are no *idiot* souls, but fools we find:
The fault the body bears, it's not in mind.
Nature may err, and the sensorium mar:
Defective mediums all perceptions bar.
If nature errs not, ills may break her laws;
So idiots come, and obvious is the cause:
Reason lies veil'd as suns by clouds annoy'd—
Absurd to say that reason is destroy'd!
In minds deranged no reason we discern,
But move the barrier, reason will return.
The moral laws, on idiots, hold no claim,
Responsible are not, nor can have blame;

Hence, through redeeming grace, they will arise,
Rank with celestials in th' immortal skies:
But idiot-ghosts would heaven's sweet bliss annoy,
And roll a discord on the harps of joy.
Know, when from prison dark the idiot's soul
Shall spring, his dormant powers will then unroll;
Without impediment the mental fire
Will brightly flash, and sweep the sounding lyre!

All round the earth, the ocean, and the sky,
What wise arrangements draw the curious eye!
With wonder see, around this changeful sphere,
What diff'rent modes of matter do appear!
To view spread out between the wide extremes,
Of the hard marble, and soft solar beams.
In solids all, what various fashions grow,
Which form the strata of our world below:
Clays, minerals, rocks, in artless compact rise,
That call attention, and instruct the wise.
In substance fluid, modes as strange appear
In every clime, for common blessings here:
Yes, water, gums, and oils engage the eye,
While light and air move round the fluid sky.
In trees and plants, see, living matter grows
In diff'rent modes, and diverse forms bestows.
Alike unlikeness reigns, in breathing forms,
From man majestic to the crawling worms.
No mind could fancy that these things could be
If they were not:—we doubt not what we see.

Then shall we say, on blank, presumptive grounds,
Where matter ends there stand creation's bounds;
Beyond there's naught; so limit in one hour
High Heaven's unbounded and omnific power?

Why not believe that there are worlds unknown,
Than flame more pure, in ample orbits thrown,
In cloudless skies, beyond th' ethereal flow,
Surpassing all we see, or time can show;
The space to fill, (gradation's scale we own,)
'Twixt nature's fabric and th' eternal Throne:
All immaterial, essences refined,
Adapted to the range and state of mind;
And more like God than forms material are!
The soul can *feel* him here, but *see* him there.
Is it as strange that power should be employ'd,
To raise such wonders in th' unmeasured void,
As to diversify all things below,
For life, convenience, and resplendent show?

Of *matter* here, some knowledge all profess,
But, where its myst'ries rise, we stop and guess.
Of pure *intelligence* much less is known:
We're unacquainted with what is our own.
How soul and body join who can decide?
"What thin partitions sense from thought divide!"
Where dwells the soul, what province does it claim,
In the dark lodgment of this earthly frame?
Who seek by sense, may search each room with care,
And find it not; hence, say it is not there.
The thinking power, that myst'ry in thy breast,
Is immortality with walls compress'd:
A conscious shade, celestial fire in glow,
A wakeful life with ardent thirst to know;
That sighs for happiness, and, on thought's wing,
Explores the world to find th' elysian spring.
Mind is a riddle 'mid corporeal things,
Perpetual motion on eternal springs;

So wound its chain of life, from base to crown,
In endless coil, it never can run down.
How swift thought travels!—lo, the cannon's flash!
The bright-wing'd lightning, and the whirlwind's dash,
Much slower move!—Hoarse thunder's leaping sound,
Hurl'd orbs careering through the starr'd profound,
And Time, swift charioteer—all fly behind
The speed of thought. Sunlight, our servant kind,
Along th' extended void, each minute flies
Twelve million miles to bless our waking eyes—
But swifter, thought! Yes, this wing'd power of soul
Can travel round the globe, call at each pole,
Visit the moon, the portals of the sun;
Thence step from world to world, through systems run
O'er fields of stars, where blazing comets stray,
To nature's verge—trace back Time's travell'd way
Some thousand years, to where creation rose—
And back—then onward to all nature's close,—
To heaven's metropolis, where seraphs burn,
(And but one minute gone,) to earth return,
Without the least fatigue, but ready quite
To spread her wings, and take another flight.
How great the power of mind!—when it takes wing
From mortal bars, stupendous is its spring!
The fact is obvious—reason clearly shows
That matter is inert, and seeks repose;
But soul to action tends:—the goal she spies,
And longs to gain th' arcanum of the skies;
Where forms will ne'er dissolve, nor life expire,
Nor beauty fail, nor song, nor rapturous fire.
O, to live always!—sing the towering theme;
Shades cannot die! this is no hollow dream.

To dwell here always, cased with mould'ring clay,
No saint would wish. Hark! hear a mortal say,
"To die is gain!"—O privilege sublime!
T' exchange this tardy form, and sickly clime,
For life in heaven! where dwells the God we own,
In glory's highest blaze, on his pure throne;
As angels talk'd with men, with angels talk,
And through the groves of upper Eden walk;
Enjoy the fruit of promised life above,
And drink the streams of pure essential love;
Where all alike one wide fruition share,
As far from sorrow, as remote from care;
Yet wing'd and clothed to take an instant flight
To distant regions of created light,
Or back to earth return on missions great,
T' impart some knowledge, or some woes t' abate.
Thus, Daniel's shade to Patmos swiftly flew,
T' exhibit wonders on the apostle's view;
The ghost's fine robe so flash'd upon his sight,
The saint mistook him for the Prince of light.

See, Wisdom's work, throughout creation's plan,
Provision measured to the wants of man:
Light, heat, and air, for his subservience made,
And needful forests form the mountain shade.
Oceans are salted, tides ordain'd to flow,
The earth is sown, and plants spontaneous grow;
From hidden veins rich mineral fountains rise,
And useful ore in ready strata lies;
Peculiar fruits adorn each measured zone,
And every rolling season brings its own.
How full creation is!—no room for more,
A world of treasure, and a common store.

The God of wisdom plann'd, and form'd this sphere
For reason's home; placed man a tenant here
The world to dress, t' improve its native state,
To manage all, and all his wants to sate.
Illustrious sovereign! Man here reigns alone,
The brutes his servants, all the world his own;
But throughout life these blessings to prepare,
Requires his labour, and demands his care.

This rich provision lay in nature's mart,
All kindly proffer'd to the power of art.
As wants arose, the original command
New force received to ply the skilful hand:
The call to duty man's attention drew,
His powers awoke, and swift to action flew.
Art's thunder echoed through the sounding dell,
The strong oaks trembled, and the forest fell;
Assistant flames consumed the ruins there,
And laid the bosom of wide regions bare.
Subdued by polish'd steel, the furrow'd plain
Disown'd the thorns, and waved with golden grain
The hills turn'd green as grass exuberant grew,
In modes refined all nature dress'd anew.
There chains of fences rights and bounds maintain,
In varied sections cut the checker'd plain;
On chosen grounds replenish'd gardens stand,
Whose bloomy growth repay the artist's hand;
Through toil and skill, to cheer the sultry day,
The bath invites, and crystal fountains play.
There fruit-trees nurtured, hang their wealth in air,
Whose bending bows reward the planter's care.
Here the plain hut in rude construction lies,
While there the marble dome and palace rise.

At man's command capacious cities grow,
Huge rocks divide, canals and rivers flow;
There restless wheels dip in the forceful tide,
And freighted barges on the waters glide.
Art crowns the ocean with the whit'ning sails
Of spreading fleets, that dance before the gales;
Nation greets nation,—broad-wing'd commerce flies,
Inventions start, and grand improvements rise;
Rude ores are melted, shapeless rocks grow plain;
The pier-bound surges feel the tyrant's chain.
He levels mountains, sports in fearless mood,
Whelms lands with waves, builds towns where ocean stood;
Digs miles into the earth her wealth t' explore,
And rakes the rolling floods for gems and ore;
Hews his dark road beneath the river's bed,
Where pond'rous waves roll harmless o'er his head.

For fame or profit man has travell'd o'er
This wide, terraqueous globe, from shore to shore;
And knowledge useful sought, above, below,
Much he has learn'd, still much there is to know;
All compound bodies, analyzed with care,
Found where the colours dwell, and weigh'd the air;
By instruments, devised to aid the sight,
The universe look'd through, and scann'd the mite;
With mathematic skill o'er systems run,
Computed worlds, and measured round the sun.

He calls the lightning,—lightning from the skies
Attends his call, and at his mandate flies;
Leads it in chains, plays fearless with that flame
Whose power, uncheck'd, would rend creation's frame!
The furious horse he makes obey the rein,
And roll his chariot o'er the sounding plain;

Trains elephants to brave the rage of war,
And yokes fierce lions to his flying car.
Lo! steam tremendous owns his ruling clew,
His interest serves, and serves his pleasure too;
Huge barges drives 'gainst winds, and tides, and bars,
And, on smooth railroads, whirls his rapid cars.
There, on its track, the locomotive stands!
Snorts like a war-horse, waiting for commands—
The time is come!—The master, "Ready," cries:
Swift, with its pompous train, the engine flies,
Far, in the distance, leaves the gazing crowd,
Like Mars drives onward, breathing fire and cloud!
O'er gulfs and plains, 'mid changing scenes, advance,
The trees take motion, whirl in lively dance:
All things alike appear to skip and play,
In merry movements, round th' enchanted way.
Nor rests art here.—The grand balloon must sail,
For ports aerial on the towering gale.
The bark unmoor'd, sublimely mounts on high,
Rides, on the clouds, amid the stormy sky.
The bold adventurer eyes the wavy blast,—
Now sees terrestrial landscapes waning fast;
Bids earth adieu, resists attraction here,
And seems a voyager to some distant sphere.
T' improve the earth, the useful arts to know,
Belong to man while he belongs below:
The toil is just, has reason on its side:
His doom was labour, not inactive pride.
But is this all that rightful Heaven design'd
For man to do?—Has man no deathless mind?
What! are these manual toils, that mortals share
For mortal needs, ordain'd their only care?

Nay, man was fashion'd with a double aim,
For earthly action and celestial fame :
His nobler work is to improve his soul,
To tame the passions, and the thoughts control
To dress the weedy garden of the mind,
And nurse the virtues for that soil design'd ;
To clear its errors, amplify its bounds,
Implant truth's seeds, and fence its common grounds ;
T' instruct the judgment, regulate the will,
Keep conscience wakeful, and teach reason skill ;
To rule the spirit, order's law bestow,
And guide the affections in their rapid flow ;
Rude fancy check, ambition's force restrain,
And conquest o'er pernicious habits gain.
Great is the toil t' improve this mental field,
And works divine required to make it yield.

The thinking mind has an eternal sphere,
Hence truth inspired directs attention here.
When arts shall fail, all that ambition rears
Shall ruin'd lie beneath the crush of years,
Like written brass, or marble sculptured deep,
Th' imprinted mind will its impressions keep,
And higher rise in bliss, and brighter grow,
And deeper plunge in wide perfection's flow.
Though time may cease, and nature's potent laws
Suspended lie, still bright will be the cause
Of Truth divine : o'er wrecks of worlds shall rise,
Triumphant stand, immortal as the skies !

Behold in man two active lives conjoin'd :
Organic matter one, the other mind :
Immortal this, and that is mortal found :
Though aids design'd, they oft each other wound :

To serve, be served, link'd in dependance are;
Each has its wants, and wants an equal care.
The body's calls are promptly all obeyed,
The food is gather'd, and the garb is made;
Its ills to cure, restoratives are brought,
Its comfort studied, and its pleasure sought;
Of danger warn'd, from danger swiftly flies:
All served and serving till the system dies.
But, Oh! the conscious soul!—do sinners care?
Neglected lies, to wretchedness an heir!
In error lost, to sacred truth a foe,
Feels no concern, nor cares concern to know.
Oh! hateful sin! I see thy wages—death,
A changeless fate suspended on a breath!
Surprising truth! Hear it, O earth! and groan,
Th' immortal soul is careless of her own!
Mourns not the past, nor fears th' Avenger's arm,
To mercy flies not, nor retreats from harm;
Doubts Truth divine, confides in hollow lies,
In league with folly,—Oh! in folly dies.

Right and wrong, eternal principles, we know,
Which were, which are, which always will be so.
Th' omniscient Will, immutably the same,
O'er all creation holds a sovereign claim.
What God approves—all things are in his sight,—
We all must own is absolutely *right*.
What he rejects, (choice does to God belong,)
We all must own is absolutely *wrong*.
God is all-wise, in knowledge infinite,
Hence his directing will is always right.
How beings here should act—what knowledge know—
What things desire—what kind affections show—

What homage pay to his supernal throne—
In every thing his *will* is law alone.
Know well this truth!—the law is here defined,
The eternal *Will* of the eternal *Mind!*
Hence men and angels all have equal laws,
And were design'd to glorify their Cause:
To manifest his power, his wisdom show,
That through the moving ranks his bliss might flow;
To bind by gratitude, by love constrain,
All sapient subjects through his wide domain.
What Heaven wills conducts to life and fame,
And being's bliss above, below the same:
Nothing inglorious, nothing vain nor low,
Can from benevolence and wisdom flow.
From goodness sheer no moral evil springs,
Nor chaos wild from order's rule of things.
No being can be wrong'd by God's own sway,
Who wills all good—Omniscience cannot stray!
What he demands of all, all would request,
Were they as wise, and knew what's for the best.
Suppose no violations of God's will
Had ever been, prime order would be still:
Friendship unfeign'd would flow from soul to soul,
And bliss and harmony combine the whole.
Know then each act that thwarts th' Almighty's reign,
Is wrong, and breaks a link in order's chain;
Awakes displeasure, opes the direful source
Of wo and death, which come with sweeping force.
God's will is *fate*, or not, as he ordains:
From sage intelligence fate he restrains,
Lest, its volition high, that sway should raze,
Defeat the end, and spoil a willing praise.

God's *will* o'er matter gives compulsive sway:
When things are moved they only seem t' obey;
There *will* and *fate* are join'd with wondrous skill,
Hence things material serve the sovereign *Will.*
How plain the fact that a compulsive Cause
Gave all those hidden springs styled *nature's laws;*
Yes, call'd from chaos this stupendous frame
Of rolling worlds, and centric suns of flame,
With their superb appendages enwheel'd,
That dance and glow in nature's radiant field;
And the same Cause, from year to year, sustains
Th' amazing whole, and o'er each section reigns.
Were he to will the change, it would be done,
T' arrest the wheeling orbs, dislodge the sun,
The floods derange, the earth to chaos turn,
The flames release, and let creation burn.
All hangs on Him, his will, his sovereign nod:
The reign of order is the reign of God!

The thinking world against each other run,
In every *thing* proposed, excepting *one:*
Know well this point—here all united rest,
All, all *desire* to be for ever *bless'd.*
In every human soul th' eternal Sire,
For noble ends, has placed this strong desire;
And He alone, who fired each anxious breast,
Has fix'd the terms by which it can be bless'd.
Still doubts arise, yes, words like torrents fall,
About true bliss, and what will bless us all:
O'er countless *things* wild arguments have run,
But still the *bliss* of all is found in ONE.
O, Eden gain'd!—Come, try the Christian's rest!
Sink in th' Almighty's *will,* and there be *bless'd.*

The Will eternal, which o'er all extends,
Directs mankind, and acts to glorious ends.
A balance too is held by Justice' hand;
As our volition turns we *fall* or *stand:*
To good none are compell'd, none forced to ill;
God wills our bliss, but ne'er compels our will.
So dooms are made—this freedom who denies?
The Christian *lives*, the faithless sinner dies.

END OF THE THIRD BOOK.

BOOK IV.

THE ARGUMENT.

MIRACLES, PROPHECIES, AND DOCTRINES.

Truth and human worth—Wind, a sign of the operations of the Spirit in the work of regeneration—The doubter called to the consideration of miracles—The mystery of Divine operations—Our Saviour prophesies the destruction of Jerusalem—The doctrine of the resurrection illustrated—The power and operations of faith—The harmony of faith and works.

Wrapp'd in deep shades amid the ocean's flow,
The dolphin roves, and coral forests grow;
In trackless gulfs, far from th' inspecting eye,
Bright diamonds flash, and golden treasures lie.
Dark, lawless clouds, o'er yielding sunbeams run,
And servile orbs eclipse the radiant sun.
The heedless foot that hies along the gloom,
Annoys and wounds the lowly, fragrant bloom.
So truth may be depress'd, awhile obscured,
And her meek heralds lie in shades immured;
But soon shall rise. Yes, Heaven hath this design'd,
That *truth* and *worth* may their just level find.
Hence naught can chain the virtuous to the clod:
To honour all are doom'd who honour God.
Truth, star of morn! rise like Aurora bright,
The gloom dispel, and sow celestial light

Around the slumbering world! Before thy wand
Wild doubts recede, and bright theorems stand!
Urge on thy car till error shall be hurl'd
From earth, and Heaven's high sceptre rule the world!
Learn of the wind, that wraps this nether ball,
To all a servant, yet unseen by all:
Knocks at each door—hear its vibrations sound!
Its force we feel, and see it sweep the ground:
Walks when a zephyr, gallops when a gale,
The ocean wakes, and fills the bending sail;
The waving forest owns its rising force,
And sudden changes mark its rapid course.
It bears a semblance to the Power above,
That melts the soul, and moulds it into love.
Go, sophist, go! and first the sign explain,
Then come and learn how souls are born again:
Look on the subject, trace the hand of God,
And mark the charm of his redeeming rod!
Spirit on spirit acts:—like wounding steel
It probes the heart, and makes the *rebel* feel.
From Sinai's law strange tones expressive sound:
With dread he hears:—now vengeance flashes round!
The sinfulness of sin he sees display'd,
And all its wages in the balance laid;
Like lead in waves, his soul begins to sink,
And falls forlorn on desperation's brink.
In that dark moment, while the doom he dreads,
The Dove of mercy o'er his spirit spreads
Her viewless wings, and with compassion cries—
Behold the Lamb! the great Redeemer dies!
He dies for thee! O, turn your eyes above,
And see the offering of eternal Love!

He gives his *life*—behold the crimson shower!
It falls to cleanse you in this gracious hour.
Why will you die?—O turn, the Spirit cries,
Renounce your doubts, and kiss the sacrifice!
The culprit hears—to him a joyful sound;
His heart is full, his eyes in tears are drown'd;
To God submits with penitential care,
Falls in the dust, and weeps his willing prayer.
While humbly there he *seeks*, and *knocks*, and *strives*,
The kingdom opens, and his soul revives:
A strong attraction feels to things above—
O, bless'd salvation!—all his heart is love.
But how the work is done he cannot show,
Th' effect is felt,—enough for him to know.
The change is great as winter lost in spring,
When gay life wakes, and music spreads her wing!
The subject see! with transport he explores
Salvation's course, and with full heart adores!
From bondage freed, his moral chains are riven:
He stands a saint: the culprit is forgiven!
His written heart contains no mark of fraud,
Divine the style, the impress of a God.
O, wondrous grace! mysterious law of love!
Which crowns each saint below, and all above:
Of all religion true, this forms the soul,
The life and rapture of the living whole.
Hence all mankind are in two classes press'd:
The one is wretched, and the other bless'd:
Here triumphs grace, there sin a waste has made;
So the whole world appears in *light* and *shade*.
Material laws material changes bring;
The change of soul is from a higher spring.

Effects alike, or strong or weak the force,
Gain but the level of each proper source:
Spirit moves spirit, matter affects its own;
Though plain the facts, the manner is unknown.
The Spirit's course no finite mind can scan:
All works of God are miracles to man!
Hence some demur in spite of common sense:
To speak of miracles gives great offence;
But why do skeptics laugh, and fools despise,
Till they by reason show that they are wise!

Go, vain philosopher, learn of Messiah,
Explore his doctrines, and his works admire!
He sway'd a skill, a complicated art,
To heal the body, and refine the heart.
In earth, in heaven, all power was at command,
Nor aid required from nature's ready hand:
He never sought what mineral kingdoms yield,
Nor gather'd virtues from the herbid field;
Nor oils procured, nor balm from Gilead's trees,
Nor drew th' electric fluid from the breeze;
But all that power which life and health bestow'd,
Lay in his word, and with his mandate flow'd.

The leper's case, all rest, all hope denied,
Resisted nature, and all art defied:
With languid frame, in wretchedness complete,
He fell adoring at Messiah's feet:
Absorb'd in care he cried thus from his heart,
O, if thou wilt, thou canst the gift impart!
The sufferer's faith gave all his efforts tone:
One gracious favour ask'd, and one alone.
I will, said Jesus—kind his answer run—
And added, *Be thou clean*, then all was done:

In these *three* little words he wrapp'd the *power*,
Which cured the leper in that joyful hour.

The sightless eye, that ne'er imbibed the light,
Nor radiance knew from sullen shades of night,
To vision woke—the means were powerless clay,
And water pure to wash that dust away—
The optic nerves, released from filmy night,
Quick roll'd the visual orbs in waves of light;
The wide creation, clad in many a hue,
From darkness rose, and rush'd upon his view:
The gazer wondering stood, and look'd around,
Lost in astonishment and joy profound.

Doom'd to his couch the paralytic lay,
A trembling mass of enervated clay:
His nerves unstrung, his muscles without tone,
Convulsions ceaseless caused a frequent groan.
All means had lost their wonted power to save;
His hope forlorn lay in the gloomy grave;
But a deep change he felt, which caused surprise,
When Jesus spoke, and said to him, *Arise!*
Then all was done: he rose without delay,
With active limbs, and bore his couch away.

Consign'd to worms the corse of Lazarus lay,
Approximating fast to formless clay,
When to the tomb the weeping Saviour came,
His love to show, and vindicate his claim:
Aloud his name he call'd—the silence broke—
Death lost his captive! Lazarus awoke!
And when released from his involving shroud,
He rose, he walk'd, and join'd the living crowd.

A touch, a look, a word, a signal nod,
Effected wonders, and proclaim'd a God!

To sounds organic woke the speechless tongue;
The deaden'd ear with tones and music rung;
Restoring virtue seized the wither'd hand,
And helpless cripples leap'd at his command.
Their wonted reason lunatics regain'd;
Health bloom'd anew where burning fevers reign'd;
Wine flow'd from water, deserts yielded bread,
And fainting thousands by his hand were fed;
Fiends fled before him, tempests own'd his rod,
On waves tumultuous calmly walk'd a God!
Rocks heard him groan, the sun retired in gloom,
His death spoil'd Death, and triumph'd o'er the tomb.

Events miraculous do all involve
Some mystic knots, which reason cannot solve:
The hand that works is hid: the wonders show
Before our eyes, and that is all we know.
The mode of doing—there the secret lies!
Though deeply learn'd, in this no one is wise;
But facts are strong; facts will the cause sustain:
To doubt is weakness, and t' oppose is vain!
Is it incredible that nature's Cause
Should sway her movements, or suspend her laws?
If nature works, or miracles are done
For special ends, the object still is one:
All tend to good; as the progression goes,
A God proclaims, and our great weakness shows.

Go ask the prophet, and obtain his view!
The sage must know if there exists a clew
To solve the future, and an art to climb
Through involutions dark of unborn time:
Facts plainly show the future has been told
Long ages ere the grand events unroll'd.

Then doubt no more, the future all may know,
To know, would ask, if God be pleased to show.
Lo! Judah's Prophet views appalling woes
At hand—what sympathetic ardour flows!
O'er faithless Salem sheds a flood of tears,
And sounds these lamentations in her ears:—
Oh! hadst thou known the truth, and understood
The source of peace, the long-predicted Good!
Then O how bless'd!—thy children would have sung,
Sweet plenty reign'd, and every palace rung;
Thy gates rejoiced, thy flock possess'd the fold,
And, through the vaulted fane, sweet music roll'd—
But gone thy *day!* Judicial clouds shall rise,
And dark deceptions haunt thy filmy eyes;
Loud angry trumpets o'er thy towers shall sound,
And pagan standards shade thy holy ground.
Thy children's blood shall stain the trodden street,
And *war* and *famine* in thy portals meet;
Nation 'gainst nation rise, power 'gainst power,
And host on host shall fall in that dread hour!
Earthquakes shall threaten, pestilences rise,
And sights portentous hang around the skies;
The stars shall fall, the moon in scarlet wail,
Thine altars crumble, and the priesthood fail.
Thy temple grand—composed of mountain stores,
Rich cedar forests, gems, and Ophir ores,
The toil of years!—which Zion's high commands,
A wonder of the world resplendent stands!
Whose golden roof, high gilded dome and spires,
Reflect the radiance of the solar fires;
As if design'd with nature's pomp to vie,
And claim duration with its mountain high—

Must sink at last! It stands beneath the doom
Of Heaven, and trembles o'er a fiery tomb.
Its lofty towers from their proud seats shall fall,
And those huge stones be tumbled from the wall;
The long hid earth the crooked share shall lay
In furrows deep, full in the blaze of day.
The dread prediction was distinctly heard;
Still hope was cherish'd, though the doom was fear'd.
The signs soon came, dire harbingers of fate,
To tell the downfall of the Jewish state.
Th' Almighty spoke, but with a signal tongue:
Sight after sight the timely warning rung.
Poised o'er their towers, a fearful comet's blaze
Shed terror down, and woke their stupid gaze;
The angry clouds bore round the evening sky
Arm'd men in chariots ting'd with purple die.
By means unknown, the temple's sheeny pride,
The ponderous brazen gate, flew open wide.
For offering led, a lowing heifer bore
A fleecy lamb while at the temple's door.
Within the veil, where priests perform'd alone,
A light supernal round the altar shone;
Commingled voices broke the silence there:
"Let us remove," low murmur'd in the air.
Lone, through the streets, a pensive stranger hied:
"Wo, wo, wo," incessant—"wo, wo," he cried;
From street to street his doleful message bore,
From year to year, till he could cry no more.
Such were the signs that God ordain'd to tell
Proud Salem's fate, and soon the judgments fell.
From mortal vision veil'd, th' Avenger flies
To Salem's mount, and, lo, the guilty dies!

Rome pours her legions; faction daily grows;
Within is anarchy; without are foes.
Dire famine comes, and desolation hies
Through every street; joy from each palace flies.
Rapine hails rapine; murder, murder greets,
And graveless dead lie scatter'd through the streets.
All safety flies—the doom awakes despair:
Starvation meets starvation everywhere!
A wretched mother—Oh, what famish'd hours!—
To save her life, her sodden child devours.
The Roman troops the wo and plunder share,
Nor age nor sex their savage passions spare.
The walls lie rent, the citadels in storm,
And blood and carnage every place deform.
The temple falls before a wreakful power,
And all its grandeur withers in an hour.
On every side, from its foundation, pour
Resplendent brooks of golden liquid ore;
Nor stone sleeps here—all from their beds are torn,
While, o'er the ruin, howling tempests mourn.
The crown of Judah falls, and Salem's towers,
The spoil and conquest of the Roman powers.
Of truth prophetic a memorial stands,
And far proclaims the doom of guilty hands.
Imperious doubts require us to explain
How human forms, dissolved, shall live again.
If Heaven be pleased to build the frame anew,
What he ordains his mighty hand can do.
Creation, great!—Is resurrection more?
What fashion'd man at first, can man restore.
This solves the doubt, all counter zeal defies,
If God but speaks the word, the dead must rise!

Nor can we show that such an act divine
Would not exalt its Cause, and brightly shine,
A prodigy of grace; on high to stand,
To show the power of an Almighty hand.
This truth we know. If doubters still inquire—
Go, ask Elijah in his car of fire!

Lo, what is man! how frail his house of clay!
Now wakes to life, now sinks in death away:
All like a vapour, or the transient dew,
And changeful quite as evening's fading hue.
Hence *vanity*, fit word, our life here shows:
The bubble breaks, to nullity it goes!
*The whole creation** [all the human race]
Are *travelling* downward, *groaning* in the chase,
Oppress'd with pain: the saints all feel the doom,
As pagans do: a common fate the tomb.
The creature [frame, with organs fine array'd]
To vanity [to death] was *subject* made,
Without his *will;* the law did this require:
A doom so dreadful man could not desire.
This frame to dust to turn God did ordain,
Subjected it in hope, [to rise again.]
Hence, *earnest expectations* truth inspires,
Of vict'ry over death, which he desires;
And waits in hope the *manifestation* day
Of God's own sons: [the souls that dwelt in clay:]
Who shall appear in that reviving morn,
When, from the dust, the bodies shall be born:
For this vile frame, the *creature* of the clay,
Though bound by chains of death, shall break away,

* See Romans viii, 18–23.

And spring to *glorious liberty* and light:
Immortal as the soul, as pure, as bright.
The saints all wait for this *adoption* day,
The grand *redemption* of their mortal clay:
This half of man, divorced, by Justice' claim,
Will be rejoin'd, adopted, share the same.

Triumphant hope! wait, fearful saints, here wait!
With moving songs around death's marble gate;
Look—forward look! a recompense you'll gain,
To more than balance all your life of pain.
So reckon'd Paul, who had a distant view
Of future bliss, reserved in promise true
For saints to prove. O joy complete to know
Th' arcana bless'd! where fruits unwasting grow
On trees of life; where Salem does unfold
Her jasper gates, and show her streets of gold;
Where death comes not, nor the unwelcome train
Of tears and groans, of heartache and of pain.

Know well the truth!—man is required to know—
From simple facts thoughts rise, and widely flow.
Behold the *grain!**—by nature's vigour fraught—
All dead appears till into action brought.
How it awakes who can the mystery show?—
What reason teaches man is bound to know.
The mystic germ, amid the furrow'd earth,
Throws off one form to give another birth.
By latent process this great change is done,
Through the all-plastic earth and genial sun:
It lives—it dies—and is again renew'd;
In ceaseless change, one certain end pursued:

* John xii, 24.

Its form confess'd, is lost, and found again,
A thousand times, but still 'tis perfect grain;
Which true identity must hold its course,
While vegetative laws remain in force.

Now shall dead grain awake to second birth,
By nature's laws, to decorate the earth,
And leave man, slumbering, without hope to gain
A rising day, below the charter'd grain?

See, mantling vines from dormant germens rise,
At spring's soft touch wind toward the sunny skies!
See, wither'd grass, and roots of perish'd flowers,
Shoot into life, revived by vernal showers!
Spring robes anew the naked forest drear,
When, from its prison, bursts the rolling year.
All nature changes, yes, all nature dies,
To gain new vigour, and more glorious rise.

What, then, shall nature break the icy tomb
Of winter drear, dispel th' incumbent gloom
Of earth, and call forth all her flowering train,
To wave and flourish on the fragrant plain,
And leave man in the dust with bars confined,
'Mid worthless forms, to endless sleep consign'd,
No rise to know; while, on his fertile tomb,
These quicken'd, verdant plants triumphant bloom?

Behold the shaggy worm!—days are her years!
Dies into life—a chrysalis appears!
Now bursts her shell—to higher life she springs;
A butterfly complete with gilded wings.
From earth released, where once she lived in gloom,
And crawl'd in dust, where lies her shatter'd tomb;
Now floats in air, and fans the solar blaze:
A vernal wonder ransom'd from her maze.

Shall reptiles change, and in new life arise,
Throw off their feet, take wings, and mount the skies,
And man, the great, intelligent, and bless'd
Immortal call'd—the lord of all the rest!
Sleep an eternal sleep in his dark grave,
Nor dream of life, nor know a Power to save?

No! faith proclaims—No! ardent hope replies:
Prophetic truth! God hath doom'd him to rise!
Then, who can bar the tomb, or who detain
Th' incarcerated throng in death's domain?
When Heaven's wing'd herald shall these orders bring,
With trumpet's sound, that the immortal spring
Is come! Death, tyrant death, shall reign no more!
Ye marble bars dissolve! Life's fountain pour
Your thousand streams! Let nature yield the gloom
That haunts the dead; and from the sullen tomb,
Death's castle strong, let the earth'd nations rise,
And know the imperial mandates of the skies!

Then through the dark, damp vaults, pure light shall gleam,
And life roll back upon a rapid stream.
As thought as quick—quick as th' electric flame,
The rising dust shall from th' organic frame,
From clouds of night emerge. Then all shall see
Its native form, and true identity,
Blooming in beams of that perennial day,
No more to languish, sicken, or decay.
Illustrious change! Trace well th' amazing thought,
And mark the Power by which it shall be wrought.

What though the human frame in ruin lies,
Roll'd on the waves, or winnow'd to the skies;
Or, in promiscuous coherence bound,
With common dust, deep in the channel'd ground:

The Power who form'd it by mysterious art,
Sustains, in view, each vagrant floating part;
Which shall return, and life's high honour claim,
When he rebuilds the desolated frame:
Yes, every mote shall find its proper place,
To live anew, and shine with wondrous grace.

To solve the doubt, try what research can yield—
Will man awake like plants that crown the field?
Rise from a germ which in the body lies,
(A part there is, they say, that never dies:)
So, when the trump the rising day shall sound,
Will these bright germs burst from th' incumbent ground;
At once spring up, by self-perfecting laws,
The glorious offspring of a natural cause!

The truth is plain—the body all dissolves;
Nor life nor form remains: no part involves
A germ inert, which lies unseen in earth,
Through rolling ages, ripening for the birth,
Till carried on to time's determined verge,
Then spring to life, and from the grave emerge.

The cause to find, 'tis quite absurd we know,
To spend our time in seeking here below.
To wake the dead a power as great requires
As caused life first, or form'd th' ethereal fires:
That power Messiah claims. He keeps the keys
Of death's domain—its ruin he decrees.
Great germ of life! who holds the power alone
To quicken mortal forms! He raised his own!
He speaks;—all nature feels his ruling hand,
While raptured angels fly at his command:
At his rebuke wild tempests rage no more,
And the rough billows slumber on the shore.

Fierce demons quake at his vindictive rod,
And heaven, and earth, and hell, proclaim him God!
He spoil'd dominions, crush'd the powers of night,
And o'er them triumph'd in the dreadful fight;
Unbarr'd death's gate, thence oped a spacious way
Through subterranean gloom to realms of day;
Proclaiming thus, amid the unequal strife,
I am the resurrection and the life.

This none could know, immured in heathen night,
But now stands obvious in the gospel light;
And forms a noble link in the grand chain
Of true philosophy, which will remain.

The laws of faith we next proceed to show,
Whose power we feel, and operations know:
On evidence she holds, nor stops to rest,
But promptly acts, nor leaves the soul unbless'd.
Of all our *hope*, faith is the substance here;
Of things *unseen* is proof completely clear.
Where reason cannot pass, faith lends a clew;
Where vision ends, there faith begins her view.
She stands for *knowledge*, and for *power* withal,
Attendant ready at a moment's call.
A world of knowledge round the senses roll;
Faith spreads another brighter to the soul:
Through this wide tract the soul may freely roam,
Exult and feast, and feel herself at home.
Our gifts divine, faith's agency bestows,
Inspires our courage; thence devotion flows;
Gives resignation, patience under strife,
And all the prospect of a future life.

So faith stands fitted to those finite grounds,
Where sight has limits, and where power has bounds;

Makes dark things obvious, brings the distant nigh,
Gives weakness power, and penetrates the sky;
The fire of heaven draws down: so grace is won,
The soul renew'd, and things mysterious done.
Faith, like th' attractive chain, the group command
That guides th' electric power from hand to hand:
The chain no shock imparts; the effective cause
Lies in the subtile heat the attractor draws.
Faith is the means, the power is all of God,
He does the work, man holds the wondrous rod.

Faith is a power, a gift, which rests nowhere
But on superior Power: its object there.
As mediums just, true evidences rise,
And, on this scale, faith travels to the skies;
Adheres intensely, like the strengthless vine,
Which clasps the branches of the rooted pine:
The vine there runs, and in full triumph grows,
Supported by the grasp which it bestows.
Without some *evidence* naught faith could view;
Without an *object* high no work could do:
Heaven gives the *power;* the *object*, God alone;
The *evidence*, the word; *believing* is our own.

Where all is present, knowledge infinite,
Power unbounded, and immediate sight,
Faith has no place: absurd, indeed, to say
God works by faith. He speaks, and worlds obey!
Know well this fact, that Christ, th' eternal Son,
By faith no wonders wrought. He spoke, 'twas done!
That proved him God, except his robe of clay
Which he put on to bear our sins away.
Had he been finite in his nobler powers,
Faith would to his been needful as to ours.

True faith in him was of mankind required,
And by that act obtained all they desired.
A touch, by faith, with ardent prayer in grief,
Drew from him virtue which bestow'd relief.
Faith reigns here second in the gospel plan,
And holds her office in the breast of man:
Since finite can't infinity descry,
Faith must attend us, and will never die.

True faith and works are join'd—aids mutual prove,
As well-match'd wheels with easy motion move.
See, what *diastole* and *systole* impart,
The two grand motions of th' organic heart:
Distentions *that*, contractions *this*, bestow,
Whose unlike movements keep the blood in flow:
These vital actions in harmonious strife,
Support the system, and the flame of life;
If one should cease, the other would be void,
And life's grand centric engine be destroy'd.
So faith or works alike is dead, alone,
But when conjoin'd sustain devotion's tone.
Faith all receives; works in return bestow;
Hence pure affections through the bosom flow:
So all keeps active on the flying wheel
Of love and rapture, and untiring zeal.

See, through the void, the sheeny planets course
In perfect order, with resistless force:
In nature's system lies the restless cause—
Attraction govern'd by repulsion's laws.
By these well-balanced powers the planets run,
In measured orbits round the centric sun.
All through the universe these laws extend,
Unlike in action, act to one grand end.

So faith and works, by well-concerted force,
Give tone and spirit to the Christian course.
Attracted and repell'd all cheerful run,
As lights subservient, round the moral Sun.

END OF BOOK FOURTH.

BOOK V.

THE ARGUMENT.

THE ANCIENT PARADISE.

The world in its primeval state—The inoffensiveness of animals—The perfection and happy condition of man—Thoughts on speech—A description of Eve—The marriage, and evening walk—The garden the temple of God—The first government.

In that prime morn when evil was unknown,
Devotion reign'd, and God was God alone.
This pendant orb, though dark and small, was even
An antechamber to th' imperial heaven;
Man stood the bound where two creations meet,
And all the world a paradise complete.
Perfection graced and govern'd every thing,
Moved nature's pendulum, and touch'd each spring;
Distinction here, there complication stood,
Each part was faultless, and the whole was good.
Here order rose to view, proportion there,
And beauty shone in all, and everywhere.
All things were poised in Heaven's sustaining hand,
From ponderous worlds to single grains of sand:
To life and matter bounds and laws were given;
Arrangements measured by the scale of heaven.
The whole Omniscience plann'd, directed all,
And hung on high this fair, terraqueous ball;
So poised, so moved—such nice rotations made,
Brought seasons mild, and equall'd light and shade.

Primeval nature breathed without a sigh,
And sat enthroned beneath a stormless sky;
While, on his golden wheels, the princely sun,
From east to west his noiseless circuit run;
Whose genial power came warmly down, and press'd
Love's image sweet on earth's prolific breast;
Her hills enamell'd, tinged each leaf and spray
With rainbow colours, innocently gay.
And a rich carpet came from Flora's loom,
With fine embroidery in living bloom,
To beautify the ground; where holy feet
Might safely tread, and man and angels meet.
Vales lilied smiled, gay *amaranths* advanced,
And, on the waves, the bloomy *lotus* danced;
Low bent the *violets; roses* kiss'd the light;
While shaded *flow'rets* coyly hid from sight;
High stood the *solar flower*, nor tried to run,
But turn'd his head to view th' attractive sun.
The waving *groves*, with many a quivering tongue,
Play'd in the winds, and artless carols sung.
With winning turns, the friendly *vines* embraced
The lofty trees, and their rough bodies graced;
High on their arms the heedless vagrants run,
And held their clusters purpling to the sun.
Thick on the ground, on boughs high overhead,
Her dulcet fruit prolific nature spread.
All seasons true: at hand the genial power;
Fruit always ripe, and ripening every hour:
From airy cisterns kindly dew was press'd,
As needed fell, and fertile Eden bless'd.
O'er bloomy landscapes danced the sheeny *hours*,
While busy *zephyrs* rock'd the myrtle bowers;

With artless glee, caress'd the roses fair,
Their sweets purloin'd, and sow'd them in the air;
From spicy forests woke the breathing day;
On groves of orange hung the setting ray.
So every thing conspired to give delight;
Peace reign'd o'er all, and gladden'd day and night:
In every thing perfection show'd its power,
The earth rejoiced, and laugh'd in every flower.
One Providence, the world's great system, eyed,
Each part attended, and the whole supplied.
The ponderous elements, so balanced, hung;
No jar was felt, nor dissonance was rung:
No vengeful storms dark castles raised on high,
Arm'd with rough hail; nor thunder shook the sky.
No wanton flames arose, with frightful glare,
On devastation bent; nor floods to dare
Opposing force. Unknown were earthquakes dire,
And mountains glowing with volcanic fire.
No whirlwinds raged; nor swamps nor deserts lay
Across the earth, t' offend the beams of day.
Gulfs were not plough'd; no ragged mountains stood
Cloud-wrapp'd; nor thund'ring cascades shook the wood.
Droughts were not known, nor murky mildew came
The fruit to spoil, the silken blooms to maim.
Then no miasms rose, the shade of night
T' infect with death, nor taint the morning light.
The earth was bless'd, and all that grew was good,
On Java's isle no *Bohon Upas* stood.
Nor plants malign appear'd with fraudful shade;
All kinds that grew, for ends propitious made.
Thorns then were not, nor hateful thistles found
A place to grow, nor weeds t' annoy the ground.

No care required, nor enervating toil,
T' obtain the product of the genial soil:
Spontaneous nature spread her gifts abroad,
And Eden's garden was the bower of God.

How vast the Power that raised creation's frame,
Made worlds 'mid worlds, and centric suns of flame!
That plann'd all nature's laws, ordain'd their course,
Gave weight to matter, and to motion force;
Wrapp'd life in germs to wake to future birth,
Gave wings to air, solidity to earth,
And heat to flame—tides to the vast profound,
Swiftness to light, and to vibration sound.
That tinged the rose, the pink's fine hues allied,
And hung the lily, whitening by their side:
That form'd all things—and nothing form'd amiss!
Then roll'd the world into a sea of bliss.

The world, a heaven, while ancient order stood;
All good, all bless'd, and wonderful as good!
So God ordain'd; whose plastic hand divine
Made every life to answer his design.
To all alike instinctive laws were given,
Each sphere to fit in the terrestrial heaven:
At home they ranged, in sea, in air, or wood,
And all were free, though in gradation stood;
A living world composed, distinct from mind,
For general good and mutual aids design'd.
Hence, in their pristine state, all creatures were
Completely happy as their powers could bear;
Their rights were fix'd, which were by instinct shown,
And every being was raptured with his own.
No reptile needed bane, nor bee a sting,
Nor hawks to cruise like pirates on the wing.

Life was revered;—kind nature taught them love;
The vulture's voice did not alarm the dove.
No savage beast lurk'd in the peaceful shade,
With fell designs his neighbours' rights t' invade.
Nor shriek of wo, nor war's menacing sound,
Disturb'd the air; no rage tore up the ground:
Their passions mild, to harmlessness inclined,
Endearing all, and to each other kind.
The *tiger* leap'd for joy the *kid* to meet,
The bounding *lamb* play'd at the *lion's* feet;
The harmless *roe* slept by the *leopard's* side,
Nor sought the rocks the timorous *hare* to hide.
All friends alike, all had one interest here,
They knew no danger, nor possess'd a fear.
Say, God made man, (for whom the world was made,
All creatures form'd, and paradise array'd,)
To crown the whole; high on his rolling sphere
He sat in state, a prince without a peer;
'Mid wondrous works, a greater wonder stood
Than all the rest: more noble, wise, and good:
True child of God,—intelligence possess'd,—
On whom alone his image stood impress'd;
Prime hierarch, who all creation awed,
Prompt guardian angel of the rights of God.
Mysterious being! whose wondrous make combined
Adhesive substance and a reasoning mind.
Matter his form, his soul divine from birth:
This, came from God—that, fashion'd from the earth.
Th' organic frame was form'd to fit the soul:
Relation nice extended through the whole;
All sympathetic from some native cause,
And all immortal from efficient laws.

In form august, immaculate in soul
And high perfection beautified the whole;
By intuition wise, divinely taught,
His mind like brass, retain'd each graphic thought:
In reason errorless, in judgment true,
The germs of science open'd on his view:
With ease he ranged the maze of nature's laws,
And mark'd the progress of each ruling cause;
Traced, from each nature, what the name should be
Of all that walk'd or flew—or swam the sea.
His thoughts and powers had such direction given,
All moved subservient to the rule of Heaven.
The truth he loved; to evil not inclined:
The laws of rectitude controll'd his mind;
Disease and death, which now are common fate,
Had no existence in man's sinless state.
No mental darkness then, no toil oppress'd,
No care tormented, and no want distress'd;
No disappointed hope, nor boding fears
Of distant ill, nor eyes suffused with tears.
Envy was not; nor jealousy came there
With hateful eyes, nor madness in despair;
No wars without, nor vital ills t' annoy
The stormless ocean of unbounded joy.
He had access to his Creator's throne,
And earth, and sea, and sky, were all his own;
Above, beneath, around, all things at rest—
So man was doom'd to be for ever bless'd.
For him the tree of life benignly grew,
His frame to guard. To cheer his morning view
Th' indulgent sun arose; and in night's hour [bower
Heaven's lamps were fired. Vines wove his verdan

The trees lock'd arms, and form'd a vast arcade
O'er flowery walks: his palace was the shade!
For him all nature toil'd with ceaseless care,
Ripen'd her fruit, perfumed the ambient air;
His walks adorn'd, with roses made his bed,
And pour'd her unction on his sacred head.
The brutes, obsequious, waited at his hand,
His law to hear, and fly at his command.
For his delight creation's harp was strung,
The air resounded, and the forests rung:
High in the light, o'er earth's enamell'd plains,
The wing'd musicians sung their mellow strains;
Or pour'd their carols on the rocking sprays;
Instinctive offerings to th' Almighty's praise.
In concert sweet, thus prideless numbers ran,
By night and day, around the throne of man.

How bless'd was he! how great the charter given!
Stood priest, reign'd monarch, and communed with Hea-
Two worlds lay open on his ravish'd view; [ven.
The world of spirits, and of matter too;
Nor could he know that angels were more bless'd
On thrones of light, in their eternal rest;
Still it was deem'd unfit—the cause was known—
On earth to live, for man to be alone.

With reason, speech, coeval gifts, bestow'd
On social man. His mind correctly flow'd—
The ready organs play'd, instinctive wrought,
Fit sounds with meaning gave, replete with thought.
Language, a wondrous boon, a key design'd
T' unlock th' arcanum of the thinking mind;
It sweeps the trembling chords of passion's lyre,
Blows up a flame, and ventilates the fire.

'Tis mind's light *engine:* lo, wing'd thoughts are hurl'd
O'er reason's forted fields! It storms the world!
The power of speech, the thunder of the soul,
Strikes on a thousand ears, and shocks the whole!
Enchains and charms, by joining sense to sound:
A social clew that runs the circle round;
A bliss devised for angel minds and ours,
Reciprocation of congenial powers.

For social life man was design'd: a heaven
Of social joy was in the woman given:
Perfection's last, pure touch, the finish made
Of all: with heavenly innocence array'd:
Of forms most fair: to symmetry were join'd
Attractive meekness and a gifted mind.
Subordination own'd—her passions mild,
Love graced her acts, with angel sweetness smiled
Whene'er she spoke celestials turn'd to hear:
Her beauty charm'd the eye, her voice the ear.

This form divine man's side was rent to give,
Two made of one, that one in two might live:
One interest held, the parties of one part,
One in devotion's cause, and one in heart.
All Eden bow'd, and felt the happy hour
When Heaven bestow'd her at the bridal bower:
Adam rejoiced the social gift to greet,
And found in her his paradise complete.

Now, on swift wheels the radiant orb of day
Beyond the western main had roll'd away;
The stars appear'd, hung in the hollow sky
Like golden lamps, and all the expanse on high
Was in a glow with scintillations bright,
T' adorn with splendour the eventful night.

The moon came late, mantled with silvery grace,
On paradise look'd down with smiling face;
Clouds, fringed with gold, curtain'd above the trees,
From whose soft volume came the balmy breeze;
While spicery fell, an aromatic shower,
O'er Eden's walks, and round the nuptial bower.
Instinctive creatures eyed the joyful scene,
Gave signs of pleasure, gamboll'd on the green.
The birds sat plumed in gold on boughs above,
And seem'd to know the common feast of love.
The grapes dropp'd wine to cheer the welcome hour,
While mellow fruit fell in a golden shower.
The bliss convivial flow'd, all kindly given,
As sounds inspiring rose in distant heaven
To celebrate the scene—the nuptials sung,
And heaven and earth with acclamations rung.

Then hand in hand, with joyful steps, they hied
Through citron groves, along the river's side,
O'er flowery lawns, through sounding myrtle vales,
And vaulted shades, where sung the nightingales.
Along their walk, whatever way they chose,
At every step new scenes of rapture rose.
Kind creatures round them danced in zigzag play,
Harmless attendants on their joyful way.
Sweet converse flow'd, a mutual delight,
While *Time* regaled them with th' auspicious night.
O what a range for thought! a boundless theme:
Creation's wonders, and a Cause supreme!
All sacred round where'er they look'd or trod:
Thus Eden show'd the perfect reign of God.

The native ground the only altar stood;
Their hallow'd temple the resounding wood;

Oblations, love—such as in heaven reigns;
Spontaneous tribute, unaffected strains!
Praise ceaseless rose, like incense, from the whole,
Of matter, motion, instinct, life, and soul;
And every thing attended order's call,
And God was there, and God was all in all.
Theocracy,—O government sublime!
The only one in heaven, and first in time,—
Controll'd the world. The law, with solemn tone,
Came down directly from th' Imperial throne:
Th' Eternal spoke,—man heard, and felt, and saw;—
His words were doctrine, oracle, and law!
One prohibition solely mark'd man's state,
On which was poised his everlasting fate:
The interdicted fruit in Eden grew,
'Mid other trees, yet obvious to the view;
Its nature known—stood in the moral plan;
The only test of agency in man.

END OF BOOK FIFTH

BOOK VI.

THE ARGUMENT.

MAN'S EXPULSION FROM PARADISE.

Reflection on the happy state of man—The transgression—Sin not necessary—Foreknowledge and decrees—Doubts solved—The fall of man calls for lamentations—The trial and doom—The tree of life and flaming sword—Adam groans under the curse, and envies the condition of the animals—Providence supplies his wants—Adam is heir to the world with all its evils—Adam fears death, and inquires what it is—Death solves its own mystery—That the mind of man suffered more by the fall than his body.

In Eden's bowers, ere sorrow's harp was strung,
Our high progenitors we lately sung;
Bless'd with fruition full, where all was free,
Except the fruit of one forbidden tree.
There, housed in halcyon shade, they might have reign'd,
Their bliss possess'd, their rectitude retain'd,
And kept inviolably the pristine laws,
And left, untouch'd, the fruit of death, the cause.
Then life primeval would have held its claim,
And kept their forms in everduring fame;—
Then tyrant Death would not have reign'd below,
Demanding tombs, and sable garbs of wo;
But painless life, with happy moments spun,
Its destined rounds, unbroken would have run.
So every race—immaculate from birth,
Like angels fair, in shrouds of breathing earth—

Thus, on life's happy level, would have trod,
Until they gain'd the goal design'd of God—
For higher worlds prepared. Delightful! strange!
Their bodies would have known a deathless change:
From life to life, by graduation higher,
Like bless'd Elijah on his wheels of fire!

For man's establish'd home earth was not made
'Tis too confined for an immortal shade
To life progressive doom'd, that ardent sighs
For deeper bliss, and more consummate skies.
Intelligence is wing'd; hence souls require
A range unbounded, and celestial fire.
Beyond the roll of orbs such regions lie,
Where spirits reign, and raptures never die.
But still our planet is an honour'd place,
The nursery-chamber for th' illustrious race
Of man; well-form'd, and freighted with supplies,
To train immortal subjects for the skies.
When done the scheme sublime, let fate descend,
The world dissolve, and its long journey end!

O, Eden bless'd! a heaven below the skies!
How fallen now, and doom'd no more to rise!
Th' alluring *tempter*, wrapp'd in borrow'd light—
An angel seem'd amid the gloom of night—
Intrusive came—no ill suspected there,
Till spotless innocence plunged in his snare!
Broad was the offence that caused the changeless fate:
Doubted, *presumed*, *desired*, *rebell'd*, and *ate*.
That compound deed involved the germs of all
Succeeding crimes since man's disastrous fall.
'Twas not the fruit, nor poison from the tree,
That death produced, that caused depravity:

The *willing act*, which pass'd the legal bound,
Contain'd the bane, and gave the fatal wound.
Had Heaven forbid the fruit of any name,
The consequences would have been the same;
Or circle mark'd, defined forbidden ground,
And death the penalty to cross the bound,
The issue would have told what freedom brings,
That from volition all the evil springs.

Oh, how absurd! to think that sin was gain—
That knowledge outweigh'd all man lost by pain;
Though he was bless'd, that blessing could not know
Till it was lost, and Eden sunk in wo.
Behold the angels in their sinless rest!—
Do not those angels know that they are bless'd?
To know the good, the evil not to know,
Is wisdom great, and perfect bliss below.
A paradox, indeed, 'mid learned things,
That certain good from moral evil springs!
Can love from hatred rise, or wrong from right,
Sweet flow from bitter, darkness spring from light?
If good exists where sin once held its course,
It can be traced to its own proper source.

Did Heaven decree man's fall?—He did foreknow:
Foreknowledge views—decrees compulsion show.
Things *present*, *future*, *past*, in vision lie,
All in one field before th' Omniscient eye;
Though countless are these things, who does suppose
That Heaven is bound—that he no further knows?
What might have been, that never were, he knew
As well as what have come to pass. As true,
Unnumber'd things that be, were all foreseen,
With equal eye, that they might ne'er have been.

All that will be in time, the good and ill,
The Power omniscient sees—and further still:
Myriads of things will come, which God doth see,
Poised possible that they might never be.
And things will never be, which He can tell,
Might come to pass, as other things, as well.
'Tis imperfection—call it what you please—
If God knows nothing but what he decrees:
Decrees are acts—each one augments th' account,
In finite numbers stand the whole amount.
It must be true that God conceives and knows
Beyond what he ordains:—thought boundless goes.
Quite different forms, he saw, he could have given
To every thing he made in earth and heaven;
Things possible he knew—knew what was best;
The best preferr'd—rejected all the rest.
How agents free would act we own God knew,
But did that knowledge *cause* the acts they do?
Foreknowledge does not mar the gospel plan,
But dread decrees destroy the will of man.
A shocking thought, that pirates, sots, and knaves
Are doom'd to sin!—decrees make sinless slaves!
If knowledge *present* merely does explore,
What can *foreknowledge* do?—can it do more?
The will is free!—hence, argue ere so long,
It can go right, but still it may go wrong.
This centric power, the balance wheel of mind,
Unforced, revolves: so will was first design'd;
If unforeseen, would on its pivot roll
Just as it does; this knowledge can't control.
Though prescience views all things, this doctrine stands;
God ne'er decreed to break his own commands.

Nor justice marr'd, nor marr'd his moral plan,
By secret sway to mock and torture man.
He made him free, with equal power to stand
Or fall, and left him free with his command;
Hence, free he fell in an adventurous hour,
And felt, too late, th' abuse of freedom's power.
Unwarrantable choice! opprobrious deed!
Prohibited by God—by man decreed!
A dire catastrophe! tremendous fall!
Immortals ruin'd, and a world in thrall!

Here doubts arise—Why were such powers given
The world to mar, and crush the heirs of heaven?
Why was man left responsible and free,
His bark to steer o'er life's uncertain sea?
Why agency and reason thus intwined,
And moral laws imposed t' enthral the mind?
Why placed so high?—alike in question call—
Why made?—or made impossible to fall?

Volition dwells with reason; these are join'd
As attributes of the essential mind.
Such noble powers intelligence must claim
As birthright gifts: else mind is but a name.
Without volition—reason tells us so—
Man would not rank as man, but fall below;
In weakness would appear, with upright shape,
Down on the level of the grovelling ape.
Condition'd thus, on being's scale so low,
The force of moral law he could not know;
Nor vice nor virtue know, nor praise nor blame,
Bless'd consecration, not immortal fame.
Hence, a broad blank would yawn in Wisdom's plan,
Which now volition fills in reasoning man.

Through doubt's dark maze, where erring sophists run,
Our thoughts may rove, and end where they begun;
But on this axiom all may safely rest:
God made man right, and rank'd him with the bless'd.
Amazing change! lo, man in ruin lies!
Wake, dormant world! let pulses plaintive rise
Through nature's frame! Ye guardian angels, weep
O'er Eden lost!—nocturnal vigils keep!
Thou golden sun, withdraw thy beams of light,
The orient close, and bring the tearful night!
Let sable clouds up the blue vault be driven,
To pall the starry galleries of heaven! [die,
Winds, sweep wo's harp! Waves, beat the shores and
Rocks, burst with pain! Clouds, wail around the sky!
Earth, put on sackcloth; wrap your vales in gloom,
And quake with dread!—Lo, Eden dies in bloom!
Ye curling vines, gay shrubs, and flow'ring trees,
Hang down your boughs, and sigh with every breeze!
Sweet birds of music, flocks of amorous play,
Reject your sport, and mourn this woful day!
Let all that grow, let all that live by breath,
Be loud in grief, or sad and mute as death!
For man is fallen! fallen!—Star of high birth!
Offspring of heaven!—the rightful lord of earth:
There, lo, the rebel stands among the trees
That wail his loss!—Wo sounds in every breeze!
The placid morn, which rose with cheering beams,
To rage is turn'd! A light portentous gleams
Unknown before! Unearthly voices sound
Along the air! See, vengeance gathers round!
Dense, pitchy clouds, with froward forms arise,
Wheel'd by rough winds around the dusky skies;

Bright, forky flames dart from the hovering gloom
On rending trees:—Now Eden feels her doom!
The frighten'd brutes with shocking wildness stare,
Hear the dread crash, and start amid the glare!
All consternation!—Thunder shakes the deep,
The sky, the ground: nothing remains asleep!
Th' offenders drooping stand, quake at each sound,
And shriek at every flash that lights the ground;
Yes, naked stand, and wail by woes oppress'd,
Sad tears let fall, and smite their tortured breast;
Forced by remorse and dread unknown before,
Great rolling drops exude from every pore!
Partners in crime, with mingled wo they grieve,
Each other pity, but cannot relieve.
Their subtle foe, who stole the serpent's form,
Unmask'd now stands, a *fiend* amid the storm;
Scathed by some ancient stroke of Heaven's just ire:
Aghast he stares, and dreads the bolts of fire!

Tremendous state! th' offenders stand alone
To meet the orders of th' eternal Throne:
Their angel guardians from their posts are driven
By this reverse: gone to their native heaven!
Along the gloomy glades strange sights appear—
And now, a walking voice alarms their ear!
To fly, in vain, nor justice can evade,
Nor find a refuge in the stormy shade.
The voice a summons brings, for them to show
Why they rebell'd—the wages they must know.
Alarm'd and pale the culprits doubtful stand
In Eden's court, to hear the dread demand:
The charge they own—excuses form their plea:
Guilt's last resort—but fear the stern decree.

The Judge though just, yet merciful and wise,
Marks their presumption, and the *serpent's* lies;
Hence, in deep wisdom, God concerts the plan
To vindicate the law and ransom man.
The woman's Seed shall be the serpent's dread;
He'll wound His heel, but He shall bruise his head.
Though dark the words, wrapp'd in prophetic style,
They caught a gleam, and hope began to smile. [woes—
Now comes the doom—the serpent's shame and
Man's death and labour—woman's grief and throes—
A changeless doom! Now orders high are given
For their release, and thence by angels driven:
With *promised grace* to kindle in each breast
A lingering hope of an immortal rest.
Through Eden's lawns with languid steps they move
To the wide world, their fearful doom to prove.
With flowing eyes, and hearts oppress'd with wo,
They sigh—*Adieu* to paradise below!
Of their green temple, art-inwoven bowers,
Clear mirror fountains, odoriferous flowers,
Life's fruit delicious, sounding arcades long,
Kind creatures of their care, and birds of song—
Their final leave they take, t' enjoy no more
While golden suns flame on this dusky shore.
Appalling scenes their calmer thoughts surprise;
From earth accursed, wild, noxious plants arise.
O'er the degenerate soil they rove alone,
Deplore all nature's fate, and feel their own.
In sad reflection, frequently explore
Their blissful days which they shall see no more:
And, with reverted gaze, they notice where
The groves of Eden fan the fragrant air.

O happy place! how pleasant to the view!
But that is lost, and all their comfort too.
In Eden's midst arose life's signal tree,
(Where God is not, no paradise can be,)
A living symbol of the living Power,
Which life imparts, and guards it every hour:
Celestial tree on earth, within whose shade
Death could not live: all dissolution stay'd:
Whose fruit preserved man's earthly frame from harm,
Gave immortality, gave life its charm;
But, Oh! denied!—abortive all desire—
The way was guarded by a sword of fire;
Around the gate the vivid flashes play'd,
The night repell'd, and feet obtrusive stay'd:
Flamed every way, would no admittance give,
Lest man should thither go, and eat and live:
Had he thus done, its nature so sublime,
He would have been immortal in his crime.
The fiery sword there hung, a brilliant sign
Of Justice pure, the attribute divine;
Which guards the law, defends its claims alone:
A blaze that lightens round th' eternal Throne.
That man should die was just—this all can see;
Hence waved the sword to guard the sacred tree.
Repulsed from this, man stood exposed each hour
To plagues, to ills, and death's relentless power.
Lo! here's a blank. No traveller can tell
Where this prime wonder stood, or how it fell;
But its grand Antitype now blooms above,
T' adorn and bless the paradise of love.
See yonder where th' elysian river rolls
On heaven's main street, the walk of sainted souls,

There stands the Tree of Life: all centric stands,
And spreads its shadow o'er th' ethereal lands.
Its fruit delicious in quick growths appear,
Twelve kinds, each month, in every rolling year;
Down to our world its spreading branches bend,
Earth's tribes to heal its balmy leaves extend.
The dead it wakes, restores the palsied frame,
Gives blindness sight, and vigour to the lame;
For all is free, but all must seek its aid;
All heaven and earth may sit within its shade.
Where this Tree stands, nor *plagues*, nor *death*, nor *wo*,
Can ever come—no tears can ever flow:
Life always lives in Life, on rapture's wing,
No winter there, but one unbounded spring.
This Tree is Christ; two natures in one *Name*,
The Life of man to endless years the same.

Earth felt her monarch's fall, such was the fate!
But man's mix'd nature bore the greater weight:
Naked, sickly, wretched, depraved, and blind,
Exiled, accursed—what refuge could he find?
His way was cursed:—curses had instant birth,
The earth was cursed, and curses grew from earth;
A curse went in the air, glow'd in the light,
Roll'd with the waves, and came on wings of night.
His form was cursed—his senses felt the blow;
His soul was full of curses, wounds, and wo;
Curses before him rose, behind him stood,
And fill'd the channels of departed good.

His travel bore him down the winding plain
Where proud Euphrates flows to meet the main;
Poison'd with stings, the thorns his flesh had torn,
A homeless vagrant, lonely, starved and worn.

In grief he sigh'd beneath the trees that crown'd
The shore; his sweat and tears bedew'd the ground.
Forlorn his state: th' unfeeling earth his bed
From night to night; his strength and glory fled,
And every joy; sighs wing'd his languid breath:
A clod of misery lay, exposed to death,
Without a garb; while every life around
Was richly clad, and verdure clothed the ground.
The birds of air he saw, whose bodies shone
With brilliant satin: proudly in the sun
The *peacock* spread his plumes, and walk'd the glade
In princely guise; while, in the ample shade,
Flock'd came the *geese*, all clad in white and gray,
With heads erect, and gabbled on their way.
The crested *cock* was primm'd: with trappings proud
The *turkey* came, and rustled in the crowd;
The *parrot*, dress'd in green, the *swan*, in white,
The *raven*, black; in gray, the *owl* of night.
The *humbird* and the *bee* to sate desire,
Danced o'er the honey'd blooms in gay attire.
Along the vale the nimble wild *colts* run,
Whose robes of black and gray and speckled shone.
The high-horn'd *herds*, with mantles soft, he spied,
And woolly *flocks* clad richly by their side:
The *hound* sagacious bounced along the shade,
For chase prepared, in hairy robes array'd;
The kingly *lion* roar'd—lord of the plain,
Display'd his vest, and shook his golden mane.
Mantled with fur forth came the shaggy *bear*,
Clad for the north, to face the frigid air;
The furry *fox* but lightly touch'd the sand,
And waved his saffron flag amid the band.

The *squirrel*, *dormouse*, *cat*, and *weasel* keen,
In silken vestments sported on the green;
The *fish* leap'd from the pool, and in the sun
His springy form with scaly silver shone.
The *turtle* had his mail, the *snail* her shell,
The *insect* wings, the *worm* a limous cell;
Like gay assemblies stood the mantled *trees*,
And painted *flow'rets* danced with every breeze.

Thus every life, and every thing display'd
Commodious robes which nature kindly made:
But fallen man, a wretch despondent lay,
And in regret he sigh'd the hours away;
Emotions envious felt; his state would change
With any being in wide creation's range:
Scorch'd by the sun, beat by the ruthless rain,
Chill'd by the winds, convulsed by mental pain;
At every breath loud lamentations made,
While doleful echoes answer'd from the shade:
Nor was it vain. Kind Nature heard his cries,
And look'd upon him with her million eyes.
To see the lord of earth oppress'd with woes,
Compassion woke: from heaven th' impetus rose
That moved the world. In the Almighty's name,
For man's relief a special order came:
The world was under contribution laid,
And nature prompt, the requisition paid.

The *brutes* were call'd, which round the forest fed,
His sinking life to save, successive bled:
Their skins to sandals turn'd, his wants to meet;
Through thorny glades to guard his wounded feet.
Their fleeces warm the ready *flocks* resign'd,
A garb to make to shield him from the wind.

His head to crown soft fur the *beaver* gave,
The storms to parry, and from cold to save;
The *bear* his skin gave up, nor further thought;
His bed to make the *fowls* their feathers brought.
Up sprung the flax, the cotton plant arose,
And silkworms spun to make his children clothes.
With friendly proffer, stalking by his side,
The *horse* and *camel* came for him to ride;
With nimble step convey'd him o'er the plain,
And brought him safely to his bower again;
While *goats* and *heifers*, from the grassy moor,
Brought snowy liquids to increase his store.
Next came the *bees*, delicious wealth possess'd,
A part reserved, and gave their lord the rest.
Balm *Gilead* sent, *Arabia* myrrh to please,
The *mountains* oil, with bounty roll'd the *seas*;
And fruit for food, such as the strong winds found
On bearing trees, was shook upon the ground.
Grapes pour'd him wine, nuts from the thicket fell,
And herbs and wild corn waved along the dell.
Before his eyes a crystal fountain burst
From riven rock, to cool his burning thirst.
A Providence he saw, and smiled to hear
The *promise* great vibrating on his ear;
And with obedient hands an altar raised,
Oblations offer'd, and th' Almighty praised.

Trace well the course, behold how man appears
'Mid hopes receding, and emerging fears!
Thrown on the wheel that brings successive woes,
The future dreads, but onward still he goes.
To him consign'd—a vast and unknown prize!—
The world entire in one plantation lies.

But ills perplexing through the waste appear,
Which shock his vision, or excite his fear.
With care he groans, destined to painful toil,
O'er earth to sweat, and tame the treach'rous soil;
Where weeds spontaneously arise t' invade
The furrow'd fields, and spread their wanton shade;—
Where mildew hangs her smutty mantle round,
And insect armies troop along the ground;—
Where winds, and floods, and hail, and heat, and cold,
Alternate reign, and fearful contests hold;—
Where devastation disappoints design,
And strange reverses leave the heart to pine.

Thus man was left his devious course to run
In wilds of wo, beneath a various sun;
And his fair form, so wondrous made of late,
Was doom'd to change to its primeval state:
In his own structure lurk'd the seeds of death,
Flow'd in the veins, or glided with his breath;
While deadly foes were couch'd in ambuscade,
With weapons fell his person to invade.
'Mid baneful plants, and insalubrious fruit,
He cull'd his food with the sagacious brute:
Quaked at each sound, alarm'd at every view,
In constant dread, and instant danger too.

His dread is death—hears from the brutes the sound
Of dying struggles;—sees the purpled ground;
Nor causeless dreads, for in each passing hour
He stands exposed to death's alarming power.
Through ways perplex'd this elf of ruin hies,
Conceals his march, and on the victim flies:
Comes in the air, expatiates in light,
Lurks in the clouds, goes muffled in the night;

Sails round the deep, in mineral chambers lies,
Rides on Time's chariot, and with ages flies.
In depths, on heights, in every land and zone,
Alike he reigns upon his ghastly throne.

What art thou, Death?—why is thy power a dread?
No answer came, till thus the spectre said:—

Wo's prince I am;—before my lurid brow
Proud thrones shall tremble, and all nations bow.
The palace of the soul, the fair-limb'd frame
I coffin up to sleep in marble fame.
Life's active wheel which at the fountain stands,
And moves the restless blood, my sway commands.
The silver cord I mar; the golden bowl
I break, and ope the portals round the soul.
The charm I waste of nature's flattering die.
And steal the lustre from the sparkling eye;
The voice untune, sensation paralyze,
Hence, at my touch, each muscle dormant lies.
Of life the breath I to the winds return,
And send the earthly members to the urn;
The fluttering soul release, to fly sublime,
Straight home across the continent of Time.

Wrath's dreadless angel am, an unbribed foe,
With high commission to all realms below.
Mine is the earth, a citadel consign'd,
Where all my captives lie, with bars confined,
Waiting the day of doom: I then shall fly,
With flaming torch, and fire the winds on high;
The earth dissolve, fair nature's beauty mar,
Dischage old Time, and stop his flying car;
To chaos turn creation's ample frame,
And pile the ruins doom'd to final flame.

High on the wreck of worlds—tremendous pyre!—
I'll sing the dirge of nature's funeral fire!
My drama then shall end, the scene be o'er;
I too must die—then Death shall be no more!

A bowing wall that trembles in the storm,
Resembles man in his exterior form.
More wretched far his soul—death reigns within:
A garden spoil'd—a wilderness of sin!
Lo, in this waste, what high-wrought ruins stand,
Which show designs of an omniscient Hand!
A temple once, with glory crown'd, and bless'd,
On whose fair walls God's image stood impress'd;
Now soil'd and marr'd, and swept by winds of wo,
Where demons haunt, and weeds and nettles grow:
A living death!—how great the fall of mind!
The *will* licentious, *reason* dull and blind;
The *mem'ry* treacherous, *conceptions* vain,
The *judgment* weak, the *passions* wildly reign:
These active agents strange commotions raise
Which dance and riot in thought's giddy maze.
Like wind-lash'd waves, man's troubled mind is press'd,
And conscience thunders in his guilty breast;
By Death pursued, in error's chaos hurl'd,
The fallen angel of the lower world!
Though hope he claims, his complicated wo
Enslaves his soul, and makes a hell below.

END OF BOOK SIXTH.

BOOK VII.

THE ARGUMENT.

THE CURSE ON THE ELEMENTS AND ANIMALS.

The curse affects the earth—The elements at war with man—Lightning, winds, hail, floods, earthquakes, are all agents of wo—Invisible causes of death—Destructive frost and heat—Disordered state of the earth's surface—Perplexing growths which encumber the ground—Objection answered—Discord among the animals—Man labours to tame them—That millions of creatures have been produced since the fall for a curse.

Those twinkling stars, hung in the vault of night,
Are rolling worlds adorn'd with life and light,
Where busy beings dwell, with reasoning powers,
Who talk and wonder as we do in ours:
There all, perhaps, imparadised remain,
In bliss primeval, far from death and pain.
Who see our world a star, but cannot know
Their neighbour's sufferings on this wheel of wo.
Mid those vast worlds our earth indeed is small,
But great in crime, perhaps outweighs them all!

As a huge mass upon the Alpine height,
Torn from its rest, all in chaotic plight,
With mounds of ancient snow and glaciers deep—
The fort of storms—turn'd on the mountain's steep,
In headlong rush comes thundering down amain,
And with destruction cumbers all the plain—
So sudden was man's fall, so dread the blow
That vengeance struck!—See, *ruin*, *death*, and *wo!*

The ponderous *curse* may be the fatal cause
Of changes great in nature's hidden laws:
How far disorder spread to us unknown;—
Perhaps no world has felt it but our own.
If other worlds no direful changes know,
Our orb is cursed, and groans beneath her wo;
A sudden shock ran through her bulky frame,
By high design and new directions came:
Her axis changed, her inclination bent,
Both poles compress'd, and round her orbit sent
In course elliptic, reeling as she roll'd,
Deranging light and shade, and heat and cold:
So these vicissitudes are agents here
Of wo and death through every changeful year.

Defenceless man, who breathes uncertain life.
Stands in the field of elemental strife,
Where strong impulses touch th' essential springs
Of matter's frame, and sweep her jarring strings.
Hence all would be a wreck by some wild cause,
If not repulsed by counteracting laws.
See, *wind* runs headlong; flame exerts its power;
Waves swell to drown; earth opens to devour!
Through all destruction sweeps with grim delight,
While guilty mortals tremble with affright.
No safety now remains, in the whole plan
Of earthly things, for fallen, helpless man.
How broad the *curse!*—Go round the troubled world,
And count the shafts by legal vengeance hurl'd!

Lo, angry heat now takes terrific form,
Sets heaven on fire, and lights the coming storm!
O'er the wide ocean plays with fitful turns,
And in deep cavern'd clouds intensely burns;

On Alps of gloom it sports with vivid light,
Hence darkness, frighten'd, leaves the throne of night!
For vengeance sent, now see this agent fly
With chains of fire around the trembling sky!
To earth descends, hurls wide the bolted frame,
Rends the strong oaks, and sets the hills on flame;
Sheds transient flashes through the murky air:
Dense gloom now reigns, and now a frightful glare;
Its waves meet ocean's waves, in rage conspire,
And heaven, and earth, and sea, are roll'd in fire!
In quick succession—while loud torrents pour—
Sharp thunder cracks, and swells a distant roar;
From gulf to mountain top, from cloud to cloud,
Reverting peals contend and roar aloud.
Earth to her centre quakes, tall forests nod,
And all creation owns the voice of God.
On man's proud head the forky ruin flies,
The shock he feels, and the same instant dies.
Lo, in the distance, cloudy volumes course!—
The whirlwind comes—mark its tremendous force!
Instinct with flame, the sullen agent flies,
Wheels on the ground, and mounts into the skies,
With vengeance fraught: along its furious vein
Destruction gallops through the peopled plain:
Timbers and rocks within its action groan,
In wild disorder from their beds are thrown:
Deep-rooted trees, like slender reeds, are twirl'd,
And dust and ruins cloud th' encumber'd world.
Proud domes are crush'd, roofs, buildings, shatter'd fly,
In strange confusion through the darken'd sky.
Swept from the ground the traveller finds its course:
Nothing is safe that feels its angry force.

No law of man it heeds: o'er fences leaps,
And through the fields the wanton besom sweeps.
Wide as its range distress and waste appear,
While sounds terrific roar upon the ear;
High, on its wings conceal'd, Death rides in gloom,
And man his summons hears, and finds a tomb.

Hark! sounds I hear, like waves on ocean's shore,
Or cataracts which at a distance roar!
Lo, there!—the cloud that wraps the western sky
Is charged with hail—the birds before it fly!
The rough winds wake: from north to south around
Dense clouds arise, and shade the gloomy ground;
The ocean groans, lash'd by the tyrant gale,
Beats the rough shore, and whelms the crazy sail;
Deep yawn the waves where cavern'd monsters lie,
And foam-capp'd billows wash the troubled sky.
The towering clouds, like castles lighted, glare,
Wheel'd by the winds along the sultry air;
To whose broad sweep aerial space is given,
Which bear aloft the magazines of heaven.
Lo! swift they come!—now louder is the roar!
The terror heightens as their contents pour;
Down rough cast hail in rattling volleys fly,
For vengeance moulded in a frozen sky.
Amid the crash afflicted Flora* grieves,
Feels her deep wounds, and shows her mangled leaves!
While wretched man, despoil'd of his designs,
Sighs o'er his loss, and impiously repines.

Now rain descends;—man from the field is driven,
Drench'd lies the earth beneath the liquid heaven.

* Goddess of flowers.

In frightful haste, down comes the noisy flow
Of mingled streams to whelm the vales below:
From hill and dale alike, and mountain's side,
The torrents rush; high rolls the turbid tide!
Destruction gapes where dikes and bridges stood,
While buildings float upon the devious flood!
Now wider rolls, now wraps the subject plain,
O'er fields it sweeps, and mars the ripening grain;
While under waves whole towns deserted stand:
The tyrant flood controls the hapless land;
With sway resistless carries on its sweep
The floating ruins to the yawning deep:
To piles of art, to man, to brutes, one doom,
All hurl'd together in a watery tomb.

With cavern'd wind and subterranean fire
The earth is plagued; whose tremors dread inspire:
The centre quakes, its wavy surface rolls,
A deep hoarse rumbling nature's funeral tolls.
Huge mountains rock, tall spires and castles nod,
And falling cities feel this scourge of God!
The sea grows restless, rolls a threatening tide,
The earth, with thundering, bursts in chasms wide;
New gulfs yawn widely, floods retiring fly,
And, headlong rushing, leave their channels dry.
Here cities sink, there nameless islands rise,
Destruction reigns, and breathing nature dies!

To vindicate the high judicial Cause,
As ready servants nature lends her laws.
Phlogistic agents, cavern'd in earth's frame,
Are often call'd to scourge the world with flame.
The vagrant comets seem to eye us here
With hateful glare: they vex our atmosphere!

From causes obvious dread miasms rise,
Float in the fog, and taint the morning skies.
In mineral kingdoms bane is stored with care,
Which breathes out death into the upper air;
Affiance forms with certain plants and trees,
Or roams destructive on the wafting breeze.
So reigns the *Cause* before our guilty eyes,
In earth below, and round the sultry skies.

Now frost descends, binds all in icy chains;
The daring rover in his fur complains.
Sky-bolted snow, in waves, descends amain,
And wintry horrors triumph o'er the plain.
From mountains bleak the frosty night-winds blow,
Entombing man and beast in whirling snow.
Now night protracted glooms the frigid zone,
And tyrant winter holds his icy throne;
There hapless tribes deep degradation show,
Have much to suffer, and but little know

Now solar heat is on the desert cast,
Which dries the sand, and lights the dreaded blast;
Prone, on the earth, the traveller draws his breath,
The only refuge from impending death.
A raging thirst he feels, and seeks to gain
A fountain in the waste, but seeks in vain.
Illusions strange dance in the distant view,
Which hope beguile, and mock the vision too;
As he advances the appearance flies,
Refraction changes, and th' illusion dies.
Then, far beyond, up comes the scene anew,
Where mocking rivers flow along the view;
The fainting wanderer eyes each rising gleam,
But seeks in vain to find a cooling stream.

The haggard earth, deranged by floods and storm,
Retains but part of her primeval form:
The verdant landscape—smooth, unbroken plain
Delicious fruit-trees—breezy, stormless main—
Fresh blooming gardens—hills of evergreen,
With crystal brooks meandering between—
Delightful all—and all conspire to show
The state of things before the reign of wo;
But turn from these, and view earth's counterpart,
Wild, rough, deranged, and unadorn'd by art.
Lo, there the traveller stops, struck with surprise,
Meets strange reverses; unknown dangers rise!
The pathless swamp appears; on solid land
Blind chasms lie, and sickly waters stand.
The rocky plain he eyes, the gulf's rough steep,
The thundering cascade, and the whirlpool's sweep;
The ragged mountain climbs, to keep his way,
Walks in the clouds, and hears the tempest play.
Now o'er the morass creeps;—away he flies,—
The streamless desert next before him lies:
The cavern's maze explores: there short his stay;
For some safe region hies; but on his way
Th' eruptive mountain roars;—along its side
Terrific waves of burning lava glide;
Consuming cities, whelming plains below,
And lighting midnight with amazing glow.

The rod of wo on earth's broad surface lies,
And hurtful germs from soil degraded rise:
Sown by the *curse*, and fed by earth and air,
Luxuriant grow, abounding everywhere.
Lone, on an isle, inwall'd with mountains round,
The Bohon Upas stands: o'er earth renown'd;

The tree of death! And many regions show
Their noxious trees, though less malignant grow.
The deadly *nightshade* springs; rank, baneful *vines*
Creep up the trees, or with the hedge combines.
Along frequented ways gay *poisons* grow,
And trespass on the fields—round water's flow—
In garden walks—lo! in the mansion's shade,
Some boldly stand in gaudy robes array'd.
There, tares spontaneous spring, and weeds abound,
And here the thistle stands t' annoy the ground;
Forbidding thorns defend the fragrant rose:
To man each sweet conceals some subtle foes.

All have their use—all things were so design'd;—
The objector cries—*good* was with *evil* join'd;
For medicine were some, and some for food:
All partial evils are for general good.

Good answers good;—that first alone was made;
Hence good, it seems, requires not evil's aid.
If good 's imperfect without evil's power,
Then Heaven 's imperfect to this very hour.
For moral evils natural evils rose:
All useful judgments, medicine for foes.
Sin's wages, evil—bane disease may cure—
Th' effects of sin, the woes we here endure.
If man were perfect, all immortal still,
No ills would have, nor physic need for ill:
But fallen man deserves a chastening rod;
And natural evils are the scourge of God.

Wo has its cause—go trace it to the fall!
Chance does not act—there is a cause for all!
All discord here is justly understood,
The *rise* of evil, and the *fall* of good.

The law was just; yet love has turn'd to hate:
Man once was happy, but his fall is great!
Hence, in wo's empire he was justly thrown,
'Mid strange reverses doom'd to toil and groan,
Where nature feels in all her active laws
The woful change; and obvious is the cause:
The end is mark'd on Heaven's judicial plan,
To mingle misery in the life of man.

Say, does this troubled world of matter groan
Beneath the weighty *curse*, and that alone?
Alike, the world that 's animate, 'tis true,
Promotes the discord, feels the misery too.
All creatures known to man, the small and great,
With natures made to love, have learn'd to hate;
A horrid wildness, strangely, in them grows,
Fire lights their eyes, with storm their passion flows;
With poison arm'd, and arm'd with weapons fell,
Prone to revenge, and ready to rebel.
The brutes are tyrants, ruin marks their way,
The stronger rule—the weaker forced t' obey;
Nor to their province is confined the strife,
Whose wanton rage destroys each other's life!
But foes to man, from him they wildly stray,
Despise dominion, and refuse t' obey.
Ferocious act! his majesty they dare
Assault, and into mangled fragments tear!
Tremendous state of things!—alas! see how
The crown is fallen from the monarch's brow!

The docile kinds he labours to reclaim;
Imprisons first, and then attempts to tame:
Indulgence shows, and feeds them from his hand
To gain submission, and secure command.

What though 'tis done, they oft give passion sway,
Turn ruthless tyrants, and refuse t' obey.
Lo, the plumed heroes of the crowing kind!
Man's constant tenants, for his use design'd
Do oft contend, and in their lordly way
Proud duels fight to gain a bloody day.
The pamper'd *eagle* curbs his claws and might,
Some due restraint forbids his distant flight;
Like one in exile, sits in gloomy mood,
Nor heeds the hand that brings his daily food.
More deeply learn'd, the fretful *parrot* gay
Contented sits, and mimics what you say,
Repeats your prayers, or sings her ditty o'er,
A prattler harmless, waiting at your door.
So spiteful *monkeys* cringe to kindly care,
Display much cunning, and quite docile are;
But all their friendship finds a narrow sphere:
Are pleased for favours, and obey through fear.
The *lion's* wildness, and the *tiger's* claws,
Reluctant yield to man's imperial laws;
He bars them closely, to their wants attends,
His captives are, but not his willing friends.
The bulky *elephant*, though great in might,
Yields more to rule—in service takes delight;
His instinct copies reason's plainest laws,
And marks an insult on the proper cause.
The boast of man, the *horse* that proudly feels,
Requites his owner with his iron heels;
Or madly leaping, down the gulf is thrown,
Destroys his master's life, and ends his own.
The sullen *bull* tears up the yielding ground
Roars in his fury, throws the dust around;

Nor life regards, nor heeds his master's cries,
But headlong plunges, and the sufferer dies.
The playful *dog*—the veriest friend of all—
Risks his own life t' obey his master's call:
His walks by day attends, his treasure keeps,
And guards the mansion while he soundly sleeps—
Ferocious grows, in wildness strange he flies,
Destroys his master, and with madness dies.
For kindly acts should man on brutes depend,
A foe may find in one he thought a friend.

All creatures made at first were harmless, kind,
But millions now we see a curse design'd!
When first creation felt the avenging *rod*,
Sway'd by the hand of the creative God,
The elements all teem'd with life anew,
Which eye could scan, or microscope could view:
In armies swarm'd, through sea, and earth, and air,
A living *curse* that does a God declare.
Nor think it strange, that the creative Cause
Should be employ'd to vindicate his laws:
His laws are just;—his judgments understand,
And mark the movements of his awful hand!

I will *create*, he said, for Israel's guide and light,
A cloud of smoke by day, a flame by night.
The *evil* I create; thick *darkness* too;
I form the *light*. These things the Egyptians knew!
As judgments just, the cause of truth to aid,
All *natural evils*, we have sung, were made.
See, impious Herod proudly boasts aloud,
While vengeance stands conceal'd within a cloud;
The angel smites: worms swarm upon his frame,
Created there to blast his bloated fame!—

See, Moses' rod in Pharaoh's hostile land,
Strange things effects by the Almighty's hand!
The rod descends—*frogs*, *locusts*, *lice*, and *flies*,
In swarms appear, in new *creations* rise!
Round Israel's camp, see strange wing'd serpents fly,
And with envenom'd wounds the faithless die.
The *cause* a miracle, the *cure* the same
A God almighty both alike proclaim.

Where this *ill chain* begins no one pretends
To know, nor where in wide creation ends;
But foes to man in living forms abound
On earth, in air, and through the vast profound.
Lo, the huge monsters of the briny deep
Plough the rough surge, or on the billows sleep!
While hungry *sharks* and *crocodiles* by day
Lurk round the peopled shores in quest of prey.
See, noxious *serpents* o'er the world are spread,
The foes of man, and man's eternal dread:
Stretch'd on the cliffs, or coil'd upon the trees,
Housed in the earth, or wreathing on the seas,
With venom arm'd: where'er the traveller goes
He meets the menace of these hissing foes.
Now throngs of *worms* destruction spread with ease,
Riot in fields, or camp upon the trees;
No weapon drives them, nor stern orders awe,
They trespass boldly, and defy the law;
Along their march the verdant foliage flies,
The fruit-trees languish, and the forest dies.

High on the winds, like clouds that show no end,
The *locusts* sail—now on the earth descend!
The growth of spring devour, and autumn's store,
While man the refuse has, and nothing more.

Mark how the *insect tribes*, housed in the grass,
Fly from the sounding foot as travellers pass;
While *worms* beneath, in earth's commodious hive,
Extend their kingdoms, and on plunder thrive;
Feed on the germins of the tender grain,
Which fades and dies upon the fertile plain.
See the *hornet's* castle, and the *wasp's* mud cell,
In monarchies these volant nations dwell;
With poison'd darts their citadels defend,
And on your head with javelins swift descend
The subtle *spider tribes* o'er earth are known,
From the dark cellar to th' imperial throne;
Where'er you stay, where'er you go, you meet
Their slender fabrics, and their strolling feet:
The palace, temple, field, grove, grot, and cell,
Straight into all intrude, and there they dwell.
Man's fierce tormentors, see vast swarms of *flies!*
Late at their labour, early to it rise;
Gnats and *moschetoes* sharper tubes employ,
Extract his blood, and all his rest annoy.
His house *some* haunt, his bed *some* creep within,
Some nest his hair, *some* burrow in his skin;
Some swim his blood, call'd *cancers* when they feed,
And *worms* and *reptiles* in his stomach breed;
While unseen millions, harbingers of death,
Lurk in his food, and sport along his breath.

Oh sinful sin! what discord thou hast spread!
What misery brought!—what loathsome vermin bred!
Wide o'er the earth thy *curse* effective goes,
And makes for guilty man a world of foes.

END OF THE SEVENTH BOOK.

BOOK VIII.

THE ARGUMENT.

MAN'S DEPRAVITY AND MORTALITY.

The weakness of man in infancy—Reason and instinct compared—Man is born dependant, and dies poor—Depravity is inherited—Sinful acts and errors spring from the heart—The infidel addressed—What would be if moral evil were destroyed—The world filled with bloody tragedies—The mortality of mankind considered—Misery here not prevented by God's government—The saints will lose nothing by death—The conclusion.

O BEAUTEOUS Eve! like thy soft, fragile form,
Too fine, too frail to stand the beating storm,
Thy daughters are: though housed with tender care,
Like waxen figures from the fretting air,
Yet doom'd to suffer:—who can tell their woes!
What reason teaches their experience knows.
Oh mother of man! on thee the *curse* was told,
And from thyself on all thy daughters roll'd.
Eve's estate was *wo*;—Adam's, *toil* and *death*,
Which all inherit when they first draw breath;
Thrown into life with natures weak and vile,
Doom'd long to weep, but short the time to smile.
The breath man first inhales, returns with wo;
To misery born, his early sufferings show.
How poor, how weak, th' unconscious infant lies!
A breathing clod that vents instinctive sighs

More feebly born than unfledged birds of air,
Or young of brutes that gambol round the lair:
The day they breathe their dams they seem to know,
Skip round and play, or follow where they go,
Or stay where placed; their signals understand,
From danger fly, and come at their command.
Yes, birds and grovelling brutes their cunning show,
When young, are cleanly, though untaught they know.
But fallen man, devoid of all these charms,
Lies stupid, staring, in his nurser's arms;
His limbs too weak his strengthless frame to bear,
Nor knows the hand that gives the needful care.
Below the brute man creeps—how great the fall!
Poor child of reason, and weak lord of all!
By night and day attention needs from birth:
A sickly, drivelling, restless worm of earth!
Primeval vigour, where?—Where Wisdom's crown,
His Maker's image, and his high renown?
Revoked by Heaven—to wretchedness an heir,
Which wakens pity, and demands our care!

See, instinct prompt her course unerring keeps,
While tardy reason in his chamber sleeps.
The plants the brute perceives for food design'd,
Selects the wholesome, leaves the noxious kind;
Nor boastful science needs, nor nostrums sure,
The herb he crops that gives the needful cure.
But the unconscious child mouths all at hand,
Poison, or knife, or worms, or food, or sand:
No difference sees, nor obvious danger knows,
While his weak *reason* lingers in repose.

From north to south the birds of passage sail,
Without a chart or compass in the gale.

Though drifting clouds obscure the stars and sun,
And fogs deceptive on the mountains run;
'Tis naught to them, a certain course they steer,
Without confusion or perlexing fear;
While men of skill, with instruments to guide,
Are oft bewilder'd on the stormy tide.

The bees untaught, construct their fabric well;
No clumsy artisan in all the cell;
Their work at first as perfect all appears,
As the last labour of their busy years.
No draughts have they, but an unerring clew,
Which leads them on, and tells them what to do.
All build alike, alike all seem to will,
Form hexagons—what geometric skill!
With sense sagacious seek the dulcet dew;
From day to day their pleasing toil renew;
The luscious wealth they store with ready care:
So for the winter instinct bids prepare.

Behold! the beavers, without rule or line,
Strong dams construct with seeming deep design,
To raise a flood o'er some selected land,
Within whose midst their village is to stand.
Next, in the pond they build their huts with care,
Whose separate cells hold separate interests there;
Retreats contrive, as oft attacks require,
In cavern'd banks, where they can straight retire.
So true is *instinct*, teaches *reason* skill:
Man knows much less, with all his power to will,
Till he can climb the lofty scale of art,
Then *reason* prompt will act a higher part.

See different birds, their independence see!
All have their modes, but no two modes agree;

Alike perfection in each kind discern,
They copy nothing, and they nothing learn.
Some, deep in wood their hidden nurseries plough,
While others hang them on the rocking bough;
Some build in grass, some arch the yielding sand,
Some choose the mountain, some the shelly strand.
All seem to care, and for their own provide:
Their law is nature—nature is their guide.

Through the ants' metropolis see thousands flow,
Pass and repass, still no confusion know:
All seem to understand their work, their way,
Incessant trudging through the busy day.
Each bears a part t' increase the common store:
Their wants are little, and they seek no more.
By wisdom ruled, have policy, not pride,
They love their own, and for their own provide.
Instruction none, nor rules of art they need,
In nature's course without design proceed.

The world of animals thus perfect are,
No knowledge lack, nor providence, nor care;
But fallen man, with all his broad desires,
Can claim no knowledge but what he acquires—
The art to build—the useful, healing skill—
His robes to weave—the stubborn ground to till—
To guide the bark, the watery world t' explore,
With all the boast of scientific lore—
All must be learn'd,—the skill, the practice too,
In slow gradation rise by reason's clew.

Yes, Adam died; each orphan made an heir
To want and death; all left to nature's care,
Who bounteous stands, awake to every call,
Cares for each sufferer, and imparts to all:

She lends us clothes adapted to each zone:—
What servile paupers, wearing not our own!
But, still, the heirs of pride the vulgar shun,
In fashion's rage their splendid circles run:
Admired by others, they themselves admire,
For blazing gems and elegant attire.
But all these trappings, boasted into fame,
Are borrow'd badges of inglorious shame.
Our outside garbs, first, prideless sheep array'd,
Their old coats changed by art, to fit us made.
The fur admired—so rich, so warm, and good!
The beaver clothed, or ermines of the wood.
Yes, all our gold was borrow'd from the ore,
And gems resplendent glow'd in earth before.
Her clumsy shell the tortoise laid aside—
The fair *one* claims it to display her pride!
Her old, worn plumes the ostrich cast away,
Which are redeem'd t' adorn and please the gay;
The silkworm's ball that forms the genial nest,
Art has purloin'd, and into fabrics press'd,
T' enrobe the *pride* of earth, the fairer clay:
Refined in taste, yet certain of decay.
Straw, grass, palmetto, cotton, hemp, and flax,
For man's convenience bear a heavy tax;
Cologne to blandish, paint the eye to cheat,
And rich perfume to give th' enchanting sweet.
Art takes from nature all she can provide,
Part for our comfort goes, but more for pride:
What splendid poverty! how poor! how gay!
Clothed with the refuse nature throws away!

Our wants to meet all things are lent for use:
To foster pride is trespass and abuse.

Earth's not our home—then let this be our song,
We need but little, nor shall need it long.
When hence we go, though crown'd, enrich'd, and gay,
We nothing brought, can nothing bear away:
So man dies poor, poor as when first drew breath,
He borrows all, and all returns at death.
Oh, subtle pride! how impious is thy art!
What can we claim except a sordid heart!
The lands and floods which boastful tenants claim,
The finny nations, birds of every name,
The herds that graze on plains and mountains' side,
Goods, treasures, wafted on the ocean wide,
Seas with golden sands, mountains ribb'd with ores,
And all the diamonds on Brazilian shores—
All, all belong to God, no transfer given,
We are but stewards of the wealth of Heaven!
Then boast no more, but own thyself, O man!
A pensioner forlorn—thy life a span.

Our moral state with Adam's next compare:
Alike condition'd all his offspring are.
From one degenerate *root* all nations came,
Hence all depraved, in nature all the same.
No fountain fresh discharges saline streams,
Nor orb opaque emits refulgent beams;
Nor baneful tree salubrious fruit can bear:
Nature is law in spite of every care.
It 's not by chance, nor by establish'd use,
But every cause its likeness must produce.
Hence moral death its proper channel runs
From prior fathers to succeeding sons;
And, like our shadow, keeps an even pace
Through every age, throughout the human race.

As fabrics pure sent to the sable dyer,
Return all changed, yet every thread entire;
But weaken'd much by the destructive hue,
Their whiteness lost, and former beauty too:
So human nature shows, in spite of art,
Deep, moral stains pervading all the heart:
The powers remain all subject to our call,
But lapsed and weaken'd by the general fall.
Condition'd thus, man is an heir of ill;
Born innocent, but all unholy still:
Born without guilt, but prone to ill, and wild;—
The germs of sin are bred in every child.
This legacy which falls to all in time,
Is a misfortune great, but not a crime;
The atonement that annuls, so as by fire,
For all who do in infancy expire.

No guilt we feel till good and ill we know:
Guilt comes by acts, acts from volition flow,
And wo from guilt: so runs the moral chain,
With links unbroken till it ends in pain.
With headlong speed, by inborn sin beguiled,
Like mountain pards, by nature man runs wild;
Unawed by Heaven, o'er law's high barrier leaps,
And on the crumbling verge of ruin sleeps.
By moral ill thus mortals devious tend,
As by attraction bodies swift descend:
Yes, all by nature shun the narrow way,
Rush into wrong, and follow those astray.
To good, by nature none are here inclined;
Absorbing evil triumphs o'er the mind.

As plants by nature wild, on kindly mould,
Produce of worthless seeds a thousand fold,

And multiply as years successive run,
In the same ratio that they first begun;
So moral ill in carnal nature's soil,
Prolific spreads without conducive toil;
Quick in its growth, and never fails to yield
A thousand fold o'er all the wretched field.
Example strengthens, habit gives it root,
Hence turgid branches load each active shoot;
Confirm'd by age its fangs more deeply run,
As trees grow stronger by long years of sun.

This doctrine stands confess'd, and holds a place
In the dark history of the human race.
Sin, like the deluge, from its sources hurl'd
Corrupt effusions o'er the peopled world.
The stream how strong! and how amazing wide,
That bore the ages on its sweeping tide!
Down roll'd the world into a pagan night,
And whelm'd the nations, dull'd their mental sight:
To them God was unknown, who gave the day,
In whom they lived, whom they were taught t' obey.
Their object pleasure, pleasure was their god,
With death in league; they fear'd no vengeful rod.
Fair reason they debased with wanton crime,
And sported dreadless on the brink of time.
Essays were lost those vagrants to reform,
Whose hearts were marble, and their passions storm:
The truth they scorn'd, a Providence denied,
The world abused, and Deity defied;
And restless were as empty winds that roar,
Or raging waves that dash the rocky shore.

As in a vortex restless billows flow
With measured turns to reach the gulf below;

In rapid whirl, concentric in their course,
Cut shorter circles as they gather force;
Till from the view they take a sudden leap,
And headlong plunge into th' unsounded deep,
With lives forlorn, borne on its fatal vein,
To some dark region in the gulfy main.
So moral evil—view it as you can—
Seems like a vortex in the heart of man:
In thought begins to move—next sweeps along
In fierce desires, urged by a current strong:
As passions wake, example lends them force,
And blind presumption finds the devious course;
At every step impulses new are given;
In error's sweep the giddy mind is driven.
From plans conceived he hurries on to deeds—
So, from small crimes to greater ones proceeds:
Now bolder grows—diverging still from fame,
Till wanton acts declare the monster's shame!
At length through riot falls in his own gore,
The darkness enters, and is seen no more!

Say, what 's the faithless world, that hangs on breath,
But a mere vortex round the gate of death!
There mortals run on dissipation's steep!—
Now pause with dread, now take a wider sweep;
Allured by show, now charm'd by empty sound;
Now fame invites them to the battle ground;
In sports loud laugh, now fill'd with vengeful ire;
For pleasure next, now gold and wealth desire;
Stanch friends one hour, the next are deadly foes;
In savage feats their blood commingling flows;
In transport now, now wailing every breath;
Now tired of life, and now retreat from death.

Tremendous rush! the world presents to view,
A chaos, bedlam, and a vortex too.
Look deeper still—some, arts deceptive try
The wrong to hide, and cheat the public eye;
Their crimes excuse whene'er they come to view,
Good motives plead, avow their hearts are true;
Glad no one knows the turpitude they feel:
What would detract they studiously conceal,
Or with chaotic cant—not understood—
Call good an evil here, and evil good;
Put light for darkness, darkness dense for light,
And sweet for bitter too, and wrong for right.
Perversion all, which management confounds,
Plain common sense in contradict'ry sounds,
The point to ward that gives the conscious smart,
And guard the censure from the treach'rous heart.
Philosophy they laud that darkly burns,
That vice a virtue makes by magic turns;
To cap the climax, ape a saintly face,
And play off tricks by counterfeiting grace.
In sober thought man is acknowledged vile,
But when 'tis spoken oft provokes a smile.
'Tis thought indecorous, a flat disgrace,
The truth to speak against our noble race;
May tell the good, but not the evil show:
The fairer side is all they wish to know;
May sound their fame, show how their virtues play,
And robe the wretches in the beams of day,
Because it wounds the heart, awakes despair,
Their sins to see, to know how vile they are.
But truth must speak, and in full vision show
The plague of sin; man's mortal state below.

Come, take the keys which Inspiration holds,
And ope the cavern'd heart, search all its folds,
Nor leave unseen the dark, productive source
Of hidden ill: trace every winding course
Of moral death, that hates the fraudless light
Of truth, and seeks the shades of double night.
The heart conceals a fountain deep and wide,
Whose ebullition pours a wanton tide,
That breaks through law with a destructive force,
And thus in various channels takes its course:
Murder, deceit, revenge, sedition, pride,
Adultery, envy, discord, fratricide,
Gaming, duelling, stealing, idleness,
Brawling, lying, hypocrisy, excess,
Slander, oppression, fraud, idolatry,
Blasphemy, trespass, anger, luxury,
Revelling, drunkenness, emulation,
Unbelief, covetousness, fornication,
Rebellion, robbery, fighting, perjury,
Raillery, hatred, strife, and forgery:
Hard, black, rough *names*:—what horrid deeds they tell!
Such words must form the poetry of hell!
Oh, hateful sin! how sinful is thy art!
Demonian passions rule the human heart!
Hence laws are heard to thunder penal woes,
To quell the rage, and awe refractory foes;
Hence high tribunals sit: hence comes the doom,
The frightful gallows and inglorious tomb;
Hence dreary prisons rise and castles strong,
To hive the wretches, and suppress the wrong.
Lo, from the heart obscuring errors rise,
Like clouds of smoke that blot the summer skies;

From breath to breath these lurid thoughts are blown
Around the world: base things are quickly sown;
Strange forms receive, like empty clouds of heaven,
That mingling fly by winds diversely driven;
Distinct they rise, now forms commix'd receive,
Though ever changing, changing minds believe.
The vile, by seeming instinct, truth despise,
See light in darkness, and confide in lies.
Error and vice alternate act as cause,
High Heaven insult, and rush o'er human laws.
Presumptuous wretch! wouldst thou in wanton rage
Tear off man's bonds, unlock the monster's cage,
The jails destroy, abolish justice' cause,
Dethrone the rulers, null the civil laws,
The Bible burn, with every work sublime
Of sacred truth, erase all holy time,
Truth's heralds silence, doom the sainted train
The world to leave, the sound of prayer restrain,
The thought of judgment quell, annul all fear,
The passions wild release, and conscience sear,—
Thus send him out to run a lawless course,
From wrong to wrong, without restraining force?
Tremendous work! which strikes with dread the mind
That fears almighty God, and loves mankind!
If true religion and the laws were hurl'd
From earth, and atheism ruled the world,
The world would be a hell, a horrid den
Of savage prowlers and of brutish men.
Yes, lawless man takes more delight in blood
Than lions fierce, or tyrants of the flood.
A monster vile he is, in whom we view
The image of the beast, and devil too:

Pride, lust, revenge, and sensual desires,
Control his heart, and kindle hellish fires.
The human race but from one blood arose,
Hence all, by birth, are friends—not spiteful foes!
Though doom'd to spread as one great vine extends
The change of places never changes friends.
If sin were not, dissensions would not be,
But love would reign, and constant harmony.
Then man for man would feel, nor stand alone,
His neighbour's wants, in turn, would make his own;
Urged by the impulse of affection true,
As self he loved would love his neighbour too.
From soul to soul benevolence would flow,
Receiving freely, freely would bestow;
United hand to hand, and heart to heart,
In social bliss, without dissembling art;
Rejoice at others' joy, feel others' wo,
All friends alike without a meddling foe.
So round the world one chain of love would run
From soul to soul, to where it first begun.
Were the whole world combined in such a state,
No treacherous heart could be, nor eye of hate
With malice fired; nor bosom fraught with pride,
Provoking scorn, nor hand with murder dyed—
No mantled fraud would be, nor faithless tongue
In slander dipp'd; nor tender feelings wrung
By hard oppression's power: nor poor to wait
With wants unanswer'd at the palace gate—
Nor doubtful claims perplex'd with cumbrous laws,
Nor pompous courts to try a culprit's cause;
No scourge would need, nor execution grounds,
Nor castle gates, nor thrilling martial sounds

To call a battle on; nor armies proud
To sweep the earth; nor ships of war to cloud
The ocean's waves; nor bulwarks on the shore
With waving flags; nor cannons' deafening roar
To sound a conquest, or repulse a foe;
The nations' glory, and the pride of show.
Alas! our world has not its semblance here,
But what it should be let it still appear.

When Abel fell, th' unconscious dust was stain'd
With crimson crime: Death his first subject gain'd:
Then, Oh, his blood spoke from the mournful sod,
And cried for vengeance to th' avenging God!
Down rush'd the discord which so early rose;
The fathers taught the children to be foes!
Hence war and carnage have kept even pace
With every age throughout the human race.

The world around, lo, what a state of things
Appears! Aloud through time commotion rings!
The trembling stage of universal life
Is throng'd: the tragedy, eternal strife!
The rage of mortals see! their savage play
Turns darkness darker, and offends the day.
Pride rules the world; benevolence has fled
From thrones of earth; creation quakes with dread!
Wo, *blood*, and *discord* haunt this wretched ball:
All things at war with man, and man with all
And man with man at war:—so order's chain
In ruin lies, and lets destruction reign.
The nations groan:—what sounds in angels' ears!
O Heaven, forgive! O earth, awake to tears!

The world we call a *stage*, in clouds it swings—
The tragedy review: the acts of kings,

Popes, emperors, powers, and lords renown'd,
Their pride to feast the earth with blood have drown'd;
Through rolling ages lies the scene; their road
With carnage, death, and devastation strow'd!
As Nimrod fierce, who drove a bloody car
In orient realms, and hunted men from far,
So Hannibal the famed from Carthage hies,
With kindled fury flashing in his eyes.
Along the Alpine steeps his thundering force
He leads, exulting in his bloody course:
With savage glee he feasts his sordid eyes,
Where blooming Italy in prospect lies.
For murder bent, he winds the steepy way,
Like a fierce mountain pard to seize his prey;
Unnumber'd lives in purple torrents flow,
And plundering armies cloud the plains below;
The hapless sufferers yield, o'erwhelm'd by force,
Destined to see destruction take its course.
Where peace and plenty reign'd dark ruin lies,
And burning cities light the gloomy skies.
Now turn and view the wonder of the age:
The daring Xerxes mounts the bloody stage!
Arm'd millions proudly leads—how vast the train!
Seven nights and days are passing o'er the main.
To mountains he gives law, dooms them a plain,
And in his rage attempts the flood to chain!
O'er Grecian states the wanton armies pour,
And lave the burning sands with reeking gore.
In ruin's march expiring millions tell
The fate of war, and how the conquer'd fell.
Lo, Alexander comes!—all Asia reels,
Dark ruin thunders at his chariot wheels;

For conquest fired, war kindles in his eyes,
From realm to realm his bloody falchion flies.
The nations quake before ambition's ire,
Proud cities flame, and host on host expire!
Where art and wealth once smiled, a wide waste lies,
And through the wreck the sad hyena cries.

How Salem weeps!—her murders and her woes
Who now can tell? The tongueless zephyr blows
O'er her dark vale, where murmuring Kidron runs,
That bore the blood of her unhappy sons.
How oft has war convulsed the mountains round,
And drench'd with crimson streams her holy ground!
Thousands on thousands lie beneath the tread
Of passing feet, who in fierce battle bled!

See Rome upon her hills!—she proudly stands,
Of victory boasts, and shows her bloody hands.
On thousands in a day her triumphs fed
Her pride to show:—the sun turn'd pale, and fled!
Nor captives fell alone:—Oh, impious sway!
The Christian's blood was doom'd to drench the clay:
There myriads were destroy'd; in gurgling rills
Their suppliant blood roll'd down the furrow'd hills.
The countless stars that gild th' ethereal plain,
May tell the number Rome herself has slain.
See, how her *crusade* wars woke vengeful foes:
'Gainst heathen powers fierce heathen passions rose!
Deluded hosts in error's footsteps trod,
Plundering, butchering—so *they* fought for God!
Dread desolation gallop'd with their sway,
And fill'd the realms with death along the way;
While round her Inquisition fierce flames glow'd,
Dark prisons yawn'd, and blood in rivers flow'd:

Tremendous work! it made creation groan,
And sent a thrilling shock from throne to throne!
The curse of *bigotry*, with all its shame,
Let tortured millions by their woes proclaim!
See faithless France amid commotion's roar!
Blood-thirsty traitors rule her hapless shore;
Her laws contemn: for *liberty* they cry,
Audacious *atheists* turn, and God *defy!*
Destruction reigns—behold the purple flood!
The wheels of revolution roll in blood!
Now Russia weeps—behold her bleeding veins!
Her gasping sons lie strew'd along the plains
To feast a monarch's pride, who gallops round
O'er dying and the dead that pile the ground;
Winds waft their groans—Oh, what a field of fame!
Blood, rapine, death, and Moscow wrapp'd in flame!
Our happy land, renown'd for freedom, knows
The doom of war: she has rapacious foes.
Oft from the forest comes the hideous yell
Of natives wild, provoked to actions fell;
For murder bent, rush like a mountain flood,
To torture, plunder, and to feast on blood!
This is the state of man: commotions swell
Around the world! O peace! where dost thou dwell?
Ambition, avarice, superstition, all,
Like restless *elves*, sport round this gloomy ball.
Rapine, revenge, lust, tyranny, and pride,
Roll o'er the world a sanguinary tide.
The nations quake, aroused by martial ire,
Arms clash with arms, and hosts on hosts expire!
In dread commotion revolutions sweep
O'er bleeding states, like waves upon the deep.

What waste of life! Now naval battles roar,
And ocean's swells are tinged with human gore!
To aid the rage the menial horse is press'd,
The battle braves, and suffers with the rest!
See treasure wasted too, to aid the plan
Of carnal war, for man to murder man!
Hence down the vale of time descends a flood—
Oh horrid sight! a sea of kindred blood
From human veins, which beat in hearts of foes,
But cools in friendship as it mingling flows.
From blood and rapine heroes reap their fame:
The greatest carnage swells the greatest name.
Pride's altar base the brutal passions feed,
And laughing Glory thrives where thousands bleed.

Proud armies wheeling on the trampled plain
With flashing arms—the thrilling martial strain—
The array of cavalry—the loud acclaim—
Cannon roaring—clouds of smoke and flame—
Navies o'erwhelm'd upon the embattled flood—
Cities on fire, and fields imbrued with blood,
Form earth's dread drama, her climax of strife,
The sport of princes, and the pride of life.

Lo, late the muse has her sad theme pursued,
And man's vile heart with painful care review'd;
Seen, from that source, wild deeds of darkness rise,
And tragic scenes of war that wake surprise;
But these she leaves, and next proceeds to show
Man's doom to death, and consequential wo.

How earth is changed! Death holds dominion here,
And his dread sway makes kings and kingdoms fear!
He enters boldly, shows his ancient claim
On human forms. Nor can we Justice blame,

Who married Death to Sin, which angels saw
Amid the thunder of the broken law:
Of dust thou art,—the Judge Almighty spoke,—
To dust thou shalt return:—then Life's chain broke,
And man began to die!—Life fought with Death;
Unequal contest o'er a puff of breath.
So Life was foil'd; Death seized his legal prey,
And straight immured him in the cavern'd clay.
Death makes sin public; shows the curse of Heaven:
A mouldering impress to our nature given.
Our ills, like threads, are woven in our make:
We mortal grow when we our members take;
Through all life's rising scale declining are,
We show our sentence in the life we bear.
No refuge stands, nor charm, nor Eden ground;
Where life is sought, a grave is often found:
Hope meets despair, and pleasures but annoy;
The means design'd to save do oft destroy.
The breath we breathe imparts a secret bane;
By elements of life, life oft is slain.
Death seems afar while in our youthful bloom,
But still is near us, waiting at the tomb.
For rich and poor alike, for old and young,
The grave is open'd, and the dirge is sung.
One sweeping fate—whate'er our fortunes are—
Will to one level bring as equals there.
Alas! alas! from death we cannot fly,
The doom is changeless, and the period nigh!
Go, count the graves that lie beyond the flood,
Where empires rose and sunk in seas of blood!
Search the wide ocean, note the numbers there
Of human forms committed to its care!

Awake the desert sands to tell the slain
That have been buried on the burning plain!
In savage haunts note every stoneless tomb
Sequester'd there, imbower'd with leafy gloom!
Go through the crowded realms and cities wide,
Recount the sculptured monuments of pride!
Unlock the catacombs, death's chambers deep,
To know the generations there asleep.
Let earthquakes show, while dread volcanoes tell,
The thousands cavern'd where their ruins fell!
Invoke the battle-grounds to give the slain,
Whose life was pour'd upon the thirsty plain!
Ask walking plagues that desolate the world,
The millions to the gulf promiscuous hurl'd!
Th' amount how vast! amazing is the thought!
What desolations death and time have wrought!
Know then our globe, with all its wealth and show,
Is one broad cavern fill'd with dead below!
Think where you stand, and ever thoughtful tread;
Beneath your sporting feet there sleep the dead!
Then turn and see how oft death's arrows fly,
Ten, five times told, in one short minute die.
How full the register the angel keeps
In time, who guards death's gate, and never sleeps!
But notes the moving crowd that onward pour
In swift succession to th' eternal shore.
Appalling sight! the generations pass
Like morning clouds, and wither like the grass!
The world is rolling, minutes swiftly run,
The curtain falls—the tragedy is done!
Behold our world, launch'd on the liquid skies,
Like a huge ship, o'er waves of ether flies

Than cannon's volant ball with swifter force,
Yet never varies from her destined course;
Five hundred million miles each year is driven
Around the starry continent of heaven.
Along the voyage to thought and vision rise
The upper, nether, and surrounding skies;
With streamers fiery comets loom in sight,
And passing orbs salute with beams of light.
This charter'd ship, the world, is richly stored,
Eight hundred million passengers on board;
Th' eternal clime design'd to colonize,
The realm of *shades*, beyond the solar skies.
Whence orders promptly come, and all obey:
There seventy thousand land on every day!
'Mid hopes and fears are toss'd, oppress'd with wo,
Nor is their summons known until they go.
So poor wayfarers never are at ease
While rolling on time's dark and stormy seas.

Regaled by showers, aroused by vernal skies,
The garden blossoms, and the shoots arise;
The fragile vines climb toward th' alluring sun,
Embrace the tall trees, and supported run;
Sweet flowerets gay their varied leaves disclose,
The snow-white lily and the blushing rose.
High waves the flowery shrub, below is seen
The violet meek and creeping evergreen.
There native beauties in profusion rise,
To please the fancy and enchant the eyes.
There the lone humbird spends his jocund hours,
Extracting pleasure from these fragrant flowers.
So blooms the garden of the human race
With beauty, charms, skill, elegance, and grace;

The youthful growths, whose passions gayly run,
Exult and flourish in life's vernal sun;
Their object pleasure, their ambition show;
Too gay to reason, and too proud to know;
To please, be pleased, t' admire, to be admired,
And dress and paint—of flowers no more required!
They live like flowers, whose care is all outside,
Dance round in sunbeams, and exhibit pride;
Live useless lives, like vegetation grow,
Nor more desire, nor else they seek to know.
Oh! must this garden, amorous and gay,
In one fleet season languish and decay!
These blooms all wither, these pert charmers fade,
And on their glory fall a wintry shade?
Yes, perish all!—the soul's clay house is frail,
Like transient grass, or blooms that deck the vale;
Some hidden worm amid life's tendrils lies,
And wantons there till conquer'd nature dies.
The fairest form, endow'd by costly art,
Gay goddess of the throng, with bounding heart,
Cannot escape: her days all number'd are,
And gloomy ruin spreads the hidden snare.
Like the brisk bee, the swain selects this flower,
Derives sweet pleasure from each social hour;
Th' enraptured eye on its dear object rolls,
Whose flashes talk the dialect of souls.
On friendship's theme intrudes no distant care,
Their hearts commingle and their thoughts compare;
Presage no danger, no misfortune feel,
But all elated with their future weal;
Yet, ere their joys to consummation rise,
Death contravenes, and their gay prospect dies,

So wo succeeds to joy, and brings each day
The mournful sigh—the hearse in black array—
The sable weed—the sexton with his spade—
The yawning grave—the knell and cypress shade!
Death's darts triumphant through all ranks are hurl'd,
He sweeps whole empires, and demands a world.

Our life is death begun: disorders tear
This mortal frame; the heart is crush'd with care.
Our rest is transient; woes successive rise
Like murky clouds, and whelm us with surprise;
For safety anxious, pleasures wish to know,
Yet all uncertain seems but death and wo.
See how ills change, new maladies appear,
All climates suit and travel round the year!
Where'er abodes we choose—the mountain cool—
The sultry valley—near the mineral pool—
On endless summer isles—'mid Greenland snows—
On ocean's shore—where some broad river flows—
The crowded town—the unfrequented wood—
On Gilead's heights, or where old Eden stood—
'Tis all the same; whate'er the place or care,
Some ills, swift wing'd, will meet us everywhere;
Our dwelling enter, on our forms descend,
No caution flies them, and no arms defend.
How broad the curse! No paradise below
Remains for man: the world is fill'd with wo!

Let fancy dream, but let the dream be true,
The mortal world survey in one broad view,
The woes of all to know! There round you spread
The sick, the tortured, dying, and the dead;
Their mental anguish see, their fitful sighs,
Heart-breaking sorrow and o'erflowing eyes!

Hear the loud groans and lamentations low
That sound from cells—from lazarettoes flow!
See dying martyrs, maniacs confined,
Pale, starving paupers, and the groping blind;
Some wanting arms, some crutches use for feet,
Or drag their useless limbs along the street!
See myriads helpless lie, convulsed with pain,
And thousands bleeding on the battle plain!
Here, exiles doom'd to weep, there, slaves oppress'd,
And thousands aged, sightless, and distress'd.
The dungeon horrors view, the gallows tree,
And starving sailors on the wrecks at sea!
Bring all to view, and view the woes of all
The wretched millions on this gloomy ball,
Enchain'd and tortured by the general shock,
Like writhing worms upon a burning rock;
Then ask, Oh cruel sin! what hast thou done?
And are thy fearful wages just begun?

There is a cause, a cause for all these things:
The reign of sin this reign of misery brings;
But had we power—our sympathy is great!—
The whole would rescue, and reverse their fate.
God has all power; he could at once release
The whole from wo, and grant them health and peace.
Hence shall we then infer, that erring man
Can teach his Maker, or improve his plan?
No:—true God sees in broad perfection's light
The suffering world; hears all their groans by night;
From year to year in anguish lets them lie,
And weep and mourn beneath his holy eye.
Still God is *perfect*, *holy*, *just*, and *wise*,
In depths untraced his ruling wisdom lies.

Yes, *God is love*, but his broad sway, we know,
Leaves millions suffering in this world below.
For the same cause impenitents may dwell
For ever hopeless in a future hell.
Demurring worm! wouldst thou control thy Cause,
Instruct his wisdom, and rescind his laws?
God is not man—his thoughts are far above:
If God 's unjust, there is no God of love!

The doom of death the claims judicial show,
But does not cancel aught to God we owe.
The sentence just, appended to the fall,
Came first on one, and is entail'd on all.
This woful legacy subjects mankind
To damage great of body and of mind.
Since this we suffer not for acts our own,
Unjust it seems till the whole truth is known.
This doom, like grain sown in a furrow'd field,
Will have a turn, and bliss immortal yield.
More bless'd for death the saints at last will be,
Feel raptures more, and brighter glories see;
In consummation's light the end will shine
All perfect, wondrous, equal, and divine.
With patience then endure, ye sainted throng!
O'er vanquish'd *wo* and *death* the mighty song
Of triumph shall resound! and every lyre
Shall bear a part in the celestial choir.

Our toil and travel o'er this gloomy ground,
To profit turn if we the truth have found.
From obvious facts to these results we rise,
That man is fallen, and in ruin lies:
In life corrupt, in intellect unsound,
'Mid tempting fruit upon forbidden ground.

That sin prevails, and folly riots here,
Hence strange disorders fill our moral sphere.
That as we are, the ages all have been
Since man's default, the origin of sin;
The likeness of the sire the offspring share,
Conceived in sin, th' effects of sin they bear;
Each copying race alike to error turn,
Plunge into folly, and their misery earn.

Oh how absurd! that men who reason claim,
Philosophy applaud, and folly blame,
Should cry—That God, the wise, the good, and great,
Form'd every thing in a disorder'd state;
Mix'd wo with all the elements of life,
And chain'd all beings in eternal strife;
Wove in the mind, in its essential frame,
The laws of deadly sin to blast its fame;
That *war*, *disorder*, *error*, *death*, and *wo*,
Were parts primeval of God's scheme below.

Such thoughts are wild; they wantonly blaspheme
Th' eternal Cause: t' impute to him the scheme
Of all misrule and imperfections high,
Is charging the Almighty with a lie!
Who said at nature's birth—as nature stood—
Each part was perfect, and the whole was good.
If man was first design'd for death and pain,
A better world he may expect in vain.

Go, vain philosopher! consult the skies,
Submit to reason, know that God is wise!
The fact is clear—account for it as you can—
All nature is deranged, and so is man.
Unrol time's volume, being's rise explore,
Trace every cause on nature's mazy shore;

Read thy false heart, and Heaven's eternal laws,
And then confess *rebellion* is the *cause*.
Renounce vain reasoning, and contend no more,
Nor Heaven accuse, but thy dark state deplore!

END OF BOOK EIGHTH.

BOOK IX.

THE ARGUMENT.

TYPICAL REPRESENTATIONS OF THE MESSIAH.

The promise of the Messiah—Types instituted to keep the promise in view—The cherubim illustrated—First occupations—The offerings of Cain and Abel—Abel a typical saint—Enoch's translation—Noah builds the ark—The deluge described—Noah's offering accepted—Abraham offers up his son Isaac—Signal events in the life of Jacob.

As some demolish'd town, whose ruins spread
The gloomy plain, its ancient splendour fled;
The streets deserted; temples far renown'd,
And massive walls, commingled with the ground;
Winds through its ruins howl, whose echoes die
Where serpents lurk, and mournful owlets cry:—
So paradise was spoil'd; but Heaven's high plan,
Like a new sun, burst on the wreck of man!
Th' eternal WORD, that ancient promise given,
Became the basis of a brighter heaven.
Hope then was born, faith found propitious wings,
And rapture sounded on its native strings.
The bless'd Messiah, though but in promise given,
Sustain'd the world, and oped the gates of heaven.
The Word was fix'd, nor could uncertain prove:
What Heaven had pledged would to completion move.
Those who believed the Word were as complete
As she who wash'd her dear Redeemer's feet
Flow'd equal virtue from the truth applied,
To that which issued from the Victim's side.

In Word or Life, in heaven or earth the same,
A Prophet, Priest, the God and Prince of fame!
A living Rock, a Refuge from the storms,
A firm Foundation 'mid dissolving forms.
The sun may waste, the orbs of heaven decay,
Earth lose her form, and nature pass away;
But he shall changeless stand. On time's dark shore
He conquer'd death amid commotion's roar.
And ere that time—a monarch saw the sight*—
A stone appear'd cut from a mountain height
Without the aid of hands: this Stone shall wound
The serpent's head, proud oracles confound,
And rule the lower world. Before his throne
Crown'd heads shall fall, their realms become his own;
From sea to sea his kingdom shall extend,
Triumphant rise, and never, never end!

T' enliven faith, to give devotion flame,
Types had their proper use till Shiloh came.
Oblations bled, and burning altars made
A grateful cloud, a ceremonial shade.
The patriarchs were types, stood ranged complete,
Like station'd lamps to light a gloomy street;
On the broad map of time they shone as bright
As the galaxy o'er the arch of night;
From age to age, like telegraphs, they stood
To transmit tidings of th' approaching Good.
Four thousand years this line of sages run,
And broke the gloom: there gleam'd the moral *Sun!*
Hence Isaiah cried on Israel's raptured ear,
Thy *Light* is come, the glorious *Day* is here!

* Daniel ii, 45.

Down, on the verge, the famed Elias stood,
The prophet John, the harbinger of Good;
Two worlds lay open to his ravish'd sight,
A world of *shadows* and a world of *light;*
He saw the shades recede, the light arise,
And hail'd the morning bursting from the skies!
Though realms have fallen, princes ruin hurl'd,
Commotions raged, and changes shook the world;
Sustain'd by Heaven, this *series* kept its way
Through darksome ages to the glorious *Day.*

The high Creator, man, his tenant, saw
Without a temple and without a law;
But Inspiration needful kindly wrought,
The *Truth* preserved vibrating on his thought;
While full in view the Cherubim were placed
At Eden's gate, with signal figures graced:
A standing type, instructive and divine,
In form complex, and with complex design.
Mysterious ONE! four faces full display'd,
At once the points of heaven's four winds survey'd.
The ox, lion, eagle, and the human face,
Held in this *wonder* each a proper place:
Man's stood for man, the others emblems were
Of nature's movers, fire, and light, and air.
First, see the ox, brow curl'd and horn'd, displays
The roaring, spiry, undulating *blaze.*
With wavy mane, and eyes of vivid glare,
The gold-tinged lion rouses from his lair;
A sign of *light,* that darts from morning's eye,
And paints the fleecy clouds with orange dye.
The eagle swift ascends on high to gaze,
Moves o'er the earth, and breathes the solar blaze;

An emblem of the *wind* that viewless flies,
Pervades the earth, and travels round the skies.
Heat, *light*, and *air*, around creation roll,
Whose kind coherence forms all nature's soul;
Yes, nature's wondrous *trinity*, and e'en
A mirror true where God in type is seen.*
The proof to know of Bible truth inquire:
God is a flame; God is consuming fire.
Light is the symbol of that Holy One,
The bless'd Messiah, the world's great moral Sun;
Who came from God, as light proceeds from flame:
One element are these; one God are those, the same
The rushing *wind* that wraps this nether ball,
Is God the Spirit's sign: unseen by all;
Like sounding wind, at Pentecost he came,
The temple fill'd, the apostles crown'd with flame.
Thus God appears in emblematic form,
Rides on the *gale*, and *lightens* in the storm;
By every star his glory is express'd,
And on the heavens his image stands impress'd.
In every atom round the flaming sun
Exists a one in three, a three in one.
Thus stood the Cherubim, complex in view:
A miniature of God and nature too;
The trinity in unity express'd:
Mysterious theme where all research must rest:
The human face connected with the three,
There symbolized th' incarnate Deity:
First, obvious signal of the true Messiah,
Which firmly stood and faced the sword of fire.

* Romans i, 20.

So, on the line, the Mediator trod,
Between th' offenders and th' offended God,
And Justice faced to ward the fiery blow,
The world to ransom from impending wo.

This grand phenomenon at once impress'd
Its likeness strange on each beholder's breast;
In thought engraved, and deep in memory laid,
And orally from age to age convey'd,
Till on the mercy-seat it stood confess'd,
In beaten gold, with every face express'd;
Adorn'd with golden wings, prepared for flight,
While o'er it hung a cloud, enwheel'd with light
Divine; and, in the tabernacle placed,
All round with curtains emblematic graced;
Borne by the tribes till Salem they possess'd,
There in the temple found a final rest.

Below the mercy-seat, of curious mould,
The ark appear'd, of pond'rous, burnish'd gold:
As Heaven design'd, the law, engraved on stone,
Was there disposed; and there the sculpture shone!
There Justice dwelt, and Mercy reign'd in love
Upon the ark, while glory blazed above.
All holy there! There angels stood in awe,
With wonder gazed, and read the perfect law;
There *Truth and Mercy met;* the heavens bow'd
And *Righteousness and Peace kiss'd* in the cloud:
So Truth was magnified in judgment's hour,
And man redeem'd by Mercy's gracious power.
This is the throne of grace, this mercy-seat,
Where prayer is heard, and God and sinners meet.

In Israel's camp four banners stood in trim,
Each held one figure of the Cherubim.

Dan's, on the north, an eagle waved in air,
South, Reuben's stood, a human portrait fair;
On Ephraim's, west, an ox engaged the sight;
On Judah's, east, a lion rose in light.
Beneath these banners Israel's tents were spread,
And Wisdom's eye their mystic meaning read.

Oppress'd with bonds, wrapp'din a pious mood,
On Chebar's shore Ezekiel musing stood,
And visions saw that cheer'd his heart of care:
The heavens oped—lo, God was with him there!
And as he gazed the mountains seem'd to flame,
While from the north a rushing whirlwind came;
Hung on the winds, a cloudy volume roll'd
With an unfolding fire; like liquid gold
The earth appear'd:—straight, from the whirling flame,
As thought as quick, cherubic figures came,
Of wondrous make, with diverse faces four,
And wings dispread, creation to explore.
Four of these forms he saw, in all the same:
Four faces had alike, alike their aim.
The human face was with the lion's join'd,
The ox and eagle's too: these four combined
Composed each form;—they look'd at once four ways:
Toward heaven's four points they seem'd intent to gaze;
Whose bodies brightly shone like burnish'd brass,
Or glowing gems. Amid them seem'd to pass
A vivid flame, as burning lamps to view;
And from each movement lightning volant flew.
And with these forms, for action great design'd,
Appear'd a wheel within a wheel combined,
With dreadful rings, all fill'd with eyes of fire,
Whose power and speed the cherubs did inspire.

With lightning speed they went, and with the same
Return'd again, all wrapp'd in radiant flame;
And as they flew their wings sent out a roar
Like surges breaking on a rocky shore;
Or as the voice of the Almighty loud,
When with strong peals he shakes the stormy cloud;
Yet like the voice of speech, or sounding tread
Of rushing hosts with martial trumpets dread.
High o'er these wonders stood, enwheel'd with light,
A crystal firmament that awed the sight;
And on its arch a likeness of a throne
Arose, appearing like a sapphire stone;
And, on the throne, a likeness sat confess'd,
Of Man Divine, clad in a flaming vest;
Around him hung a many-colour'd bow,
The sign of mercy to the world below.

Religion true came early from the throne
Of God on high: the first religion known.
Next error came, a mimic skill to try,
And *changed the truth of God into a lie*;—*
The creature served, while the Creator's fame
Forgotten shone:—they lost his truth and name!
His glory changed with sacrilegious care
To images of beasts and birds of air,
And worshipp'd them as gods:—so, with their claim
On wisdom deep, egregious fools became.
Say not that light divine can darkness yield,
Nor say that Christians glean'd the heathen field!
Truth forms the basis of the Christian cause:
All true religion rests on Bible laws.

* Romans i, 25.

The *sons of God* and *sons of men*, we read,
Composed the world—in faith they disagreed.
The *sons of God* the cherubims well knew,
Knew their design, that they were symbols true.
The *sons of men*, in error wildly toss'd,
Retain'd their figures, but their meaning lost;
Through sacrilegious zeal profanely stray'd,
Their forms they copied, images they made,
And call'd them gods:—to finish their design,
To them ascribed high attributes divine;
Before them bow'd; blind adoration paid,
And lost the substance in the fashion'd shade.
Hence their proud temples held their gods, design'd,
With compound figures, creatures of some kind;
As fancy changed, new idol forms were made,
Till gods unnumber'd swarm'd in every shade.

Necessity gave rise, prompt reason plan,
So callings rose, and useful arts began.
Cain chose the culture of the fallow soil:
The grazing flocks to tend was Abel's toil.
The open world around, from zone to zone,
Before them lay, by charter all their own.
No competition raged for earth or seas:
The world was spacious, and but few to please.
The fertile plains for their first use they chose,
Where Tigris creeps, or where Euphrates flows.
The seedy earth, regaled by timely showers,
With nurselings swarm'd, and spread a world of flowers;
The waving fields paid homage to the breeze,
And playful zephyrs shook the loaded trees:
Earth hove with esculents, and overhead
The fearless vines their purple treasure spread.

There, on the grassy plain, bless'd Abel sung;
Grace fired his heart, and rapture tuned his tongue;
The lowing herd engaged his care and art,
Whose growing numbers cheer'd his grateful heart.
The hills were whiten'd by his fleecy train,
Whose harmless clamours echoed o'er the plain.
More bless'd was he, wrapp'd in a pious flame
Than Alexander with his sounding fame.

So prosper'd they.—Now comes on wheeling earth
The anniversary of nature's birth!
The flaming orb mounts o'er the eastern hills,
Awakes the world, and all the landscape fills
With golden beams. For holy uses made,
An altar stands beneath a sounding shade.
Cain, though a deist, thither comes t' express
His faithless zeal and partial righteousness;
Presents his gifts, the fruit of many cares:
A bulky pyre the holy altar bears;
The brand applies; but, hostile to his aim,
The juicy pile, unfit, rejects the flame;
A sable fume, ungracious to the eyes,
In clouds appears, but sinks, no more to rise.
In all no emblem of the great Messiah,
Hence Heaven refused t' impart the living fire;
No benedictions fell, no angels sung,
A sullen silence round the altar hung.

With sainted heart, now from th' adjacent plain,
Lo, Abel comes!—how sweetly sounds his strain!
A firstling choice, a harmless lamb, he bears,
Whose sprightly form a snowy mantle wears:
A victim unctuous as the rites require,
A spotless emblem of the bless'd Messiah!

He mounts the altar, and without delay
The fruit and lumber smoking hurls away;
Now *faith* and *works* with equal force conspire:
The wood is laid around the kindling fire;
The placid *lamb*, for sacred honours made,
Yields to the hand that bears the fatal blade;
Now flows his blood, the spiry flame ascends,
And incense grateful o'er the sky extends.
Auspicious day! Creation smiles around,
And angel voices on the breezes sound.
Truth triumphs here!—A sweet, prophetic joy
Fills Abel's heart, which nothing does annoy.

The due respect to Abel's offering shown,
Waked Cain's ill nature and malignant tone;
Perplexing thoughts his envious bosom stung,
While darkness lurid o'er his prospects hung;
Nor words consoled: his sullen, arrant mood
To madness rose; he spurn'd at proffer'd good;
On evil bent, to reason's guidance blind,
Opposed to peace and sympathy refined.
Thus ill disposed, Cain all the morning spent
Lone in the field; there Abel musing went,
Nor thought of harm:—Oh, what a tragic scene!
There Abel's life was pour'd upon the green:
Earth drank his blood! Oh, must this record stand!
A brother murder'd by a brother's hand!
Th' astonish'd angels saw the ruthless blow,
Heard the dire shriek, beheld the purple flow,
And bore his shade beyond the bounds of sight,
To brighter fields of immaterial light.
Hail, suffering saint! type of eternal Love!
First martyr crown'd in paradise above!

Among the patriarchs of boundless fame,
None brighter shone, nor held a higher claim,
Than Enoch bless'd. In rectitude he trod,
And bore the witness that he pleased his God.
His years on earth tell out the number clear
Of days included in one solar year.
Orb-like he rose, a course exalted run,
Dispensing favours as a cloudless sun
Around the moral waste; nor stopp'd to die,
But like a meteor shooting through the sky,
His sphere he left, and gain'd the port of heaven:
Translated home! a passport sure was given.
Death grasp'd, but held him not; and, lo! the tomb
In disappointment yawn'd! He saw no gloom,
Nor fed the worms; but o'er him pass'd a change,
Like lightning's flash;—how glorious and how strange!
His mortal put on immortality,
Earth's bonds fell off, he rose sublime and free,
And gain'd triumphant what to hope was given;
The full fruition of a deathless heaven!
This was in proof of what Messiah's reign
O'er dull mortality and death should gain;
A prelude of a resurrection morn,
When forms in dust shall from the dust be born.

See, Noah next, the perfect, wise, and good,
In error's scornful reign he dauntless stood;
Through centuries dark proclaim'd the promise given,
And like an index pointed on to heaven.
A guiding Star he moved, diffusing light
Along the settled gloom of pagan night;
But naught avail'd. Sin had dominion gain'd
O'er all the world; and so the world remain'd,

Till, on her restless wheels, the earth had run
Near seventeen hundred times around the sun;
Still vengeance linger'd, though the court of heaven
Had judgment enter'd; and th' alarm was given
In tones distinct, by a seraphic form,
That earth was doom'd to an avenging storm;
That ruin's licensed scourge would come to sweep
Earth's guilty rebels down the whelming deep.

Wrapp'd in amaze the sainted patriarch lay,
Weighing the terrors of that coming day,
Till waves of grief from their orb'd cisterns press'd,
And strong emotions labour'd in his breast;
His mind to cheer, to guard the vital flame,
A voice from heaven with special tidings came.

Survive thou shalt, nor harm molest thy soul,
Though waves of death across creation roll;
Round thy retreat defensive bars shall rise,
When vengeance gathers in the lowering skies.
I am th' Almighty:—angels my command
Obey;—high winds and floods as servants stand;
Alike do thou!—Go, build an ark to brave
The power of storm, to float upon the wave!
My orders hear! mark well the scheme divine,
Th' impressions keep, and copy the design.
At thy control the verdant mountains stand,
And gopher forests wait thy artful hand.

Th' observant sage obey'd; his toil pursued
From year to year: full oft the scheme review'd.
The orb of day, the sleepless stars in wheel,
Beheld him active with a worthy zeal;
While scoffing crowds, incredulous and vain,
Laugh'd with contempt, and sung this merry strain:—

Go, folly's structure! sail upon the soil,
Thou proud memorial of a madman's toil!
Within thy shade the brutes shall crop their food,
And bless the saint that labour'd for their good!

Still firm the prophet stood; with dreadless tone
The truth proclaim'd, and lived to truth alone;
The world withstood, brook'd calumny and lies,
With hands at toil, and heart above the skies,
Till the stupendous ark rose in the vale,
Superbly fashion'd, and prepared to sail.
One hundred summers came, and others went,
The whole employ'd, and in this labour spent.
The while indulgent Heaven extended grace,
And preach'd repentance to th' imprison'd race.

In orient chambers, while the vagrant day,
Remote from view, in cloudy slumbers lay,
A voice from heaven night's solemn silence broke,
The patriarch heard, and thus th' Almighty spoke:—

The end is nigh; the world's disputed doom:
Behold the signs! the sky is wrapp'd in gloom!
Without delay to thine asylum fly,
And shun the vengeance of an angry sky!
Come thou and all thy house! and with thee bring
Of beasts each kind, and birds of every wing,
And house them in the ark: hence, speed thy way,
For wo is coming, wing'd with fatal sway!

The charge prevails, the ark receives its freight,
And equal proves to bear the destined weight:
A world in miniature! a realm of grace!
Another Eden with one righteous race!
Wo reigns without, all quietude within,
A local heaven in a world of sin!

In deep'ning shades the fatal day appears,
Dull, distant thunder tolls on idle ears;
The languid sun now swims in gathering haze,
And sheeny circles mock his sickly blaze;
On angry wheels rolls down the troubled sky,
While wayward clouds reflect a crimson dye.
Th' affrighted twilight swiftly flies from wo,
And darkness dense involves the world below.
Tremendous night! how different from the last!
No beams ethereal through the void are cast;
The stars are lost; th' astonish'd moon has fled
From wanton crowds; the world is whelm'd with dread!
Nor music sounds, nor idle throngs appear
In common haunts: their sport is turn'd to fear!
Destruction hastens: see its frightful form
Careering fiercely on the fire-wing'd storm!
Around the sky the rushing scourge is hurl'd,
Despair prevails, and vengeance shakes the world!
Now impious mortals know their sudden fate,
The truth believe—but, Oh! believe too late!
Like the rough sky, in tumult wild are driven,
Aghast they gaze, and dread the curse of Heaven!

At Gabriel's word the warring winds awake,
The forests thunder, and the mountains shake;
The mighty impulse of judicial power
Creation feels, and shudders in this hour.
Thick exhalations from all regions rise,
Roll o'er the hills, and climb the blacken'd skies:
The ocean roars beneath the tempest's sweep,
And furious whirlwinds dance the foamy deep.
Hurl'd by these engines, bulky streams arise
To fill the chambers of th' attractive skies.

All round the heavens appear the vengeful stores;
The lightning flashes, and the tempest roars;
Clouds rise o'er clouds in changeful angry form,
And lakes and oceans float upon the storm!
The starless vault with fearful blackness frowns,
While forky flame its raging summit crowns;
Loud peals of thunder roll, the concave rends,
And with incessant roar the rain descends.
Earth's centre quakes, its trembling surface rolls,
Deep chasms bursting shake the frozen poles;
Wide fly the gates beneath, where fountains deep
In caverns roar, and prison'd oceans sleep;
Thence torrents rush amain, with fate to guide,
The clouds to aid, and swell the deluge wide.
Islands unmoor'd with all their forests sink,
And mountains fall; while at the ocean's brink
The bars dissolve: swift, o'er the sinking strand,
Wide sweeping billows rush upon the land.
Lo! cities, plains, and hills, alike are drown'd,
And rising waves enwheel the mountains round.

Tremendous change!—Where are earth's boasters now,
With laugh sarcastic and imperious brow! [now,
Around them ruin yawns! They doubt no more,
But hopeless howl amid the tempest's roar:
To mountains fly—now climb the lofty trees,
T' escape the fury of th' invading seas;
With languid vision thence, in deep despair,
The ark they view, safe in th' Almighty's care.
How just their doom! this great salvation scorn'd,
And scorn'd repentance:—they were timely warn'd!
Lo, now their end! they feel the vengeful rod,
In ruin plunge, and own the hand of God.

To whelm the world, the truth of God to tell,
Full forty days th' avenging torrents fell.
All o'er the mountains high the deluge rose,
And, with loud terrors, spoke the gloomy close.
Seas cross'd to seas, o'er mains and islands run,
Till all the oceans blended roll'd in one.

The end obtain'd, the means were doom'd to cease;
Hence the wild elements return'd to peace:
The gates were closed, the sky no longer press'd,
The clouds dissolved, the tempest sunk to rest;
In heaven's clear vault arose the sire of day,
And like a charioteer drove on his way.
While earth lay whelm'd, of all her beauty shorn,
Along the liquid orb the ark was borne;
Controll'd by Him who poised the sun on high,
And sent the planets through the pathless sky.
Straight, subterranean fires, at Heaven's command,
Arose, and burning winds o'erspread the land;
Down solar heat its needful influence hurl'd,
To waste the waters on the deluged world;
The earth in masses rose, and plough'd its way,
As islands since at sea, and by its sway
The ponderous flood with native laws to guide,
In headlong wildness rush'd on every side;
Deep channels cut where earth would yield to force,
Through mazes leap'd, and went in every course.
Hence craggy cliffs stand here, there gulfs yawn deep,
Where rivers flow, and lakes in basins sleep.
So earth appears as if destruction's share,
By whirlwinds drawn, had furrow'd everywhere.

While month succeeded month, and day to day,
The ark was doom'd to keep its lonely way,

Till on a mountain peak it struck the ground,
And, as design'd, a rest propitious found.
Soon Noah saw the land was gaining fast,
And rising hopes subdued the sorrows past.
A plaintive dove he sent on mission free;
An olive leaf she brought, pluck'd from a tree;
Again was sent the ruin'd world t' explore,
A home she found, and thence return'd no more.
At length an angel came, and call'd, Arise,
Unclose the ark, and view the earth and skies!—
The pious remnant saved, the grateful sound
With transport heard, and gain'd the welcome ground.
Then in amaze they took a wide survey,
Till sight was lost where gloomy ruins lay:
There potent Death a victory vast had gain'd,
And o'er the waste an awful stillness reign'd:
No obsequies were seen, no dirges sung,
All nature slept, and mute was every tongue.

The world entire was first to Adam given:
He gain'd his charter from the throne of Heaven;
Consign'd to Noah now, the right maintains,
And on his mountain throne the monarch reigns!
All round his court is consecrated ground,
Divinely honour'd, and superbly crown'd.
The birds released, resume the power of wing,
Dance on the sprays, and try their skill to sing.
The bounding brutes rejoice the earth to find,
Crop the green buds, and snuff the passing wind;
While prostrate man the great Deliverer sings,
True bliss enjoys, and talks of sacred things.
There on the mount oblations too are made
Of spotless victims in the hallow'd shade;

Symbolic flames bright from the altar rise,
And clouds of incense mingle with the skies.
Jehovah smiles, and o'er the sacred place
Appear the tokens of immortal *grace:*
Impress'd on clouds, correctly arch'd in view,
The Iris stands, adorn'd with every hue,
The *promise* great to seal,—that earth again
Should not be drown'd, but fruitful seasons reign.
In these events we evidently trace
The course of justice, providence, and grace.
There rightful Noah stands with holy fire,
Lord of the world:—a type of the Messiah;
Endow'd with every patriarchal sign,
A *king*, a *prophet*, and a *priest* divine.
The ark presaged the realm of grace below,
Amid the waves of sublunary wo;
Shows plainly too how Providence design'd
That Gentile tribes should an asylum find:
Like Peter's sheet, see different creatures there
In concord join'd, suspended in the air.
What God reveals let mortals not despise,
His ways are perfect, and his counsels wise.
Go, truth-resounding muse! thy course pursue,
With zeal inspired; but keep the end in view!
The process mark of sacrificial laws;
See Abraham's effort in the Almighty's cause!
Through years elapsed his test unequall'd stands,
Wrapp'd in the sanction of Divine commands.
A voice celestial Abraham's thoughts engage,
Lo, here am I!—replies the obedient sage:—
Take Isaac now, thy son, Jehovah cries,
Thine only son, on whom the *promise* lies!

There, on a mountain, in Moriah's land,
An offering make of him as I command :—
By aid Divine thy sainted son was given,
Whom thou must render at this call of Heaven!
Thou pray'st to know salvation's wondrous plan,
The process strange to ransom fallen man!
The figure thou shalt see ; in part shalt know
The price required, and taste the dreadful wo!

Amazed the patriarch stands with tearful eyes,
Convulsed with grief, and thus with zeal replies :—

O righteous Heaven! what more dost thou require
Than spotless forms to feed the holy fire?
See all thine altars piled with victims slain,
While waiting herds low on the sounding plain!
See woolly flocks that whiten distant hills,
And vats of oil that gush in thousand rills!
These all are thine ; nor would I aught withhold,
Were worlds my own, with life and wealth enroll'd!
Perplexity prevails. What can I do?—
Must I resign my *promised* offspring too?—
I'll yield my life to vindicate thy truth,
Accept the boon, but spare the signal youth!
Whose natal hour produced such rare delight,
Fill'd hearts with rapture, and with songs the night.
A noble race was said from him should spring,
Wise kings be born, and fame immortal ring :
Oh! must these hopes all perish in the bloom!
My name expire!—my sun go down in gloom!—
My growing joys in wither'd ruins sleep,
Or turn to dreams!—Bereaved, shall live to weep!
Perplexing doubts within my bosom rise,
That chill my heart!—Does God, the just and wise,

Demand a murder, which forbidden stands
In nature's laws—condemn'd by his commands!
Scorn'd I should be—yes, cursed by every one,
Oh! shocking deed! a father slay his son!
Alas! can human sacrifices please
The God of love—will they his wrath appease?
How should I feel!—What would the heathen say
If they should know!—Would they not curse the day?
The *promise* too would fail should this be done,
And my name cease! What! slay my only son!
How would his mother shriek, the blood to see
Of her own darling child, alas!—would she
The deed forgive? How troubled reason reels!
Each thought is wo, each nerve intensely feels.
Still sounds the call, though doubts intrusive flow:
God's voice I hear—the voice of God I know!
O Heaven, forgive!—forgive each doubt and sigh!
I will forbear, nor question the Most High:
I'll fall in dust, in adoration fall,
Confess thy sovereign right, and render all.

As gold is tested, Abraham's faith is tried:
How strange the mode, and dark on every side!
The distant end hangs doubtful on his view,
And erring reason gives no certain clew.
Each passing hour awakes sensations keen,
And paints in blood and flames the awful scene!
From day to day the sage is so impress'd,
In food no comfort finds, in sleep, no rest;
Still from his heart warm supplications rise,
While waves of wo involve his sainted eyes.
Thus, in the storm of various passions' strife,
He trembling stands. To guard the flame of life

A watchful angel comes, illumes his view,
His faith confirms with revelations new;
Through fears and woes, as clouds admit the day,
Full on him gleams a bright, inspiring ray.
The ancient WORD he knows. He knows the Cause
That form'd the world, and gave creation laws:
In him believes, whose supernatural power
Gave Isaac birth, and raised the gifted flower:—
Believes, that from the flame his arm will raise
His promised son to cheer his future days;
On God relies,—no human counsel needs,—
His faith maintains, and actively proceeds.
The tragic scheme he keeps lock'd up alone
In his sad heart: to Sarah all unknown:
No part can she perform; why should she know?
Heaven good requires; hers would be useless wo.
With wood prepared, a beast to bear the load,
And servants prompt to help along the road;
Prepared were all, and Isaac was not slow
To attend his father where he wish'd to go.

Lo, now the herald star proclaims the day!
In haste they rise, and take the appointed way;
The opening gates of morn—the fading night—
Sweet songs of birds—a world of fresh delight
To Abraham's pensive mind no joys impart:
Deep care and wo oppress his aching heart.
On heavy wheels Time roll'd his chariot round,
Till, thrice, the morn had measured the profound.
Then, on the margin of a distant view,
The signal mountain rose, which Abraham knew:
On its lone top a mystic pillar hung
Of cloud and flame, where waiting angels sung,

With caution wise, the hidden end to gain,
The swains are left upon th' adjoining plain.
Now Abraham and his son prepare to rise
The lonely mount, t' adore and sacrifice:
The offering wood on Isaac's shoulder laid,
The father bears the fire and fatal blade;
Reflections deep beguile their toil: they go
In silent muse, with painful steps and slow.
Hark! Isaac speaks—affections mutual run—
He cries, My father!—Here am I, my son!—
The wood and fire are here—the youth replies—
But where's the lamb design'd for sacrifice?

Then Abraham answer'd with a faltering tone,
My son, believe, and trust in God alone!
Inscrutable his ways!—Obey his voice!
A lamb will he provide of his own choice.

Though much concern'd Isaac appear'd before,
These doubts perplexing, thence, prevail'd no more.
A mutual care they felt, strong faith possess'd,
And, in devotion, on their journey press'd.
The consecrated spot at length they gain'd:
All round the mount a fearful stillness reign'd,
As if creation paused and stood in awe
At the dread mandates of the changeless law.
Soon by their willing hands, of proper frame,
An altar rose, to bear an active flame;
The wood in form they laid—no pains did spare—
Flame for the pyre was waiting orders there.

Now Abraham weeps! now straight to Isaac turns:
What strong affection in his bosom burns!
With trembling accents, and sensations keen,
Attempts the task to ope the moving scene:

Till then the doleful subject lay unknown,
Lock'd in the recess of his heart alone.
But Isaac now must know the whole design,
The will and order of the Power divine:
So Abraham, undisguised, reveals the whole,
Wings thought with words, and vents his feeling soul:—
O, Isaac! gift of Heaven! delightful sage!
Bless'd heir of *promise*, and my staff in age!
Alas, thy fate!—firm stands the strange decree—
Thou art the offering Heaven requires of me!
Jehovah spoke, his well-known voice I heard,
And angel forms as witnesses appear'd.
Hence I must give thy tender form to death,
And sympathize with each convulsive breath;
In grief behold thy sun in clouds descend;
Yet hope will hover o'er thy mournful end!
The law is pass'd; the harmless I must harm:
Attend, O Heaven! and aid my trembling arm!
Submission all, the son the sire obey'd,
As rests the lamb beneath the fatal blade:
His son thus Abraham bound, who calmly stood
To bear his fate; then laid him on the wood.
To answer Heaven's design the hour had come,
The tragic hour, to send his spirit home;
There Abraham o'er his Isaac weeping stood,
(While he lay fainting on the rugged wood,)
And bore the passive blade in his right hand,
The deadly wound to give at God's command.
Soon as his lifted arm menaced the blow,
And almost where the purple currents flow,
That instant, quickly, ere it was too late,
The seraph kind who watch'd o'er Isaac's fate,

And sat, unseen, in his aerial shroud,
Behind the curtain of a fleecy cloud,
Call'd out, Abraham! Abraham!—Loud was the cry—
And Abraham answered, weeping, Here am I.
Stay now thy hand—forbear th' intended blow!
Thy faith is tested, which the world shall know!
The high decree thou hast, in purpose, done,
Endured the wo, and offer'd up thy son!

Thence, swift as light, th' immortal angel flew,
And o'er his course a cloudy volume threw.
As Abraham turn'd he saw, with bless'd surprise,
A sinless subject fit for sacrifice:
An unctuous form, in fleecy robes array'd,
Caught by his horns as from the fold he stray'd;
Alive his son received as from the dead,
And placed the lamb, an offering, in his stead.
There Abraham stood, and ponder'd with amaze
Th' Almighty's wisdom and mysterious ways!
Jehovah-jireh call'd the signal place:
A mount of sufferings, and a mount of grace!
Two thousand years had nearly gain'd a close
When this was done, since Time's first morning rose;
And when two thousand more had taken flight,
Our Saviour suffer'd on that very height.
The tragedy is plain: see and admire,
A type conspicuous of the true Messiah!

Behold, again, amid the stars of fame,
A prince arose, and Jacob was his name:
To high distinction born: by Heaven's design,
He stood th' patriarch of the Jewish line;
Crown'd with success, his father's blessing gain'd,
His right by promise, though by art obtain'd.

Esau, chagrin'd at that amazing turn,
In deadly projects let his fury burn.
Alarm'd by fears, oppress'd with care and grief,
Their conscious mother sigh'd without relief;
Till Jacob fled from Esau's vengeful hand,
To find a refuge in a distant land.

The sage arose, and seized the proper time
T' exchange his native for a foreign clime.
As the tall hills embraced th' emerging day,
Toward Padan-aram took his lonely way.
Hard was his fate, an alien doom'd to roam
Through friendless wilds, far from his social home;
Wide o'er the past, where all events are laid,
Without control his wakeful fancy stray'd.
A certain course he kept, a rest to find,
Till o'er the western hills the sun declined;
Near Luz arrived, the almond groves in view,
As night on earth her foggy mantle threw.
The roving stranger, doom'd to savage fare,
Thinks oft of home, and his fond mother's care:
Whate'er his fortune once, rich, loved, or great,
Avails him not; he feels his wretched state:
Urged by necessity, a sinless spoil,
To woo soft slumbers on the naked soil.
But first to God, with flowing heart and eyes,
He offers praise and penitential cries:
For all offences past remission gains,
His peace returns, and peace around him reigns!
There down he lies, the naked ground his bed,
A stone, his pillow, bears his aching head;
A branchy almond, and night's lurid veil,
Are o'er him spread; there sings the nightingale.

His cares are lull'd, creation's murmur dies,
His wo forgets, and slumber seals his eyes.
Thus sunk in sleep profound, lone Jacob lay,
And all insensate as his bed of clay,
Till on his powers excitement sacred stole,
And awful visions bursted on his soul.
Darkness retired, clouds from the zenith flew,
The heavens oped, and wonders rush'd in view:
Full in the light a lofty ladder stood
Upon the earth, and reach'd the throne of God:
From heaven to earth, along this measured view,
On missions high attentive agents flew;
Whose deathless forms amid the vision gleam'd,
While from their wings celestial radiance stream'd.
High on this signal scale ONE throned appear'd,
Who thus proclaim'd, which Jacob slumb'ring heard:
I am thy fathers' God—to thee am known—
My promise hear!—I fill a changeless throne!
This land thou shalt possess, this charter'd place,
And thy descendants, race succeeding race,
Till flowing numbers fill the record's bound,
As stars that twinkle in the void profound—
As liquid drops that in the ocean roar,
Or drifting sands along the winding shore—
As countless dust upon the trodden plain,
Or drops promiscuous in descending rain:
From east to west, from north to south, shall spread,
On heathen realms with feet triumphant tread.
All nations shall be bless'd through thee and thine:
Messiah's birth shall crown the royal line!
Thy way I'll guard, thy needful prompter stand,
And bring thee safely to this promised land.

Soon as the morning light regaled the skies,
Soft slumber fled from Jacob's weary eyes.
O'erawed he rose, and cried with heart sincere,
I knew it not, but God is truly here!
How dreadful is this place!—here angels wait!
'Tis God's own house!—'tis heaven's holy gate!
Stay, Time, thy flight, nor waft this hour away,
In this grand portal ever let me stay!
Here let me live, and here enraptured die,
Thence with bright angels climb the starry sky!
With awe divine, moved by prophetic grace,
He promptly rose to consecrate the place:
First, raised the stone that bore his slumb'ring head,
Then oil pour'd on, which round the pillar spread;
And named the place Beth-el, the house of God—
Memorial bless'd, of mystic meaning broad—
Then fell in dust, and awful vows he made,
To faithful prove if God would be his aid,—
His course direct, sustain him by his hand,
And send him prosperous to his native land.

This vision shows high, providential care,
In heaven begun, extending everywhere;
Withal reveals that angels mortals know,
And are employ'd on missions here below;
An emblem too of that mysterious plan
Of love Divine to save degenerate man:
That two extremes should join, two natures greet,
And grace and justice in communion meet,
To effect a medium on a perfect plan,
'Tween heaven and earth below, and God and man;
That man could go to God, and God come down
To meet mankind, and not degrade his crown.

Enwheel'd with night on Jabbok's verdant strand,
Returning Jacob waited God's command;
A human form before him stood unknown,
With princely mien, whose face divinely shown;
Some good design his movements seem'd to show,
Which Jacob saw; still anxious more to know.
In ancient times the blessings of the great
With zeal were sought, and held as marks of state.
Hence Jacob struggled with this Prince of light
For heavenly fame throughout a sleepless night:
So firm his hold, the stranger gain'd no ground,
Till by design he gave a hidden wound.
Now let me go—the princely Angel cries—
The morning breaks—look toward the eastern skies!
But Jacob said, I will not let thee go,
Except some signal blessing thou bestow!
What is thy proper name?—the Angel cries—
My name is Jacob—quick the sage replies—
Lo! Israel now shall be thy signal name,
The Prince rejoins, in that shall stand thy fame!
Because thou hast prevail'd by saintly power,
With man and God, in this conflicting hour.

Then o'er Penuel Jacob bent his way,
As nature oped her eye, and flash'd the day;
While on his soul a brighter morning shone,
The Light Divine, the world's great moral Sun!
Thus, Heaven propitious made this saint his care,
Indulgent proved pursuant to his prayer.

END OF THE NINTH BOOK.

BOOK X.

THE ARGUMENT.

THE PATRIARCH JOSEPH A TYPE OF CHRIST.

Joseph tells his dreams—Visits his brethren—The brethren sell him to some Ishmaelites—The plot to deceive their father—Joseph sold in Egypt—Accused and condemned on false testimony, and placed among criminals—Interprets the butler's and baker's dreams—Interprets Pharaoh's dreams—Joseph's brethren come to Egypt to purchase grain—Joseph knows them, but they do not know him—Joseph charges them as spies—Simeon is imprisoned—The brethren go, and return to Egypt again with Benjamin—Joseph makes himself known, explains his conduct to them, and sends for his father to come and dwell in Goshen—There Joseph meets his father.

Among the oracles of ancient time
The far-famed Joseph held a rank sublime.
In early life he was by all admired,
While grace prophetic his warm bosom fired.
In visions strange his future fame was told,
By signs obscure, which time at length unroll'd:
He saw his brethren's sheaves bow to his own,
Like subjects cowering at a monarch's throne;
The sun, the moon, and stars, he saw likewise,
Pay homage to him from the ruling skies.
He thought no harm, nor used dissembling art,
But told his visions with a puerile heart:
They were but dreams, nor could he comprehend
Their meaning full. But honest acts offend.
At home retain'd, where centred his desire,
Wrapp'd in the smiles of his indulgent sire;
With willing heart obedience he maintain'd,
While peace and virtue in his bosom reign'd.

His father's gift, a party-colour'd vest,
Gave him a cast superior to the rest.
Hence envy woke, and dark suspicion rose,
Which changed his brethren to malignant foes:
His dreams they could not brook, which seem'd to say
That they must bow to his inferior sway.
The herds they kept, to rural life inured,
By nature taught, and deep in wilds immured.

To seventeen years advanced, now Joseph's care
Calls him to know how his dear brethren fare:
Crown'd with his father's charge and blessing too,
Straight, in full glee, bids Hebron's vale adieu,
With glowing hopes that Heaven would guard his road,
And soon return him to his bless'd abode.
In darkness dense the future lies conceal'd,—
Then who can fancy what a day will yield?
Thus, unperceived, the fate of Joseph lay,
While in the beams of an auspicious day.
With anxious heart he travels hence in haste,
Along the dangerous, unfrequented waste,
Till, on his way, appear the Dothan hills,
The winding valleys, and descending rills.
There noisy herds without intrusion feed
In rural order round the fenceless mead.
The herds he seems to know: hope gives delight
To find his brethren, gains the adjacent height;—
Lo, in the distance, their broad tent he spies,
Far down the vale, beneath the glowing skies.
A wanderer soon they view—comes on—and lo!
A youth appears, whose princely garb they know;
Of whom they speak: base words their feelings tell,
And show what passions in their bosoms dwell.

Within temptation's sweep they all are thrown,
And envious pride congeals their hearts to stone.
The dreamer comes, who waits o'er us to reign!
(One warmly growls in a sarcastic vein ;)
To effect his death, now, in this desert drear,
Let us conspire to blast his proud career!
Unknown the deed will be, perform'd in haste,
And darkly mantled in the cavern'd waste.
But Reuben shudders at the cruel thought:
Within his breast some kindly feelings wrought;
Against their bloody plot his stand maintains,
And o'er their minds a partial triumph gains:
His hidden plan is drawn with artful lines,
To effect his freedom from their fell designs.
'Tis known, he says, a cavern near us lies,
Remote from view, where waters never rise;
Down this dark cave let Joseph be convey'd,
There to remain in everlasting shade.
So they confer,—now ends their short debate,—
In dark suspense hangs Joseph's fearful fate,
As he comes up. With smiles and love sincere
He greets them all, nor thinks of evil near.
But Oh! what consternation fills his mind
While they divulge the horrid deed design'd!
Like savage beasts, relentless round him storm,
Insult his face; next they disrobe his form;
Nor tears regard, nor heed his plaintive cry,—
Lo, down the yawning cave he sinks to die!
O'erwhelm'd with grief, he wanders to and fro,
And mourns aloud—sad echoes talk his wo!
Bereft—alone! no one regards his cry,
Except his father's God who rules the sky.

His brethren base, content with what they know,
Nor further care; straight from the cavern go.
Oblivious shades they try o'er all to cast,
And with strange glee encircle their repast:
From thought to thought their wordy babble flows,
To trammel conscience and dispel their woes;
Till, with surprise, a trampling sound they hear,
And, lo! a horde of Ishmaelites appear!
With spicery fraught, in oriental style,
And bound to Egypt on the distant Nile.
A love for gain in Judah's bosom burns,
Which prompts his speech:—to hear attention turns:—
If Joseph's blood our murderous hands should stain,
'Twould yield no comfort, nor increase our gain:
He is our brother—there's a tender tie!
Let us forbear, nor cause the youth to die:
But if we sell him for a menial slave,
Gain will be ours, and his a distant grave.
Agreed are all, and to the cavern spring,
And quickly thence their wretched brother bring.
Before the savage crew the youth appears,
Convulsed with terror, speechless, and in tears:
For sale exposed, a slave for sordid ore,
To toil and languish on a foreign shore!
The offer low acceptance ready gains—
The money paid. Now comes the galling chains!
His brethren—Oh, what foes! they see his grief,
Hear his entreaties, but refuse relief.
With tearless eye they see him wear his chains,
And onward drove toward Egypt's gloomy plains;
His mournful voice regardless stand and hear,
Till in a winding vale they disappear.

His barbarous owners no compassion know;
Like tigers wild, a savage fierceness show.
Release to gain all hope now disappears:
His wo is great, but greater wo he fears;
His star of life, which rose in bright array,
Now swims in darkness round his gloomy way.
To Hebron's vale on thought he swiftly flies,
Round his dear home, in fancy, feasts his eyes;
Enraptured grows—his father meets him there
With smiles of joy!—the scene dispels his care;
But like a dream built in the shade of night,
That shows illusion at the approach of light,
So all his fancied bliss sinks where it rose,
And barbs anew the darts of mental woes.
Amazed, perplex'd, his thoughts with wildness fly;
He thinks he hears his anxious father sigh,
In doubt inquire, why Joseph stays so long,
Hopes all is well, but fears presage a wrong.

His brethren straight retire, but close remain,
Their plot to finish, and divide their gain.
The gold they count with parsimonious care,
And each receives of all an equal share,
But Reuben—absent now—he knows no part
Of this last tragic scene, nor feels the smart:
On his return, runs to the cave with care,
And calls aloud—ah! Joseph is not there!
He rends his clothes, acquaints his brethren too,
And cries, The child is not!—and I!—what shall I do?
The fate of Joseph is to him unknown,
The worst he fears, but they were frank to own.

The deed to hide from their indulgent sire
Is their next object: all in this conspire:

An action vile must have a vile disguise,
To blind suspicion, and deceive the wise.
In counsel vague their thoughts and plans review;
At length resolve—and thus proceed to do.
His robe they tear; then, to deceive the more,
A kid despatch, and sprinkle it with gore;
Next home to Hebron's vale the vest convey,
And thus indifferent to their father say:—

Behold this robe! all tatter'd thus, we found,
And stain'd with blood, alone, upon the ground:
It bears the marks of violence and wo,
Whether thy son's or not we do not know.

Oh, I'm undone!—thus Jacob trembling said—
'Tis Joseph's coat—alas, my son is dead!
An evil beast his tender body tore,
And tore his vest, then left it in the gore.
O! had some angel in that hapless hour
Preserved my son from his ferocious power,
Auspicious days successive I should know,
But now must languish in this vale of wo!

In anguish uncontroll'd he rends his clothes,
Laments in sackcloth, and declines repose.
His sons and daughters means consoling prove,
The dang'rous sorrow from his mind to move;
But all in vain. Down to the silent tomb,
He cries, I shall descend involved in gloom!—
Like raindrops down his quivering, furrow'd face,
The full tears roll. How sad is every grace!

The cruel traitors anxious thoughts extend
To Egypt's plains; unknown their brother's end.
How sad their state!—they have no mental rest,
Incubus-like, guilt rules each labouring breast!

Their crimes they know have caused affliction great,
And nightly visions ope oblivion's gate.
All wretched are, perplex'd with this concern:
Have waited long the Ishmaelites' return;
From whom at length they gladly understand
That Joseph's doom is fix'd in Pharaoh's land,
A courtier's page to be, to service sold:
A noble purchase for unworthy gold!

Th' eternal Power that guards man's humble state,
O'errules and turns the hapless sufferer's fate;
A prompter stands in dread oppression there,
And wakes sweet rapture in his heart of care.
'Mid heathen powers kind Heaven his right sustains:
Though distant are his friends, true friends he gains.
As far as known for probity renown'd,
An oracle he stands with virtue crown'd;
In counsel great, yet modest and retired,
For beauty's charms unrivall'd and admired:
To graceful form engaging manners join'd,
A tide of feeling and an ample mind.
On proper themes appropriate diction flows,
Warm with soft fire that in his bosom glows:
Th' enchanting flashes of his beamy eyes,
Expose the fountain where affection lies.
A manly prowess, complaisance, and ease,
Prove him an actor that was form'd to please;
But what charms most, gives lustre to the whole,
Is pure, divine benevolence of soul.

This humble page a prodigy appears,
In action noble, though a youth in years;
Soars unaspiring: without lawless art
His lord's approval gains, and sways his heart.

Sheer confidence confess'd his master shows;
The steward's office chief on him bestows:
The treasures of his house, alike the fields,
To Joseph's charge without restriction yields.
His own his lord knows not, asks none to show;
Except his bread he nothing cares to know.
With this high office in his master's cause,
He acts with honour, and obtains applause.
Where'er you see him, though with charge confined,
His look is cheerful, and deportment kind;
Pure as the morn which early zephyrs greet,
With charms unwasted, and a heart complete.
At duty's call both to and fro he flies,
Before his mistress' erring, unveil'd eyes:
She faulty is, with passions strong and gay,
(Till now, perhaps, she never let them stray,)
Enamour'd grows with this ingenuous one;
Her thoughts are tangled, and her tongue does run
Her simple words the *birds* of passage sing;
So round the court reiterations ring:
The ladies there, disgusted, tell and hear
The passing news; some over-pleasant sneer.
Zuleekha,* to defend her blighted fame,
A dinner made, and forty ladies came;
By nice selection all, done with design:
Those who had laugh'd and blamed were call'd to dine:
Whose sparkling eyes—though often on the green—
This much-famed Joseph never yet had seen.
Around the room of state this circle fair,
In gay delight are waiting orders there.

* The name of Potiphar's wife. Persian writers give the following story. See Dr. Clarke's Commentary.

Surprised are all, the like unknown before,
A treat so strange within a palace door:
Fair oranges are served, and these alone,
With knives well sharpen'd on a whirling stone.
While in their glee around the choice repast,
In Joseph comes—thence careless glances cast—
When introduced, (unknown to them before,)
At once their giddy eyes his form explore:
Decorum to preserve they strive in vain,
Wild erring flirts within their bosoms reign.
The whole are charm'd, and in their strange amaze
They inly sigh, and steal a frequent gaze;
With eyes oblique, the fruit they try to peel,
But cut and hack their hands with wounding steel,
And cry, O God! he is not man, we know,
But some fair angel sent to us below!

The youth unmoved pursues his daily course;
His mistress' passion still is gaining force:
O'erpower'd at last, she lets discretion go,
And makes requests t' involve them both in wo.

The youth declines—conceals his blushing face—
And cries, Behold my master's *trust* and *grace!*
All his to keep I have: the charge is great;
His wife thou art, and sacred is thy state!
How can I violate my noble trust,
Harm such a friend, and sink his fame in dust!
How can I violate th' immortal laws
Of God, of conscience too, and be the cause
Of black disgrace, of mocking guilt and wo,
And live forlorn a vagabond below!

With speech forbidding, thus, through virtue rare,
He spurns her offer, and escapes the snare.

But still from day to day, with varied art,
Her object seeks, and tries to change his heart;
But like a pier he stands, or frowning rock,
To meet the storm of lawless passion's shock:
Without a stain, pure as the lilied vale,
His virtue stands amid the infectious gale.

Chagrin'd to find her base proposals vain,
To force resorts; resolved her end to gain:
His robe she seizes,—takes him on surprise,—
As from a wolf, with sudden dread he flies,
And leaves his robe in her rejected hand:
Reacting passions now gain full command.
Her purpose foil'd, her love to malice turns,
And foster'd lust in artful vengeance burns.
The servants quick she calls, who labour near,
And pours this fiction in each shuddering ear:—

Behold! she says, your master hither brought
This Hebrew stranger, whom he perfect thought;
But ere I call'd he came into my place,
Assail'd my virtue, offer'd me disgrace;
While in the strife I raised my voice in fear,
Then out he fled, and left his garment here.

The robe she keeps—a subtle plot pursues—
His lord to show, to prove her tale of news.
On his arrival—hear her babble run—
She tells with vengeance what the youth has done;
His robe displays, affirms that as she cried
He fled in haste, and left it by her side.

Amazed he hears, and hears the story out;
Believes it true. What cause has he to doubt?
His anger burns, his eyes with horror glare,
Commands are sent, and Joseph meets him there.

With artless innocence the youth appears,
Submissive stands, and cruel charges hears:
His saintly mien, reverse of crime or guile,
If weigh'd would show the allegations vile.
Nor proof has he, nor friend to plead his cause:
Alone he stands to meet the crushing laws
On witness false receives his cruel doom,
And thence is hurried to the castle gloom:
With criminals forlorn he's number'd there,
Alike their bonds, alike dishonour share.
But Heaven's o'erruling power restrains the rage
Of envious foes, and lifts the humble sage.
The jailer's favour gains; he has the care
Of gates and bars, and all the prisoners there:
A great indulgence, yet the act is strange,
But he is happy in the wondrous change!
By management discreet he shuns all blame,
Esteem commands, and universal fame.
More like an angel than the convicts there,
No guilt he suffers, neither knows despair.

Two men of rank accused,* in prison lay
Where Joseph was. One morn, soon as a ray
Their bars had cross'd, from dreary sleep they rose,
Quite disconcerted with the dread of woes.
Observant Joseph, touch'd with kindly care,
Inquires the cause, and what their sorrows are.

With pensive tones they both as one reply,
Know then the fact, we do not causeless sigh!
Our dreams last night make gloomy doubts to flow:
They augur something—what, we do not know.

* The butler and baker.

The butler said, I saw a vine, and lo!
Three limbs it had with buds, and they did blow;
The grapes appear'd; then in ripe clusters hung;
The fruit I gather'd, and the bunches wrung;
The royal goblet fill'd; the king's demand,
And placed it flowing in the monarch's hand.

Then Joseph thus:—To God, the wise, the strong,
Interpretations secret all belong.
Be not dismay'd, the dream is true and plain:
But just three days you will with us remain;
Released will be, the king will grant you grace,
Restore your office, and your honour'd place:
When happy there at home, from prison free,
O, then revert your thoughts, and think of me!
Plead there my cause, and let your monarch know
How much I suffer in this house of wo!
I stolen was from home, thence sent away;
Crimes none have done, yet here I'm doom'd to stay!

The hapless baker now his mind prepares
His fate to know, and thus his dream declares:—
Three baskets white I had, the highest stored
With meats prepared for Pharaoh's royal board:
In flocks the birds came down, and dauntless fed
On those rich meats upon my trembling head.

To whom then Joseph said, The three are plain:
Three days imprison'd here you will remain;
Then you'll be hung, and left to hang in air—
The hungry birds will come and eat you there.

The days roll'd round, and brought the dreams to view,
Th' events confirm'd th' interpretations true.
One year at this time Joseph had been bound;
Then two more gloomy years revolved around;

Release to gain no prospect does appear,
Still God he trusts, and triumphs over fear.
Th' Almighty speaks in dreams t' alarm the wise:
Lo, Pharaoh slumbers, and his visions rise!
His dreams complex, disturb his wakeful hours—
Th' assembled sages, men of magic powers,
Attempt solution; but they search in vain;
Their mystic skill cannot the dreams explain.
In sore suspense remains the anxious king,
And gloomy fears are kept upon the wing.

Now, thus the *butler* cries, Hear ye the truth!
My error I confess. There is a youth
In bonds retain'd, who rightly did define,
In every part, the *baker's* dream and mine:
His fall foretold, my sudden rise to fame,
And Joseph is the Hebrew servant's name!

The monarch hears—hope sparkles in his eyes;
To ardour wakes, and thus impatient cries:—
Go, minions, go! and, with the speed of wing,
That son of Wisdom from the dungeon bring!
The object of the call to him explain,
That no strange fears may in his bosom reign.

Through gates and bars the urgent mandate flies
To Joseph's ears: joy floods his anxious eyes!
His face he shaves, bathes in a fountain warm,
Next chosen vestments deck his polish'd form.
With grace inspired, straight to the court he hies,
Where all the pomp of Egypt meets his eyes.
Still he appears before the splendid throne
With manners easy, artless, all his own.
To whom the monarch mildly said, I learn
Thou canst solve dreams, and future things discern.

The sages famed have tried my dreams to know,
But doubtful all. Can you the secret show?
Then Joseph thus: O king! as thou dost live,
It is not me—God will to Pharaoh give
An answer true. The monarch straight begun
The scenes to ope, and thus the visions run:—
Lone, on the strand, I stood, where waters glide,
Saw seven *kine* come from the rolling tide
With weighty flesh. As on their forms I gazed,
The shore they left, and in the meadow grazed.
Soon follow'd these, along the grassy moor,
Seven other *kine*, all meager, starved, and poor:
Such hungry cattle, sickly, gaunt, and lean
In all the realm before I had not seen.
These on the others suddenly did fall,
With hunger raging, and devour'd them all;
But, still were gaunt; in spirit dull and broke,
And hungry still. Then with surprise I woke.
Again I slept, and visions new appear'd:
Seven ears complete on one lone stalk were rear'd.
Soon rose another stalk with mouldy rind,
And seven ears all blasted by the wind.
The wither'd ears at length the first o'erpower'd,
So those full ears were by the lank devour'd.
Then I awoke: doubts fill'd each nightly scene,
And still I doubt; I know not what they mean!
Then Joseph said, O king! thy dreams are one:
To thee God hath reveal'd what shall be done!
The number *seven* is sacred to the skies,
The key of knowledge to direct the wise.
The seven of *kine*, alike the seven of *ears*,
Appear as signs of seven successive years.

Yes, seven full autumns shall o'er Egypt reign,
Then seven of dearth will follow on their train.
So all must feel, from youth to trembling age,
Pale, meager famine's all-devouring rage.
The sign twice seen confirm the visions true:
What Heaven hath said his mighty arm will do.
For this indulgence grant: I now advise
The king some one to choose, discreet and wise;
A steward of the realm let him be made,
Conjoin'd with officers to give him aid,
To guard the plenteous seasons as they roll,
And tax the grain a fifth part of the whole:
In granaries vast let all be stored with care,
Those coming wants to meet as means prepare.

As Joseph ceased, with gusts of warm applause
The palace rung: important was the cause.
The king and courtiers did with rapture burn;
Hope triumph'd quite at this stupendous turn;
The splendid concourse saw the noble schemes,
And just solution of the royal dreams.

With ardour Pharaoh then, Whom can I find
In all my realm endow'd with such a mind
As this bless'd youth, whose expositions tell
That truth and wisdom in his bosom dwell!
To us this youth was sent for this wise end,
To be our *saviour*, *oracle*, and *friend*.
To Joseph turns—Thou art my only choice,
One sentiment prevails, one sounding voice:
Prime minister thou art! Rule in this cause
Thy orders wise shall be the people's laws.
Thou stand'st over all except the crown and throne:
Beneath these move: I hold but these alone!

Forthwith the monarch takes the bright starr'd ring,
That proudly bears the signet of the king;
On Joseph's hand he dooms the gems to glow,
While round his form embroider'd vestments flow.
A golden chain, inwrought with wreathen flowers,
The badge of *rule*, that shows its laws and powers,
Round Joseph's princely neck directly falls,
Which throws a lustre on the gilded walls.
Next takes the honour—gift of royal pride—
In chariot, *second*, through the realm to ride;
And hear the heralds cry, amid the throng,
Bow, bow the knee! as rolls his car along.

With signal honours crown'd, thus Joseph rose
Above misfortune and his envious foes;
In court adopted, takes the king's gift name,
Zaphnaph-paaneah: title great of fame.
Amazing change! as sudden as 'tis great,—
From prison walls to palaces of state!
So late a slave, now in his chariot flies,
And, phenix-like, from dust he mounts the skies!

As was presaged, so by o'erruling force,
The plenteous years began their cheering course;
The friendly Nile maintain'd an equal flow,
And pour'd its richness on the plains below.
Blights were restrain'd; no winds destructive blew;
Nor swarming insects all-devouring flew.
Thus seven full years successive roll'd around,
And Egypt's plains with nature's gifts were crown'd;
Stores were prepared, as Joseph had decreed,
All fill'd and waiting for the time of need.

The dreadful sequel of the monarch's dreams
Must now be felt; hope trembles while it gleams!

Impediments are thrown 'mid nature's laws
To blast her aim; nor doubtful is the cause.
In vain the culture of th' abortive soil:
The barren fields beguile the labourer's toil;
Succeeding mildew, insects come in swarms,
And o'er the hills career the wasting storms.
From year to year bald, meager seasons rise,
Hence famine, elf-like, glares with horrid eyes;
Stalks o'er the earth, and with these gloomy years
Imports to fruitless realms alarming fears.
But in their want an earthly saviour know;
He wrought for all, to all his blessings flow:
To him their sufferings tell with weeping eyes,
And from his ample store obtain supplies.

The ghastly dearth is now to Canaan spread,
Starvation howls, and fills the land with dread.
The just and vile a general judgment know,
Hence Joseph's brethren share the common wo;
Depress'd they sit, breathe lamentations dread,
And wildly look—to whom their father said:—

Know this, Jehovah reigns, my children dear!
Be not dismay'd—Hope dwells with mortals here!
Why look so sad, and on each other gaze
With chilling wo? Awake from this amaze!
The tidings which I bring will make you smile:
There's corn in Egypt, on the fruitful Nile!
Go thither down, my sons, provision buy,
Our lives to save; else we shall starve and die!
Yes, go! you all may go, excepting one;
Let Benjamin remain, the youthful son,
To comfort me: at home the lad must stay,
For mischief might befall him on the way.

The sons the sire obey : one common care
The brethren feel, and for their toil prepare.
The beasts were ready, sacks to hold the corn,
And all were ready as the glowing morn
From orient chambers burst, and waked the air
Along the vales. Oppress'd with gloomy care,
The anxious brethren take a farewell view
Of home, of friends, and on their way pursue.
Along the road, which through the desert lies,
Their hearts are pain'd, and thus reflections rise :—
Perhaps poor Joseph went this dreary way,
And left his tears upon this speechless clay.
Hark ! how the winds, that haunt the deserts, bear
Loud sighs and groans along the hollow air !
The angry stars reprove us by their light,
And print our crimes upon the clouds of night !
The faithless, yielding sand, no mark has kept
Of his worn feet, nor tells us where he slept.
Perhaps the youth forlorn, oppress'd with gloom,
Sunk in despair, and found an early tomb !
But doubtful all, alive he yet may be,
In bondage toiling, anxious to be free.
If we should meet him—where he is should go—
So changed, by years, we should not Joseph know.
Full twenty gloomy summers on have roll'd
Since we in rage the harmless sufferer sold ;
Bereaved our father, broke his heart with wo ;—
Alas ! alas ! what deeds of wrong we know !

With changing scenes their thoughts are wont to change
From day to day—the road to them is strange.
The plains at length, the city, towers, and Nile,
Burst on their view, and all their cares beguile.

A monarch's pride, in one broad landscape lies
Along the Nile, before their weary eyes.
With anxious hearts they hasten on their way,
Th' imperial gates to pass in open day.
With wonder they behold the crowds below,
Like restless waves, that round th' emporium flow,
From realms and nations far, to gain supplies,
For broad o'er earth the gnawing famine lies.
In droves the camels move along the strand,
Whose heavy steps imprint the yielding sand.
A busy world in miniature they view,
And their approach will swell th' assemblage too:
By hasten'd movements they are borne along,
And *now* are there, all mingled in the throng!
Through ponderous gates they pass; the spacious street
Conducts them onward to the royal seat;
No sooner gain'd, before them stands confess'd,
The lord of Egypt in his princely vest.
The forms they use required by powers renown'd—
Before him bow as suppliants to the ground.
A stranger seems: though thought is kept on ward,
No sign they see that Joseph is this lord:
To manhood grown, conceal'd in courtly plight,
And his long absence, quite beguile their sight.
But he is Joseph still, which time will show:
His brethren see, but him they do not know.
But Joseph knows them all—his eye can trace
His father's image in each anxious face;
The scenes of youth, to Hebron's vale confined,
In quick succession dance before his mind.
With all his dreams revive—accomplish'd now:
With full consent his brethren round him bow.

Their cruel acts to him their entrance brought
Again to mind, which float along in thought.
The measure that they meted—costly pain!—
Must now, in part, be measured back again.
Himself he keeps unknown with hidden art,
Affects a manner, acts a stranger's part;
Thus roughly speaks:—I now demand to know
Whence you all came, and whither you would go!
From Canaan's land are we, they straight reply,
Our lives to save some food have come to buy.
Oft speeches fair into our court intrude—
Replies their lord—our wisdom to delude,
And get our bread:—to gain a trait'rous end,
Conceal a foe in manners of a friend.
We princes can divine—we hate disguise!
To spy the land ye're come—ye all are spies!
Shock'd by this dreadful charge, they quake with fear,
While Judah cries, My lord, with patience hear!
Your servants all are men of honest heart:
All one man's sons; we act no treach'rous part!
For food have come—truth in each bosom lies—
O spare us, prince! your servants are not spies!
In Hebron long have lived, the hope and care
Of parents kind: twelve brethren of us were;
But one is not—our father for him mourn'd—
He went away, and has not since return'd.
The youngest one we left; his father kind
Wish'd him to stay, to cheer his troubled mind:
The rest are here—we are the other ten,
And, as you see, are plain and honest men.
Then Joseph thus:—I think I understand
Your artful plea: but you are in my hand!

The truth how can I know from specious lies!
I've said it once, and say—that ye are spies!
I'll prove you now; by Pharaoh's life I'll know
What men ye are! Hence, then, you shall not go,
Except your youngest brother come down here,
To prove to me that you are men sincere.

He then retires, but first declares their doom—
The watchful guards convey them to the gloom
Of castle walls. How bondage feels they know:—
Hark! how the prison vaults resound their wo!
In gloom their state is wrapp'd: they cannot see
What will be done, or when they shall be free.

Alas! they cry, our wives, our children dear,
At home distress'd, and we imprison'd here!
Soon they will look with weeping, wishful eyes,
For our return to bring them fresh supplies.

With bars and convicts rude, convulsed with pain,
In dark suspense they two long nights had lain.
Now with surprise they hear the castle gate
Resounding fly; and lo! in princely state
Their lord appears! They tremble at the view—
He sees their anguish and their terror too.

Then Joseph said, I fear th' eternal God;
The truth I ask, but Justice bears the rod!
Do this and live: let one of you remain
As hostage here till you return again;
So when your brother comes, that darling youth,
Shall know you true, and that you tell the truth;
Then you shall all be free—so understand—
To come and go, and traffic in our land.
The rest may now depart with friendly care,
And food take home for all your houses there.

Agreed are all; resistance is in vain
In such a case; but to themselves complain,
And inly sigh:—contrition deep they show;
Their crimes review, the cause of all their wo.
With aching hearts, thus in their wild distress,
Each other chide, and all their wrongs confess.
Oh, we are guilty! guilty, all must say;
We sold the youth; our brother sent away!
His grief we saw; he told it in each tear,
And cried for mercy, but we would not hear!
For this our crime, the judgment doom'd to fall,
Has found us here, and fell upon us all!
Then Reuben thus:—You all did hear me say,
Forbear to sin! The child we must not slay,
Nor do him harm! but you refused to hear;
His blood is on us! Oh, the doom I fear!
In Hebrew they conversed and made their plaint;
All talk'd aloud without the least restraint:
No one within, they thought, could understand
A word they said, except the Hebrew band.
When sent to Egypt Joseph was quite young,
But still with ease could speak his mother tongue;
Yet through interpreters he spoke alone,
Which veil'd their eyes and kept his skill unknown.
His brethren's talk he heard, and knew the whole,
Which waked emotions in his tender soul;
But kept them there conceal'd till turn'd aside,
Then gave full vent to soft affection's tide.
Thence he returns with an affected air,
Repeats his orders, and bids them prepare;
One he decrees shall stay, the rest may go:
The thought they dread, but no reluctance show

To stay is Simeon's lot; so he complies,
And Joseph binds him there before their eyes;
The rest are all set free: still sorrow reigns,
Because their brother they must leave in chains.
Their sacks are fill'd at Joseph's own command,
And each man's money by the steward's hand
Put in each sack of grain with watchful care,
That none should know that it was hidden there.
Soon as prepared, the brethren take their way;
Though bright the sun, it was a gloomy day.
The loaded beasts, inured to toil and pain,
Feel the huge burden of the bulky grain;
But onward move beneath a fervid ray,
In clouds of dust along the trodden way.
A joy the brethren feel supplies to bear
To Hebron's vale:—their friends are starving there:
But, Oh! the thought that Simeon is confined
Mars every joy, and tortures every mind!
Th' effects they fear that this dread tale of wo
Will have on age: their father this must know.
Emotions painful tear each aching breast
Along the road. They all now stop to rest.
While at the inn one opes his sack of grain
His beast to feed; and, lo! with joy and pain
He spies his gold, and to his brethren cries,
My money is return'd! here! here it lies
Within the sack, all open to be seen!
Amazed they stand and cry, What does it mean?
Who put it there? What hath God to us done?
Thus their wild thoughts in giddy circles run:
In doubt they muse, nor can they guess nor see
What the full end of all these things will be.

Fair Hebron's winding vale at length they gain,
With bodies weary, and their minds in pain;
But kindred friends to meet with joyful cries,
Sweet salutations, and tear-raining eyes,
Awake delight. Straight from the anxious throng
Mix'd voices rise, Why did you stay so long?
Have you been well? The news we all desire!
Oh! where is Simeon?—cries the observant sire.
Joy's sweet confusion spreads from soul to soul
The circle round, nor try they to control
The swelling tide, but let their feelings flow,
Indulge in rapture, and forget their wo.
But now they see that Simeon is not there;
Perplex'd they stand, and on each other stare!
Then Judah said, Hear! hear our tale of wo!
He is not here; the secret you must know:
We found in Egypt's mart a man renown'd,
Like Pharaoh great, though not like Pharaoh crown'd:
To him we humbly bow'd, with awe address'd,
Explain'd our business, and our wants express'd;
But he was stern, nor seem'd for us to care,
Down on us gazed with a suspicious air,
And roughly spoke: demanded, while he frown'd,
Whence we all came, and whither we were bound.
We answer'd frankly, told him who we were,
Our native place, and all our business there.
But he replied, with terror in his eyes,
To spy the land ye're come—ye all are spies!
The charge unjust oppress'd our souls with fear,
Hence, thus I cried, My lord, with patience hear!
Your servants are all friends, devoid of art,
Sons of one father, and true men at heart;

To purchase food have come: truth in us lies!
Oh, spare us, prince! your servants are not spies!
In Hebron long have dwelt, the hope and care
Of parents kind: twelve brethren of us were;
But one is not. I told him how you sigh'd,
That he went off, and in the desert died.
The youngest, I observed, we left behind
At your request, to cheer your troubled mind;
The rest are here,—we are the other ten,
And, as you see, I said, are honest men.

The princely man replied,—I think I know
Your artful pleas. The proof you now shall show!
Deception reigns! the world is full of lies!
I've said it once, and say, that ye are spies!
You shall be proved:—by Pharaoh's life, I'll know
Your deep designs:—hence, then, you shall not go
Unless your youngest brother come down here
To prove this point, that you are men sincere.

He then withdrew; but first declared our doom;—
The ready guards then took us to the gloom
Of prison walls, where we were forced to know
Three doleful days of unremitting wo.
At length the bolts flew back, ope went the gate
Of our dark jail; and lo! in princely state
The man appear'd!—Our fitful fears awoke:
Our dread he saw, and mildly thus he spoke:—

This you must know—I fear almighty God;
The truth I ask, but Justice sways the rod.
Do this and live:—let one of you remain
As hostage here till you return again;
So when your brother comes, that tender youth,
I then shall know that you have told the truth:

Thence you shall all be free to traffic here,
And come and go without annoying fear.
Moreover said we must to this agree,
That his selection should the hostage be.
So Simeon he took, nor stopp'd t' explain,
But in our presence bound him with a chain;
Then bid us go, and to our houses bear
The precious grain that was so needful there.
So we came off in haste, in heart depress'd,
And musing came. At noon we stopp'd to rest,
The beasts to feed. The truth I now declare,
One oped his sack, and found his money there.
Now what this means I do not understand;
Perhaps a plot of some designing hand.
Such dubious news we bring, such are our woes,
But what the end will be no mortal knows.
They next proceed the passive beasts to rest,
With burdens great they had been long oppress'd:
The loads unbind the precious grain to store,
Which cost them toil, and cost them shining ore.
The sacks they empty. Strange! O wondrous gain!
Out rolls their money with the pouring grain:
The whole they paid is there! Amazed they stand,
And cry, Why was this done? By whose command?—
Mysterious all! No means have we to know
Why strangers should such acts to strangers show.
'Twas done by secret hand with deep design
Of good or ill; but which we can't divine;
So it must rest—quite useless to review—
Till time unborn shall give a certain clew.
Thro' Jacob's troubled mind thought follow'd thought
In rapid course. The news his sons had brought

Inflicted wound on wound: his wo to hide
His years forbid; so he lamenting cried:—
Me, Oh! ye have bereaved of children dear!
My gray hairs mourn. What comfort have I here!
Joseph is gone: his bones unburied lie,
Bleach'd on the sand, beneath a stormy sky;
And Simeon you left in bonds and wo
In Egypt far: his end I fear to know!
So I'm bereaved. My youth is lost in years,
My strength decay'd, my mind oppress'd with fears;
And Benjamin you want to take from me:
These things are all against me now you see!
Next Reuben thus:—My father! do forbear;
Dismiss your doubts, and all this gloomy care!
Give Benjamin to me: Heaven will sustain
The youth, and send him to your arms again.
I'll pledge my life—yes, my two children dear,
That I will keep him, and return him here!
Then Jacob said, I must be ardent too:
No, no—the lad shall not go down with you!
His mate is dead—poor orphan left alone!
I mischief fear, I fear a tyrant's throne!
Around my grave you soon would weep in vain,
If he should go, and not return again.
With signs disastrous, still o'er Hebron's vales
The famine hangs, and every prospect fails;
Their scanty stores are sinking every day,
And ghastly Death is waiting for his prey.
All hearts are faint,—still greater woes they fear,—
Want strikes the eye, and plaints afflict the ear.
Hence Jacob cries, My sons, go down again
To Egypt's stores, and purchase us some grain,

Or we shall perish soon with hunger here:
The dearth is great, but greater dearth is near!
This Judah hears, and ardently replies,
We shall be taken, and condemn'd as spies,
Unless the lad attend us to the view
Of that great man, to prove our statements true;
Who sternly said his face we should not see
Except he came. So stands the dark decree!
His father sigh'd, and thus his chidings ran,—
Why did you use me so, to tell the man
You had a brother, tender, young, and fair,
To age a solace, and to age a care?
The man (said Judah) anxious did appear
To know our state, and all our kindred here.
Is your aged father yet alive? he asked, and said;
One of your brothers, you observed, is dead:—
Have you another brother? Kindly so
Inquired of us, and much he wish'd to know.
Quite as the tenor of these questions run,
So we replied. What else could we have done?
The truth we told: we thought of no design
He had to injure us, or thee, or thine.
We could not know that he would us demand
To bring him there, before his face to stand;
But so he did. Now since the case is so,
The lad consign to me, then we will go:
The charge I'll take alone, and with my hand
Restore him harmless to his native land.
I'll pledge my life—require his life of me,
If I prove faithless to my vows and thee:
The blame I'll bear—yes, bear it all alone;
To save his life I'll sacrifice my own!

Had we not linger'd thus, and vainly mourn'd,
We might have gone, and ere this time return'd:
To action we must rise while help is nigh,
Or we shall perish, and our kindred die.

This Jacob heard, and, bending to his wo,
Thus mildly answer'd,—If it must be so,
Do this, my sons:—a present rich prepare
Of fruit the prime and best; with dainties rare
Your vessels fill; take balm, some almonds new,
Frankincense, myrrh, sweet oil, and honey too;
And double money take—yes, take the same
That in your sacks was found;—for fear of blame
Bear it in hand, and make that matter right:
The fact you'll learn, perhaps an oversight.
Yes, take your brother too, to crown the plan;
Arise and go, and see once more the man!
O, may almighty God you mercy give
The prince to see, his favour gain and live!
Bring Simeon home, who there in bondage lies,
And Benjamin return to cheer my eyes:
If I'm bereaved of these, my children dear,
I am bereaved. What comfort have I here!

In haste prepared—prepared with every thing
Pursuant to the plan the end to bring,
With heavy hearts, amid the morning's smile,
They take their journey toward the land of Nile;
Afraid to go, yet want forbids their stay:
Impressions dreary haunt them every day.
In mind they bear their father's gloomy fears,
His weight of trials on his weight of years.
The woes at home they dread, but, more than all,
That some mishap will Benjamin befall.

Their conscious wrongs prophetic, tell of harm;
They fear the vengeance of th' avenging Arm.
What ills they are to meet to them unknown,
In dreary wilds, or at a tyrant's throne.
Such boding fears arise, and round them wait,
From step to step to the imperial gate.
With dread they gaze, and pass from street to street,
Through bustling crowds, the lordly man to meet:
To see him anxious, yet afraid to hear
His awful voice;—his power they greatly fear.
At length they pause before the office gate,
Where, in meek guise, the band of brothers wait.
Out Joseph looks, and spies, with transient stare,
That his young brother, Benjamin, is there!
With secret joy he quickly hies from view,
But tells his steward, first, what he must do:—
Bring to my palace all these men of care,
With all their beasts, and make them happy there!
All things arrange, a feast prepare, and slay;
For these plain men shall dine with me to-day.
The steward, faithful to his lord's command,
Conducts this meek, dejected, humble band,
With all their beasts; but they cannot divine
Why they are summon'd with their lord to dine.
His marble dome they view—in what high state
He lives they see. Wide flies the pond'rous gate
Of brazen frame, impell'd by hidden art;
They enter doubting, and with trembling heart.
Alarm'd they grow: some secret plot, they fear,
Is deeply laid t' ensnare and keep them here!
Perhaps, said one, the money which we found
Within our sacks may be the artful ground

Of charges false; hence, on us they may fall
With seeming justice, and condemn us all
As sordid felons; then our beasts demand;
So make us bondmen in this heathen land.
While whispering thus they gain the palace door,
Which open stands, and shows the marble floor
Of the resounding hall. Thus Judah breaks
The silence there, while every muscle quakes,
(The steward stops to hear.) O, sir! you know
We came into this realm, some time ago,
To purchase food: the truth I do declare,
Our sacks we oped, and found our money there,
All in full weight; the fact we frankly show:
By whom, or why 'twas done, we do not know;
But the same money we have brought in hand:
Lo, here the treasure is at your command!
The steward heard, and smiling, thus replied,
Peace be to you, nor let dark fears abide
Within your heart. Your God, in sacks, you see,
Hath given your treasure, and that treasure free.
I had your money: time may yet unfold
Why it was done, and who return'd your gold.
All fears are quell'd; joy fills the place of gloom;
They onward pass to a capacious room
For them prepared. The ready servants bring
Cool, limpid water, from the bubbling spring,
Their feet to bathe; the beasts in stalls are fed;
Attentions great to strangers plainly bred!
With bounding heart here Simeon they meet,
From prison brought: each other kindly greet:
Their words are rapture, and their actions joy!
What else could be? Now they the time employ

The presents to prepare, in order fine,
Their lord to give when he shall come to dine.
Time swiftly flies. A sound diverts their ears,
The palace echoes—lo! their lord appears
In royal robes, with pleasure in his eyes,
And stands before them in an artful guise.
With servile bows the brethren meet the floor,
And show him reverence as they did before.
Now, in plain mode, their bulky gift bestow,
And, smiling, say withal, These fruits did grow
Around our home on Hebron's hills and plains,
To many known. To show that good-will reigns,
We gather'd these, our father's gift, and he
Sent them by us, with kind respects to thee.
With love's sweet transport Joseph's bosom burns,
For all the gifts his courtly thanks returns,
And thus inquires—but in th' Egyptian tongue—
Have you been well?—why did you stay so long?
How is your father now of whom you spoke,
The man of years whose tender heart was broke,
Because his son was lost and never found—
Is the old man alive, in health, and sound,
With all his wo? Their ready answers told
The truth:—they mildly said, Your servant old,
Our father, is alive—in health appears,
Though bent with care, and trembling with his years.
These words were follow'd by obeisance low:
Each tone, each act, a yielding passion show.
Around the group now Joseph casts his eyes,
There, in the midst, his youngest brother spies,
Benjamin by name, his own dear mother's son,
His father's darling, tender, orphan one!

He deeply feels, and feasts his eager eyes,
But hides his joy, while gazing thus he cries,—
Is that your younger brother standing there,
Of whom you spoke to me with tender care?—
May Heaven bless thee, son! and grant thee years
To soothe thy father's heart, and dry his tears!
There Joseph stops: he can no farther go;
His heart is melting, and his soul must flow
Should he the strain prolong. Away he hies
And leaves the scene;—straight to his chamber flies;
There weeps aloud: the fine affection glows;
His full soul labours, and the brother flows:
The tide of tender nature rolls amain,
Till a reaction cools him back again.
His face he bathes, the tears he wipes away,
Resumes his firmness, and his manner gay;
Then down he comes t' enforce his last command:
To make all ready for the feast at hand.
The servants haste, and for their lord prepare
A separate table, piled with dainties rare.
The Hebrew brothers here must eat alone.
Such squeamish customs proud Egyptians own.
With kindly care the steward seats them all,
As he was order'd, in the spacious hall:
The first-born, first; so all in order round:
Each has his place; each in his rank is found.
Surprising all—they wonder how *they* know
Their native ranks, and why such notice show!
The food is brought in messes all apart,
With skill prepared, and placed with equal art;
So all are served: the steward takes the care
To give all portions, and an equal share,

Excepting Benjamin; he is more bless'd:
His mess is five times greater than the rest.
Nor he nor they can guess, nor reason show
Why it was done, nor one inquires to know.
A feast they have: all have a full supply;
And all are honour'd with their master's eye.
No famine here. Within these splendid walls
Profusion reigns; and through the vaulted halls
Sweet music rolls from chimed elastic strings,
Each heart rebounds, and the wide palace rings.

The dinner ended, they are call'd t' employ
Their vocal powers to aid the social joy;
They sound the pleasures of the mountain swain;
Soft roll the notes, romantic is the strain!
With active nerve their lord is prompt to hear,
And feels sweet rapture in the general cheer.
The treat is great, and all are happy there,
No danger see, nor feel distressing care:
All are together, all alike are free,
And made as bless'd as travellers could be.
But, Oh! how transient is such earthly joy!
A word may mar it, or a thought destroy.

These men, said Joseph, have on business come;
Their time is precious, distant is their home:
Their wants supply to-night, that when the day
Shall crown the east they can pursue their way.
Then tells the steward—whispers in his ear—
What he must do, nor consequences fear.
Fill every sack, he said, their texture strain,
And each man's gold deposite with his grain:
Then take my silver cup of curious mould,
With secret hand inwrap it with the gold;

And in the sack the youngest brother brought
Conceal it there; then take no farther thought
Till morning dawns. Here let them rest to-night,
Then help them off with the returning light.

The morning comes—from downy sleep profound
The brothers wake: each heart is on the bound
With joy. The beasts they load, then bid adieu
To their lord's dome, and straight their way pursue;
Nor evil see—auspicious shines the day!
They sing exulting on their homeward way.
Of home they think, that how complete will be
Their father's joy his sons once more to see!
So, with light hearts, they tread the heated sand,
Nor fear, nor think, that trouble is at hand.

Hark! Joseph cries—his object keeps in view—
Go, steward, go in haste, these men pursue;
Demand of them with sternness how they could
Reward with evil noble acts of good!
Tell them my cup is gone of fair design,
In which I drink, by which I do divine:
And bring them back to me, that they may show
Why they have used the prince of Egypt so!

Without delay th' obedient steward flies:
They see him coming—anxious thoughts arise,
But think in vain. They make a sudden pause,
Till he shall come to tell the doubtful cause.
With visage stern he comes; high waves his hand,
And with proud tones he utters his demand!—

An answer I require, say, how you could
Reward with evil splendid acts of good!
A silver cup is gone of bright design,
In which my lord does drink, and does divine—

There is a wrong. You know the rule of right:
All secret evils must be brought to light.
Why does our lord—the brethren straight reply—
Charge us with this? Have we told him a lie?
Have we been false! Where has suspicion ground?
The money back we brought, the same we found
Within our sacks; we told the whole we knew:
Our acts were honest, and our words were true.
Th' eternal God we fear! How could we steal
From our kind lord, and then the fraud conceal!
Come! search us all; we fear no searching hand;
Our sacks and persons lie at your command!
If we have wrong'd our lord—if one alone,
Let him here die his error to atone;
The rest shall all by one joint pledge be bound
To serve as slaves upon this royal ground.
To this the steward readily accedes;
The whole to search immediately proceeds:
The sacks in course are laid upon the sand,
And, in succession, open'd by his hand:
The eldest brother's first—but nothing gains!
No fears have they. Yet Benjamin's remains:
His sack he opes—Oh, grief!—horror!—surprise!—
The cup is there, and sparkles on their eyes!
Astonishment prevails! they smite their breasts;
Th' unfeeling gravel stamp, and rend their vests!
The beasts reload,—they have no time to waste,—
Back to the city all return in haste;
Straight to the palace, sadly, they repair;
Still, for their coming, Joseph waited there.
Before his face they quake, loud sorrows pour,
And prostrate fall upon the marble floor.

To whom said Joseph, with terrific tone,
What is this deed—this secret deed you've done?
You know my fame: think such a man as I
Cannot divine, nor hidden things descry?
There is a wrong. You know the rule of right:—
All secret evils must be brought to light!

Then Judah thus: We know not what to say,
Nor what to do—there is, alas! no way
Ourselves to clear: thy curious cup, we know,
On us was found; nor proof have we to show
That we purloin'd it not. 'Tis vain to plead—
The charge sustain'd has fix'd on us the deed!
Our fate is seal'd. We have no more to say:
Our pledge has doom'd us all this hapless day
As bondmen to our lord: here we must lie,
And let our starving friends in Hebron die!
All hope is gone—let now despair and wo
Sweep all together to one grave below!

A deed that I should do, unjust, unwise,
Forbid it, Heaven!—Joseph straight replies—
Let him alone with whom the cup was found
My servant be; the rest shall not be bound;
Hence you may go in peace, and bear your part
Of toil and wo, to cheer your father's heart!

But this reply afforded no relief
To Judah's heart: he melts in tender grief,
And toward his lord he nearer comes with fear,
The boon implores to speak into his ear;
Entreats him not to let his anger burn
Against his servants, nor their pleadings spurn.
Thou art renown'd, he cries, thy sway we see;
In awe we stand to make our humble plea.

Our lord inquired of us, if it were true
That we a father have, another brother too.
With fraudless heart this story then we told,—
A father kind we have, who has grown old;
To him was born a son of comely frame,
A pleasant child, and Joseph was his name:
But he is not. Our father mourn'd and sigh'd!
Ah! no one knows where the poor orphan died!
Another son he has, a younger son,
The child of his old age, a tender one:
His mate is dead; his mother for him died;
His father loves him, for him does provide.
Then thou didst thus reply, Bring down to me
That orphan son, that eyes my own may see;
And that shall be the sign to prove you true;
Then you may trade with us, and we with you.
We answer'd thus our lord, with words sincere
He cannot leave his father to come here:
If he should come new woes would cloud his sky,
And the lad's absence cause him soon to die.
But in reply to this thou didst decree,—
Except he come thy face we should not see.
So we return'd. Moreover understand!
We told our father of our lord's demand;
Who heard with grief the painful news we brought,
And strong reluctance in his bosom wrought.
But when our scanty stores were much decay'd,
And want extreme required to fly for aid,
Our sire then said—who sought the general good
To Egypt's stores go down and purchase food.
But we replied, It will prove vain we know
Except our youngest brother with us go;

The *man* we cannot see; wild, evil eyes
We shall behold, and be condemn'd as spies.
With strong emotions then our father spoke,
His visage trembled, and his accents broke:—
You know, he said, my dear wife Rachel bore
Two sons to me. But, Oh! she is no more!
The elder son by mountain tigers fell:
Ah! where his bones are laid no one can tell!
The younger one if you from me should take,
And ill befall him, my poor heart would break:
My days would darken; yes, my hopes would end,
And down to dust with wo I should descend.
So stands the case. We therefore dare not go
Without the youth, and whelm our sire in wo;
With the lad's life his heart is so conjoin'd,
He could not live should he be left behind;
Hence we should bring down quickly to the tomb
Our father's gray hairs, wrapp'd in joyless gloom.
And this, moreover, you must know, my lord,
That bound I stand for him: I pledged my word
To see him hither safe and back again,
Or all the fault should on myself remain!
Now let the lad return, kind lord, I pray!
Here in his stead submissive I will stay,
A slave in chains; while he and they depart
To bless their homes, and cheer their father's heart.
Lo! round the group a strange commotion reigns!
Each eye, each ear, each feeling heart complains:
To all a thrilling scene! Affection's dart
Vibrates the nerve, and wounds each throbbing heart.
A brother's love through Joseph's bosom flows,
Kind feelings wake, and hidden ardour glows:

He hears, he feels, affections strongly rise,
Now stronger grow, and rush into his eyes!
Th' imprison'd fire its liberty must gain,
Which long had labour'd in his heart of pain!
Th' Egyptians present see their master's tears
Flow with the rest: all strange to them appears.
Straight from the room they are required to go;
At once they leave, nor ask—nor reason know!
The sons of Jacob now remain alone,
And Joseph in the midst, but still unknown.
Convulsed he stands! now bursts and weeps aloud
Before their eyes! The wonder-smitten crowd
In mansions near, and all the servants round,
Hear with strange feelings the uncommon sound.

Now Joseph thus: I yield—the wrong forgive!
I—I am Joseph!—Does my father live?

Like marble statues all his brethren gaze,
And speechless stand, o'erwhelm'd with deep amaze!
Thoughts rush on thoughts created by surprise:
Belief and doubt, and hope and fear, arise.

Fear not, come near to me!—he weeping said—
I am your brother—Joseph is not dead!
Your gain is great. Lo! on this distant ground,
While seeking food, you have a brother found!
My word believe! I am the youth you sold,
And doom'd a slave. You had my price in gold!
Yes, I am Joseph. I knew you when you came
To Egypt first: I knew each face and name;
But me you did not know:—with studied art
I labour'd to conceal my throbbing heart.
Austere was I, and used th' Egyptian style,
But I, your brother, loved you all the while;

I grieved your tender souls that you might know
Another's grief, and pity kindly show.
The test has painful been, but that is o'er;
You felt repentance, and I ask no more.
The *rights* and *wrongs* distinct are understood:
You meant me *evil;* God design'd me *good.*
Then grieve no more for that, nor angry be
With your own selves, for God is wise, we see,
To guard the just, to make their sufferings tend
To their own good, to crown some noble end.
A slave your brother came, oppress'd with fear,
Unknown to all, but God was with him here;
The orphan youth sustain'd in sorrow's hour,
And raised him up to show his wondrous power.
Your acts to him were free; yes, every one,
And vile as free; but when your work was done,
God's work commenced to counteract your plan,
His life to save, and save the life of man.
From death's dark gate a supernatural hand
His life redeem'd, and raised him in this land
To rule and bless; by Providence destined
An earthly saviour to all human kind;
A father to th' Egyptian king to stand,
Whose treasures all are left at his command.
O'er all the realm he holds unbounded sway,
His will and word the subject powers obey;
But he is Joseph still: let doubts not rise;
His voice you hear, and see him with your eyes!
Fly now in haste; yes, to his father go,
And tell him all you see and all you know!
Tell him that Joseph lives—his lost son reigns
O'er Pharaoh's house and all th' Egyptian plains;

There tarry not, but bring him down to me,
That my dear father I again may see!
Of this dread dearth two years are only past:
Five more to come, and they are rolling fast.
Go, bring your babes, your wives, our father dear,
Into this realm, and I'll supply you here!

O my dear Benjamin! he raptured cries,
Falls on his youthful neck with raining eyes,
And sobs aloud. To all his bosom flows
Without restraint, and seals of love bestows.
They talk, they weep, and bounding thoughts employ
To call back years to swell the mutual joy!
The sound is heard. The servants quickly hie
To Pharaoh's palace, and the tidings fly,
That Joseph's brethren, fortunate, have come
From Canaan's land, their rural, native home,
And found their brother, lost for many years,
And all are happy—happy, though in tears!

The king is pleased, and all his minions too,
The news to hear; so wonderful and true!
Then Pharaoh thus to Joseph kindly said,—
Your friends have come! Your father is not dead,
I understand: hence send with rich supplies,
Your brethren home to bless his anxious eyes,
And bring him down. Soon tell them to return
With all their noble race here to sojourn,
And feast and live: yes, let them understand
That fields and treasures lie at their command.

The sons of Jacob feel a homebound care;
The beasts are loaded; all now ready are,
With presents stored by Joseph's princely hand;
Huge wagons too, and horses waiting stand,

To wheel them up, and roll them back again,
With all their tribes, to Goshen's grassy plain.
Creation smiles upon their painless view,
As they arise to bid the Nile adieu:
With joyful haste they move, wing'd with desire
To bear the rapturous tidings to their sire,
That Joseph lives; his gifts withal to show,
And tell what they have seen, and heard, and know.

When near their home, in clouds of dust enroll'd,
With transport sudden they their friends behold
Beholding them: eye meets the flash of eye— [cry.
They 're come! they 're come!—th' enraptured gazers
Around their father's door all mingling meet,
And with sweet friendship they each other greet.

The joy I feel no earthly tongue can tell,—
The father said: his tears like raindrops fell.
How bless'd!—how bless'd am I! continued he;
My fears are gone, my sons I once more see!
Come, rest awhile, and one sweet hour employ;
Relate your journey, since it ends in joy.

Then answer'd Judah,—bright his visage shone,—
We have seen wonders. Wonders God hath done!
Good news have we to tell; our grief is fled;
We saw our brother!—Joseph is not dead!

This Jacob heard, but he could hear no more;
His strength he lost, and sunk upon the floor:
As from a wonted sleep he shortly woke,
His spirit roused, and thus with ardour spoke:—

Oh, cruel friends! who did my bliss destroy!
I have been dreaming, and my dream was joy:
I thought my sons return'd, and some one said,
We saw our brother—Joseph is not dead!

My heart was bounding sweetly till I woke,
As some one touch'd me, and my vision broke.
Then Judah cried, O father! do revive;
It is no dream—your Joseph is alive!
To you this news we bring;—truth in us lies:
We heard him speak, and saw him with our eyes!
It cannot be,—then Jacob wildly said,—
You are insane! your brother dear is dead!
His tatter'd robe you found, imbrued with gore,
Lone, in the wild, which some fierce tiger tore,
And tore his frame:—there that poor *orphan* fell,
But where his bones are laid no one can tell.
O father! he rejoin'd, I own the truth;
We have done wrong;—we wrong'd the saintly youth
In some calm hour, what now remains untold
Of facts we know, we will to you unfold.
Kind Heaven is wise and just in all his ways:
The wrath of man he checks to bring forth praise.
I would believe—O, help my unbelief!
Thus Jacob cries—I'm press'd with doubt and grief!
O, tell me, then!—do let my heart revive!
But once more tell me—is my son alive?
Then Judah answer'd, with a rapturous smile,—
That princely man, who sways the land of Nile,
To whom we bow'd with reverence to the ground,
In him, conceal'd, a friend no less we found
Than our lost brother; whom we could not know,
So greatly changed by time, and rank, and show;
But he knew us: yes, knew us when we came
To Egypt first—our language and each name;
But, for just reasons,—this we freely own,—
He tried us sore, and kept himself unknown.

Though great our wrongs, he harbours no ill will:
He loves us all, and he is Joseph still!
With presents costly loaded us away,
And bid us haste, and to his father say,—
Thus Joseph saith, thy son, thy long-lost son:—
Jehovah reigns—great wonders he hath done;
Hath made me lord o'er Egypt's stores and land,
And Pharaoh's house: all are at my command.
Moreover said, Go bring him down to me,
That my dear father I again may see.
Large wagons too he sent, and beasts a score,
To bear you hence—behold them at the door!
Quick Jacob wipes his eyes, and with a stare
Beholds th' Egyptian wagons standing there,
And cries, Enough! enough!—my soul, revive!
I cannot doubt—my Joseph is alive!
Now let me go! O, give me wings to fly!
That *once more* I may see him ere I die!
With joyful haste they go—no hind'rance find:
Their flocks they drive, but leave their stuff behind.
At Beer-sheba they rest, and sacrifice
To Abraham's God, who rules the earth and skies.
There, in soft visions, mantled with the night,
The patriarch lay, and heard with great delight
Jehovah's voice, thus calling from the sky,—
Jacob! Jacob! He answer'd—Here am I!
I am thy God; dismiss all doubtful care;
Go down to Egypt—I'll go with you there,
And be your aid: yes, on that heathen ground
Make you a nation great o'er earth renown'd;
And bring you up, to show my power and fame,
Beneath a pillar of bright cloud and flame!

Hence, go ye down, nor let vain fears arise,
There Joseph lives to close your dying eyes!
They early rise, and soon are bless'd to gain
Their promised region, Goshen's fertile plain.
Along the Nile, as arrows wing the sky,
Of their arrival swift the tidings fly,
And kindly light on Joseph's listening ear,
Who stands o'erjoy'd the welcome news to hear.
With active zeal inspired, he hastes away
To meet his father—O, the blissful day!
High in his chariot sits, in princely guise,
By fiery steeds impell'd, he swiftly flies
On bounding wheels: his page the coursers rein,
In clouds behind he leaves th' indented plain;
Soon, in the distance, spies the tented field
And lowing herd: the sight strange feelings yield.
As he draws near his feelings grow more strong,—
His chariot leaves, and hastens through the throng
To find his aged sire. He sits alone
In his tent's door: a patriarch on his throne!
Thence Joseph hies, and measures o'er the ground
With nimble step, till, with transported bound,
He falls upon his neck with flowing eyes:
My father!—O, my father!—loud he cries—
The long-wish'd hour is come!—O, I am bless'd!
Thy face I see, and on thy bosom rest!
Hark! Jacob answers,—O, my soul, revive!
The lost is found—my Joseph is alive!
Here in his arms I lie, and God adore—
Now let me die with joy—I ask no more!

END OF THE TENTH BOOK.

BOOK XI.

THE ARGUMENT.

MOSES, A TYPE OF THE MESSIAH.

Moses born—His life saved by Thermuthis—He refuses to be adopted into her family—He goes to Midian—Jehovah sends him to lead out the Israelites—Pharaoh rejects his orders—Plagues ensue—The tribes leave Egypt, and pass the Red Sea—Pharaoh overthrown—Manna given—The smitten rock—The brazen serpent—Moses's death—Elijah's translation.

WAKE, truth-devoted Muse, the sounding string,
Attempt the task, the Hebrew chief to sing!
His life renown'd through changeful mazes trace:
A type conspicuous of th' Prince of grace.
Beneath a tyrant's dreadless arm he rose,
And drew his early breath 'mid barbarous foes.
The Hebrew tribes to waste, an impious doom
Consign'd their sons, while infants, to the tomb:
This dreadful edict Moses' parents knew,
Hence he was kept conceal'd from public view;
Sequester'd there, by pious art sustain'd,
This signal child three lingering months remain'd.
But now in vain the project wise appears;
O'er their bright offspring hangs a cloud of fears:
The king's decree bears an alarming sweep,
And plunges thousands in the wavy deep.
The hapless mother feels the most distress'd:
Death all-devouring watches at her breast.

She hears the Nile resound the victims' cries,
While chilling terrors in her bosom rise;
Weeps o'er her charge, surveys his mingled charms,
As he lies cradled in her trembling arms;
Till soothed by hope, and faith's successful aid,
Then in soft slumber sinks amid the shade.
But vain is sleep: fantastic visions rise,
And ghastly spectres stalk before her eyes;
Her troubled fancy hears a hostile sound
Of trampling feet along the hollow ground;
Loud shrieks of wo, attendant at the tomb
Of infant martyrs, sound along the gloom!
While toss'd with dreams, an angel form draws near,
And whispers, thus, into her frighten'd ear:—
Though demons rage, and powers of earth combine,
Thy son shall live—with fame immortal shine!
Rise with the morn, elude the solar glow,
Haste to the Nile where reeds and osiers grow!
Thence cull the verdant growths along the wave,
An ark construct thy favour'd son to save:
Dispose him there; I'll o'er the bark preside,
And be his safeguard on the dang'rous tide.
The common signal calls, she quickly wakes;
The visions vanish, and the morning breaks:
In faith confirm'd she rises from repose,
With Amram join'd, the partner of her woes.
T' obey the orders of th' inspiring Power,
They seize the rosy morn's delightful hour:
Down to the margin of the rolling stream
They swiftly fly, pursuant to the dream.
The pliant reeds they gather from the strand,
Which like soft osiers own their artful hand.

An ark complete they build, of proper form
To swim the waves, and shield the raging storm.
Therein with grief they place their infant charge;
The destined master of this humble barge.
From the wild stream to guard this outcast poor,
Among the reeds the ark they safely moor.
Then toward the heavens they turn their wishful eyes,
And thus invoke the Lord of earth and skies:—
O, save the child! thou Power omniscient, save!
Nor let him founder in a watery grave!
By skill divine o'errule, restrain the rage
Of tyrants fell, and spare the infant sage!
Let unseen angels vigils round him keep,
While waves propitious rock their charge to sleep.
Hark! how the Nile mourns on its sounding shore,
The reign of darkness, and oppression's power!
The Hebrew sons, to show a tyrant's pride,
Are doom'd to perish in that rolling tide.
What bitter tears along its margin rain,
In sight of Heaven! What vict'ries tyrants gain!
There wretched mothers stand upon the shore,
And see their infants sink to rise no more;
While hungry crocodiles dash through the spray,
And fiercely yawn to seize the tender prey.
Conceal'd from view, above the river's flow,
Poor Miriam sits, her brother's fate to know.
On burning wheels the sun is mounting high,
And night's cool winds no longer fan the sky;
The healthful stream indulgent calls to lave,
And spreads soft pleasure in each limpid wave.
Th' Egyptian princess seizes on this hour
T' enjoy the bath, and solace of the bower;

The strand she gains with all her menial train,
While the bright Orient smiles upon the plain.
A noble turn the princess' mind possess'd,
By learning strengthen'd, and by virtue bless'd:
Her active goodness influence wide obtain'd,
While soft affections in her bosom reign'd.
As round she turns in contemplation free,
Descries an object floating on the sea,
Half-veil'd with reeds. Her maids obedient spring,
And, from the waves, the prize with wonder bring;
The artful frame its lading keeps conceal'd:
That next she opes: the secret stands reveal'd.
Affecting sight! an object meets her eyes
That calls attention, and awakes surprise:
A stranger babe the honour'd ark contains:
He looks—he sighs—with wishful tears complains!
His lovely form to wretchedness destined,
Excites compassion in the princess' mind.
A Hebrew child! she cries, thus doom'd to rest,
By some kind mother, hopeless and distress'd!
Though dead by law, as thunders Egypt's throne,
Thou shalt survive! I'll spare thee for my own.
Thy guard I'll stand, and plead thy guiltless cause
Against the rigour of imperial laws.
I drew thee from the waves—and hence thy name
Shall Moses be!—Child of immortal fame!
The gods have form'd thee with a deep design:—
How strong the marks that in thy visage shine!
Bright star of wisdom! though to kings unknown,
Thy future power th' Egyptian court shall own!
Go, call a nurse to rear this signal prize,
That the young stranger may to greatness rise!

While thus Thermuthis spoke, unseen, unknown,
Poor Miriam stood, and heard each word and tone.
I'll go, she said :—straight from the shore she flew
To call a nurse—an anxious one she knew—
With joyful haste returns in the same hour,
And leads her mother to the princess' bower.

To whom the princess said,—Here's work for thee;
Take home this child, and nurse him there for me!
I claim the prize :—gold will reward your care :—
I saved his life ;—now he shall be my heir!

The child she took, nor let her joy be known,
Nor told the princess that he was her own.
'Mid deadly laws the favour'd offspring rose,
Safe in her arms without a hand t' oppose,
Till by his guardian to the court was brought,
Where he proud Egypt's ancient lore was taught:
His genius open'd like a vernal flower,
And show'd the strength of a superior power.
Yes, high he stood, a counsellor and sage,
The pride and wonder of the boastful age.
Poised on his choice his future fortune lay,
To rise or fall in one eventful day:
He must consent to be Thermuthis' heir,
Or Egypt lose, and lose the princess' care;
Whose love confess'd wove in his nature ties
That call'd for tribute from his heart and eyes.
But how could he disown Jehovah's cause,
Contemn his worship, and despise his laws!
The realm he saw depraved, with ruin stored,
And idols vile were everywhere adored!
His kindred still he loved, and kept in sight
Truth's holy cause, and the eternal Light.

What though caress'd, and in the portal stood
Of princely fame: he saw a greater good;
And saw the end, should he prefer the fate
To swim on glory in th' Egyptian state.
Hence gaudy robes, the palace, conquest, power,
Fame's starry crown, and pleasure's wanton bower—
All he refused: sway'd by inspiring grace,
He chose to suffer with the Hebrew race.
Unmoved by frowns, against persuasion's voice,
Like rock he stood—tenacious of his choice—
Born and sustain'd to plead the sufferer's cause,
To ransom Israel, and to give them laws.

When forty summers had roll'd o'er his head
In Egypt's realm, to Midian wilds he fled,
And forty years a stranger there remain'd,
Matured in wisdom, and to hardships train'd:
A rural life he led, with herds retired
In desert vales, yet ardent and inspired.
As on he went toward Horeb's lonely height,
Full in his course a wonder rose in sight.
Night had retired, the Orient beam'd anew
When this phenomenon burst on his view:
Clouds hover'd round, a circle glow'd in air,
But, stranger still, a bush was flaming there:
And that unchanged, amid corrosive fire,
Excited wonder; wonder roused desire
To trace the action of its hidden laws,
And learn the secret of so strange a cause.
By hasten'd step as near the scene he came,
This solemn mandate issued from the flame:—

Put off thy shoes, and pause with dread profound,
For where thou stand'st is consecrated ground!

I am thy God, the God whom angels own,
By wondrous acts through ancient ages known!
Lo, Jacob's tribes in bondage still remain,
By toil oppress'd, where heathens proudly reign!
In gloom they move beneath a tyrant dread,
And lave with tears th' unconscious clay they tread!
Their cry is heard. Lo! in my lifted hand,
Stern vengeance waits to crush that guilty land!
The time is come, their bonds shall now be riven:
Their cause is enter'd in the court of Heaven.
My oath is seal'd—the changeless truth must stand:
They shall be ransom'd by a mighty hand!
Thou art ordain'd their chief—assert their cause;
Lead out the host, and I will give them laws!
Yes, lead them here—they through this waste shall roam
To Palestine, their ancient, promised home.
Go, plead their rights, my prompt vicegerent go!
Thy grand commission let all Egypt know.
I will be there—thy aid incessant stand,
With death and wonders shake the hostile land!
To rule the herds—the herds were Moses' care—
A *rod* he found, a living rod and fair,
Of mountain growth, unchanged by spoiling art;
As nature form'd it perfect in each part:
This Moses wielded in his trembling hand,
While thus Jehovah closed his high command:—
Dismiss your fears—a sign shall now be given
That you're impower'd to rule, and sent by Heaven!
Throw down your *rod!*—that instant in its fall
Becomes a serpent, and begins to crawl!—
The serpent he takes up at God's command,
And finds it still a rod within his hand.

Moreover said, Fear not a tyrant's name,
This wondrous rod shall vindicate your claim!
The Egyptian king will interpose his laws,
But *heaven*, and *earth*, and *storms* shall aid your cause!

With orders high, bless'd with Jehovah's smile,
Straight Moses hastens toward the land of Nile;
Light round him shines, his doubts away are driven,
In triumph bears the mystic *rod* of Heaven:
Whose power occult the elements shall own,
And bring down vengeance on th' Egyptian throne.
Thus strongly arm'd, the chieftain dauntless stands
At Pharaoh's throne, and opens his demands;
T' assert his claim, th' Egyptians to confound,
His *rod* becomes a serpent on the ground.
Th' Egyptians do the same to all confess'd,
But Moses' serpent swallows up the rest.
Contempt and rage are to his orders shown,
Nor him regard nor the Almighty's throne.

Next o'er the Nile, while Pharaoh stood in view
With his proud train, the potent *rod* he drew;
Its waves salubrious they see no more,
But crimson torrents lave the winding shore;
The fish expire along the tainted flood,
And all the ponds and vats are fill'd with blood.
Though with destructive weight the plague remains,
Indignant still the harden'd monarch reigns.

The wondrous *rod* again for vengeance calls,
Down on the ponds and streams directly falls;
The waters swarm with life; thence millions pour
Of croaking frogs upon the darken'd shore;
Through streets and fields the moving armies flow,
And Egypt pines beneath the spreading wo.

But, lo! the king like adamant remains,
Nor owns the Power that o'er creation reigns.
In quick succession plagues destructive rise:
On Egypt's soil the *rod* of judgment lies:
The smitten ground is cursed, and in a trice
The dust of Egypt turns to noxious lice;
On man and beast the swarming vermin crawl,
Hence Egypt's glory now begins to fall.
Lo, swarms of flies appear by Moses' *wand*,
The air infest, and trouble all the land!
The murrin plague comes next: like raging fire
It spreads, and all the Egyptians' herds expire.
The fatal ashes cast by Moses' hand,
Descends in vengeance on the wretched land:
A grievous plague succeeds of blain and bile,
On man and beast throughout the land of Nile.
But still the monarch stands, and rashly vies
With Power unknown, and Heaven's just claim denies.
As Moses lifts th' efficient *rod* on high,
Careering vapours gather round the sky;
The vault of heaven is wrapp'd with clouds on flame,
And peals of thunder shake th' ethereal frame;
The rageful tempest howls with ceaseless sound,
And frightful blazes run along the ground;
While ragged hail in ponderous masses fly
To deal destruction round the earth and sky.
Now Pharaoh melts—now hardens into stone,
And spurns the mandates of th' eternal Throne!
Again the *rod* asserts the cause of right:
The Orient wind comes with the morning light
Some plague to bring: through all one night and day
Its course the same; now, lo! in dread array,

Poised on the skirts of this disastrous gale,
With sounding wings dark clouds of *locusts* sail,
For spoil prepared: on Egypt's coast descend,
And through the realm the deadly swarms extend;
Before their sweep the vernal promise flies,
The gay fields languish, and the forest dies.
Amid the scene th' obdurate monarch stands
With hateful eyes, and views his wasted lands.

Another judgment comes with frightful power,
Borne on the wings of a tremendous hour!
Th' ethereal orbs refuse their wonted light,
Down Egypt sinks in hopeless, sullen night:
A dreadful night of pitchy clouds compress'd:
A darkness palpable! All are distress'd,
And sit amazed, or grope amid the shade;
Too blind to see—their gods too weak to aid.

One judgment more awaits this wretched land,
Then free from bondage Jacob's race shall stand.
The haughty king will cower and urge their flight,
When death's dread angel comes to rule the night.

Ye tribes of Israel, hear!—their chieftain cries,—
In haste prepare the paschal sacrifice:
First, from the victim drain th' expressive blood,
And tinge your door-posts with the crimson flood;
Then gird your loins, put sandals on your feet,
So, all in haste, the sacred supper eat;
And waiting stand until the sign be given,
To turn and go to your terrestrial heaven.

The charge prevails—all things are ready made
As silent midnight spreads her ample shade:
Straight through the gloom the dreadless agents fly,
And in one hour all Egypt's first-born die.

Their gods are crush'd beneath avenging might,
And the whole kingdom trembles with affright!
Strange horror reigns; and wailings sound aloud
From cottage doors, and mansions of the proud.
Death, pale and ghastly, everywhere appears,
Groan talks to groan, and tears report to tears.
Lo! Pharaoh's heart is crush'd in this dread hour,
And bows submissive to almighty Power!

Go, Israel, go in haste,—the monarch cries,—
Before the sun salutes the eastern skies!
Take all your herds; yes, all you have below,
In peace depart, and bless me as you go!

As a dark cloud that skirts the western sky,
Advancing slowly to the distant eye,
So Israel's tribes released, as Heaven design'd,
Move on their way, and leave their foes behind;
But no dim stars, nor trembling needles guide
Their strange meanders through the desert wide.
In awful signs Jehovah deigns t' appear,
To guide their movements, and their hearts to cheer:
High, o'er the camp, a pillar hangs in sight,
A shield by day, a flame of fire by night:
A leading symbol of Messiah t' come,
Who will redeem and lead immortals home!
What power can harm, or what excite to fear,
When the Almighty deigns to dwell so near!
What host or monarch dare against him rise,
Who wields the thunder, spans the ample skies,
The night illumes, the stormy deep commands,
And weighs the mountains in his lifted hands!

The marching tribes to Migdol soon arrive;
Lo, God is with them, and their hearts revive!

Their tents they pitch in liberty's sweet air;
No tyrant frowns: at home, though strangers there!
God reigns above—around them shines the day,
On each side mountains, and in front the bay.
The cliffs they see, and hear the Red Sea roar;—
Such scenes romantic they ne'er saw before!
The rocky strand that keeps the waves in place,
In order grand the tents and banners grace.
There sweet content the ransom'd tribes enjoy,
But they have foes, and foes will them annoy.
Th' Egyptian monarch comes stern war to wield,
DEFIANCE stands inscribed on his broad shield;
Six hundred iron chariots onward wheel,
By warriors managed, arm'd with glittering steel
Swift cavaliers and infantry in train;
A mighty host that clouds the distant plain!
Thus cried a harbinger, whose tidings dread
Soon through the Hebrews' vast encampment spread
By mountains barr'd, by armies and the main,
The sicken'd tribes, despondent, thus complain:—
Why are we doom'd to die on this wild strand?
Were graves denied us in th' Egyptian land?—
By dreams of freedom we are led astray,
To mourn our folly in this trying day!
Be still, their chieftain cries, all fearless stand,
And see salvation by th' Almighty's hand!
His matchless arm will spread destruction wide,
And make you victors o'er the sons of pride!
Those powers of earth who vaunt in war's array,
No more you'll see from this victorious day.
Attend, ye tribes! Jehovah's guidance prove,
Strike now your tents, and on your journey move!

Behold the sea! Behold within my hand
This rod! Here for the eternal Power I stand,—
Around he turns, lifts up his rod, and cries,—
Hear! O proud sea! the mandate of the skies!
Divide, ye billows, fix'd as mountains stand,
And ope a passage to the distant strand!

All nature wakes, creation labours now,
Heat acts unseen, while busy whirlwinds plough
The rolling deep:—the troubled waters rise;
Waves roll on waves in ridges to the skies:
There towering stand, adverse to nature's laws,
Like glassy rocks: how just, how wise the Cause!
The heated breezes in wild hurry sweep
The oozy bottom of the untravell'd deep.
Thus, a broad road is form'd amid the roar
Of angry billows to the distant shore.
With Heaven's defence the Hebrews safely glide
Along the pass, nor fear the frowning tide.

Night's sunless vault is o'er creation spread,
As they in triumph pass the ocean's bed.
Th' Egyptian host, in fierce and proud array,
Urge their pursuit along the hallow'd way.
But Heaven's high cloud, which Moses' fortress proves,
Through all the night between the armies moves;
O'er Israel's course it casts a flame divine,
And on the footsteps of the ransom'd shine;
But in the rear a darkness fearful throws;
There God looks out, and curses all their foes:
In thunder speaks, and sends them hailstones, storm,
Red, forky flames, and ghosts of frightful form!
Despair and tumult reign: their glory lost,
Arms, chariots, steeds, and cavaliers are toss'd

In wild uproar; while busy *spirits* spring
From car to car, and out the linchpins wring,
And hurl them in the dark. Their steeds take fright—
Their chariot wheels run off; and in strange plight
They all are plunged in the entangling sand,
And wrapp'd with gloom. Thus lay the hostile band
When morning found them: haply by the light
They found themselves, and learn'd their hopeless plight:
'Tween liquid mountains press'd, far from the strand,
And doom'd and cursed by an avenging hand.
Too late their monarch saw, in that dread hour,
That he contended with almighty Power.
In wildness howl'd: to Egypt's gods he cried
For prompt deliverance from the rageful tide;
But help came not—in vain was every cry:
For none could save whom Heaven had doom'd to die.

The ransom'd tribes are safe:—doubts rise no more:
Their feet triumphant stand upon the shore;
With wonder view the road through which they came:
A miracle throughout of endless fame;
All raptured stand, and anxious to resound
Jehovah's praise to all the nations round.

Look yonder!—Moses cries—behold your foes!
His high *rod* wields, and bids the ocean close:
The waves released, obedient, from their post
Rush down with vengeance on the heathen host;
The surges huge o'er steeds and chariots roar,
Their doom proclaim to the resounding shore:
Ingulf'd are all,—wide is destruction's gate,—
No one is left to tell their dreadful fate!
Gay plumes, and robes, and instruments of blood,
Like autumn's leaves float on the ruthless flood;

Whose waves dishonour'd bear, with angry roar,
Their pallid corses to the thundering shore!
The tribes behold their fall, and dance and sing;
The shore resounds, and all the valleys ring.
Their lively strains, which breathe a pious flame,
Bear up the triumphs of Jehovah's name.
Now on his mighty arm they can repose,
His word believe, nor fear disdainful foes.
The ransom'd host rejoicing go their way,
Through trackless wilds, led by the pillar's ray.
From bondage free, they find a transient rest
Amid their cares, and sing while they are bless'd.
Alas! their stores are gone! Now dies their song;
Starvation ghastly stares upon the throng!
Now they demur; sin is the cause of dread;
But God in mercy sends them daily bread,
Which falls in showers around the tented ground,
For all is free, and in profusion found:
Like *coriander* seed, all white as frost—
Delicious food!—nor gold nor culture cost!
While forty years revolved, from day to day
This bread was sent along the desert way:
A miracle divine! a symbol given
Of Shiloh, Christ! the Bread of life from heaven.
The wand'ring tribes see troubles new arise
In Rephidim, where their encampment lies.
Those dreary wilds possess no crystal pool,
Nor living stream, their burning thirst to cool.
Aloud they mourn, and long for Egypt's land;—
In vain for springs they search the burning sand.
Lone, near Mount Horeb, they with wonder spy
A pond'rous rock as ancient as the sky.

Thereon with awe their chieftain takes his stand,
And smites the rock with his effective *wand:*
The rock it cleaves—lo! from its wounded side
Streams gush amain!—their wants are now supplied.
As Heaven design'd, the stream flows on their course
From year to year: so boundless is its source!
The Rock is Christ; a type to Israel known:
The living Fountain, and the Corner-stone!

But now a plague the tribes are doom'd to know;—
Oh, fruitful sin!—sin is the sire of wo!
Wing'd serpents now are sent, the vile to harm
With deadly wounds:—there reigns a wide alarm.
The subtile bane o'erruns the vital flood,
Keen pain excites, and gangrenes all the blood.
A torturous death to all the host appears;
Loud, dying groans rush on their frighten'd ears.
To heal the wounded, Moses' mediate hand
A brazen serpent forms at God's command.
Amid the camp, lo, he suspends it high,
Whose polish'd form attracts the anxious eye;
Which soon a certain antidote is found
Against the serpents' deep envenom'd wound:
Hence they with ardour gaze, and quick as thought
Their wounds are heal'd: a miracle is wrought.
A type of Him, design'd, who took man's form,
His soul to heal, and potent death disarm.

Full forty years their ample rounds have run
Since from the Nile the Hebrews' march begun.
With winding track through wilds their passage broke,
Thence on they move like clouds of wavy smoke,
Beneath their banners broad, with sounding strains,
And spread their tents on Moab's fertile plains.

Before the camp a region opens wide,
Through which proud Jordan rolls a tardy tide;
Beyond its flow, in frowning grandeur rise
Strong city walls built towering to the skies;
There mountains stand, with vales dispread below,
Where milk and honey in profusion flow.

Full forty years with constant zeal and prayer,
The sainted Moses bore all Israel's care;
At length premonish'd by a voice divine
That he must cease, and his high charge resign;
Obedience yields; and at th' appointed hour
A transfer makes of his high trust and power.
The son of Nun, a veteran noble, wise,
The charge receives beneath the bending skies

Lo! scenes affecting strike the heart and view
Of every tribe:—now Moses bids adieu—
A long adieu to all; ne'er to return
While earth revolves, or stars ethereal burn.
'Mid sighs and tears with calmness he withdraws,
In full submission to th' eternal laws:—
Here ends his work; no longer he shall roam;—
Lo, now Jehovah calls his servant home!
From Moab's plains he travels on alone
T' attend the orders of the ruling Throne.
O'er Nebo's mount he goes to Pisgah's height,
Where God appears! Earth rolls in waves of light!
By optic power, and Heaven's directing hand,
He views the boundaries of the Promised Land.
From that lone top the whole in prospect lies,
Spread like a map before his ravish'd eyes.
With waving groves, lo, Gilead's heights appear,
Rich with perfume, and verdant all the year:

Proud Lebanon is seen, and Jordan's source,
With all the vales along its winding course,
The utmost sea there meets his wondering eye,
Which forms a bound, and laves the western sky.
'Mid lofty palms, whose verdure crowns the plain,
Proud cities stand, and heathen monarchs reign—
Meandering rivers flow, lakes glitter there,
And Sharon's roses scent the balmy air.
Spontaneous vines along the mountains run,
Whose weighty clusters purple in the sun;
Wide fragrant lawns appear in native green,
And grazing herds to crown the rural scene.
There th' industrious bees dispose with care,
In clefts of rocks, their liquid dulcet fare;
And widely spread, as if to guard their toil,
The olive stands, enrich'd with precious oil.
Thus, needful gifts, o'er this prolific land,
Kind nature pours with a diffusive hand.
Auspicious clime! how pleasant and how bless'd!
For Jacob's race a sublunary rest.
But heaven above for Moses is design'd,
In peace he dies, and leaves the scene behind;
Celestial hands entomb him there alone,
And hence his grave to mortals is unknown.

Here let us rest:—now strike the sounding string,
Elijah trace, and *truth triumphant* sing!
Bright star renown'd!—for truth he stood alone
In Ahab's impious reign. A leathern zone
His shaggy mantle bound:—from Gilead came,
And wander'd far an oracle of fame.

The prophet spoke—obedient nature turn'd
Her wonted course: the solar radiance burn'd

The furrow'd soil; the kindly, nightly dew
Forgot to fall; winds to other regions blew
The liquid clouds; hence mortals did complain
For thirst—three years there was no dew nor rain.
The fields were barren, and the brooks were dry;
The spreading dearth doom'd every thing to die.
Against the prophet's life a storm arose
Of earthly rage, and mighty were his foes.
By inspiration led, to Cherith's wave
He pensive came, his threaten'd life to save;
While there reclined, wild ravens of the wood,
Though greedy of their plunder, gave him food:
Their wildness lost, urged by an unseen Cause,
His meat they brought, and served it with their claws
Until the stream was gone; then from the skies
An angel came, who said to him, Arise,
And to Zarephath go! A widow there
In want he found, quite busy to prepare
Her last scant meal, the gleanings of her store:
Enough for one small cake: she had no more
For her poor self and child—their end seem'd nigh·
To eat it she design'd, then yield and die!
The prophet ask'd—nor did he ask in vain—
To serve him first, with promise sure of gain.
Affecting sight!—she nothing has in store,
The dearth abroad, starvation at the door,
But generous still! The stranger must have part!
By faith she lived—the *truth* was in her heart!
Thus saith the Lord,—Elijah spoke with zeal,—
The cruse of oil and scanty cask of meal
Shall neither fail till copious showers of rain
The air shall cool, and drench the thirsty plain.

And so it proved. The widow's saintly care
The wand'ring prophet kept, and fed him there.
Her generous hand drew from her scanty store
From day to day, but still it grew the more!
Her heart was glad; gone were her fears and woes;
But soon, alas! another trouble rose:
Her only son, in all the bloom of charms,
Became diseased, and died within her arms.
Her joys died too: her heart was sorely press'd,
And to the prophet's ear her plaint address'd.
Give me the child! Elijah said—as clay
In death congeal'd upon her bosom lay:—
To his high room he bore with noiseless tread
The pallid corpse, and laid it on his bed;
Then stretch'd himself three times devoutly there
Upon the child, and pour'd this ardent prayer:—
O Lord my God! I pray compassion show,
Restore the blessing, and remove our wo!
In this dark day the power of death restrain;
Let this child's soul return to him again!
The child revived—he instantly was brought
To life again: a miracle was wrought!

On Carmel's height, beneath a hallow'd wood,
An altar of the Lord in ruins stood:
A lonely, ancient monument remain'd
To tell to Israel that Jehovah reign'd.
This site Elijah chose, this sacred ground,
For Baal's priests, and all concern'd around,
To meet, and by an equal test to know
Who should be God above and God below.
All were agreed; hence to the mount they came
To know the Power that wields the solar flame.

The altar they repair'd in every part
With chosen stones, without the gloss of art,
Surrounded by a trench; the wood was laid
In order there; the victim slain and flay'd,
And on the altar placed. Twelve barrels stored
With water pure were on the offering pour'd,
Before the people's eyes—the trench around
Was flowing full: so all alike was drown'd.
Now toward the heavens Elijah lifts his eyes
With holy zeal, and thus devoutly cries:—

Hear me, O Lord! hear now, I ardent pray!
And let this *truth* be known—be known this day,
That thou art God! that I thy servant stand,
And have all things perform'd at thy command!

No clouds were seen, and no electric flame
Flash'd on the gazing eye, nor thunder came;
But instantly, upon th' astonish'd view,
Down from the skies a blaze commission'd flew
With course direct, and struck the sacred pyre,
The victim seized, and set the whole on fire.
As Heaven design'd, it bore resistless force,
Burn'd all before it, downward, in its course:
The victim, wood, and stone consumed, and ground,
Then lick'd the water from the trench around!
O'erwhelm'd with sacred awe, th' astonish'd crowd
Prone on their faces fell, and cried aloud,—
The Lord, he is the God!—the Lord is God!
He rules the sun, and sways a vengeful rod!

On Carmel's height Elijah pray'd again
For clouds to rise to bring the needful rain:
Knelt on the ground, fann'd by the balmy breeze,
In soul impress'd, and face between his knees,

He humbly pray'd; while hence his servant hied
The signs to watch upon the ocean wide.
But naught appear'd till he had climb'd the steep
Full seven times; then from the curling deep
A cloud he saw fly in an angry form,
Small as a hand: it proved the brew of storm.
Fierce winds awoke, mist o'er the sea was driven,
And soon dark clouds obscured the glassy heaven
Aloft in air the floods began to roar,
Like waves resounding on a distant shore;
Which soon descended in a copious shower:
An earthly gift of an almighty Power.
Indignant Jezebel God's order spurn'd,
And all her rage against Elijah burn'd;
From Jezreel hence he fled at God's command,
And found a shelter in a desert land.
There down he lay beneath the spreading trees,
And sigh'd his sorrows to the passing breeze;
To die implored—he wish'd no more to know
Of mortal hatred in this world below!
As sleep propitious calm'd his anxious breast,
And sunk his fears in momentary rest
Of pleasing dreams, an angel kindly came,
And call'd, Arise and eat!—and touch'd his frame;
At which he woke, and saw before him stand,
A table spread by some immortal hand.
This twice was done; yes, twice he ate the food
That angels brought, whose virtues by him stood
Through forty nights and days, while on he went
To Horeb's cavern'd side, where he was sent.
Nor did Elijah meet a mortal's doom:
Death's dart was foil'd: he never found a tomb

Nor fed the hungry worms. Immortal seer!
For earth too good—like a celestial here!
His outward form was changed; o'er tombs and foes,
Like Enoch the renown'd, he deathless rose!
The second witness of that promised morn,
When human bodies shall from dust be born.

Yes, Jordan trembled when his mantle woke
Its sullen surface, and the current broke.
Between the roaring surges, hand in hand,
He and Elisha walk'd on solid land;
Nor linger'd there, but left the broken stream,
And, like kind brothers, on some weighty theme
They talking went. High on the cloud-wrapp'd heaven
A wonder rose:—the curtain'd sky was riven:—
A chariot came out on the ethereal field,
Of fiery frame, by furious horses wheel'd;
Thence noiseless they rush'd down the starry maze
Of heaven; the clouds like mountains in a blaze
Beneath them glow'd:—thus raptured seraphs bright
Triumphant rode o'er waves of liquid light,
T' escort the prophet home:—the solid ground
The chariot struck, and as it wheel'd around
With lightning's speed, between the prophets came;
Elijah bounded on the car of flame,
And as he rose, and left this mortal ground,
His mantle dropp'd:—swift through the starry round
He like a comet flew: the gates of light
The chariot pass'd, beyond the reach of sight.
Triumphant change! how glorious and how bless'd!
From life to life to an immortal REST!

END OF THE ELEVENTH BOOK.

BOOK XII.

THE ARGUMENT.

THE SHEPHERDS' PROPHETIC VISION.

The shepherds of Judea—On the night of the Messiah's birth the shepherds have strange prophetic dreams—The Angel Gabriel is sent to the shepherds' tent—The shepherds awake in great surprise, and see a strange light—The angel delivers his message, and departs—The shepherds go to Bethlehem.

On Canaan's grass-clad mountains lived at large,
Devoted shepherds with their fleecy charge;
Train'd with the flocks from rosy days of youth,
In nature's school, but still they learn'd the truth;
Contentment found in fields and fountains' side,
Far from the haunts of vice and walks of pride.
They shunn'd the trembling stage of public life,
Nor sigh'd for wealth, nor plunged in honour's strife,
Nor understood the world's dissembling arts:
Truth fired their tongues, and honesty their hearts.
The great they envied not, nor splendour sought,
Nor learn'd the doctrine erring skeptics taught.
The truth they loved, traced nature's simple laws,
Admired her wonders, and adored her Cause.
Their sphere they knew, on their own level trod,
Sung nightly carols, and conversed with God.
In rural scenes they spent each day and night,
And made their duties their supreme delight.
How honour'd they, though rank'd in humble state:
By man contemn'd, in God's account were great!

His providence their aid, his truth their tower,
His love their song in every gloomy hour.
As potent Time his revolutions run,
And o'er the western mountains wheel'd the sun,
Dark, broad-wing'd night came on the sinking gales,
And piled the fog along the sadden'd vales.
The distant hills no longer stood in view,
Earth mantled lay, and the starr'd heaven too.
While with death's type fair nature lay impress'd,
The shepherds gather'd to their bower of rest.
Released from labour and terrestrial cares,
They prostrate fell to offer thanks and prayers;
Song closed the evening rite; with grace inspired,
In faith confirm'd, they all to rest retired.
In slumber soon were lost; through visions deep
Their thoughts were led; amazed they lay in sleep,
Till, touch'd by hand unseen, at once they woke,
And hasten'd hence, and to their neighbours spoke;
Who wondering heard what God to them had done
In nightly scenes, and thus their story run:—
While there we lay all wrapp'd in sweet repose,
Heard voices strange, strange things to view arose:*
On wing a trumpet spoke; as that drew nigh,
Wide flew the portals of the vaulted sky.
Thence a white *throne* burst on the anxious gaze
Of vision's eye, bright as the solar blaze;
On wheels of fire it stood; around it shone
A rainbow broad, clear as a jasper stone.
A sea of lucent glass before it roll'd,
Lamps burn'd thereon in frames of burnish'd gold.

* Rev., chap. iv.

Beneath its base a fiery fountain stream'd,
Loud thunder spoke, and dreadful lightning gleam'd
On every side. High on the throne was ONE,
Whose awful glory far excell'd the sun
In cloudless noon; his snowy vesture flow'd
In dazzling waves; the sapphire pavement glow'd
Beneath his feet; while his tremendous eye
Pierced heaven and hell at once, and earth and sky.
A weighty *roll* with mystic *seals* he bore,*
Whose dark contents no seraph could explore;
A sword of vengeance glitter'd in his hand,
And seven hoarse *thunders* spoke his dread command;
While countless angels waited at his throne
With awe profound, and harps of solemn tone.
Down from his seat a cloud terrific came
Of darkness dense, emitting forky flame,
And hung around the earth: thence sounds were heard,
And in each flash the broken *law* appear'd
All kindled to a flame; full in the face
Conviction flash'd of man's rebellious race.
Straight from the *throne*, sent in th' Almighty's name,
Wrath's angels flew on volant wings of flame;
Wide through the void strange darts of terror hurl'd,
And came down swiftly to the lower world
To bind inglorious man—such seem'd his doom—
With chains of *death* and everlasting gloom.

Then from afar, another trumpet spoke,
All heaven heard, and deep attention woke.
Forth, from two mountains of celestial frame,†
Down from the north a rushing whirlwind came;

* Rev., chap. v. † Ezek., chap. i.

And, in its trail, a cloudy volume roll'd
With an infolding fire like wavy gold,
Or amber bright; straight, from the whirling flame,
As thought as quick, *cherubic* figures came
Of wondrous make, with diverse faces four,
And wings dispread, creation to explore.
Four of these forms we saw, in all the same:
Four faces had alike, alike their aim.
The *human face* was with the *lion's* join'd,
The *ox* and *eagle's* too: these four combined,
Composed each form; they look'd at once four ways:
Toward heaven's four points they seem'd intent to gaze;
Whose bodies brightly shone like burnish'd brass,
Or glowing gems. Amid them seem'd to pass
A vivid flame, as burning lamps to view,
And with each movement lightning fearful flew.
And with these forms for action great design'd,
A wheel appear'd within a wheel, combined,
With dreadful rings all fill'd with eyes of fire,
Whose power and speed the *Cherubs* did inspire:
With awful speed they went, and with the same
Return'd again, all wrapp'd in radiant flame;
And as they flew their wings sent out a roar
Like surges breaking on a rocky shore;
Or as the voice of the Almighty, loud,
When with strong peals he shakes the stormy cloud;
And like the voice of speech, or sounding tread
Of rushing hosts, with martial trumpets dread.
High o'er these wonders stood, enwheel'd with light,
A crystal firmament that awed the sight;
And, on its arch, a likeness of a *throne*
Arose, appearing like a sapphire stone;

And, on the *throne*, a likeness sat confess'd
Of Man Divine, clad in a flaming vest;
Around him hung a many-colour'd bow,
The sign of mercy to the world below.
Down to his feet his lustrous garments flow'd,*
And round his waist the gold of Uphaz glow'd;
As snow his locks appear'd; his visage shone
Like morning riding on the cloudless sun;
His feet as brass immersed in fiery streams;
Wide o'er creation flash'd his visual beams;
High rose his voice as the hoarse deluge roar'd,
And from his mouth went out a flaming sword.
Seven banded stars blazed in his dexter hand,
And in his left a banner of command.
On his broad girdle hung the ponderous keys
Of death and hell; the arcanum of decrees
Lay in his view; wing'd heralds sent a sound
Before his car, and waved their wands around.
Celestial beings throng'd th' ethereal plains
With golden harps, who play'd unearthly strains;
But o'er their notes, on sounding wings of fire,
We heard a cry—There comes the Lord, Messiah!

Hail, Power divine!—the great Messiah exclaim'd—
The end is come, the awful crisis named
In Heaven's archives. I see a gathering storm
With vengeance fraught, led by an angel form!
But, lo! I come to plead the cause of man,
The lost to save, t' effect redemption's plan!
Celestial harps for one half hour be still,
While God, the Sire, proclaims his sovereign will!

* Rev. i, 12–19.

Th' Eternal spoke:—his words in flame were given,
And thrilling echoes fill'd the vaulted heaven:—
O'er yonder orb that swims in borrow'd rays
And cloudy skies, my fearful judgments blaze—
Inglorious man, in whom my image shone,
Has vilely fallen, and renounced my throne;
Hence he must be immured with fiends below,
In chains of darkness and eternal wo,
Unless a prompt equivalent be given
To equiponderate the scale of heaven;
The law immutable entire must stand,
Nor yield a fraction of its whole demand.
But could man bring an offering free of tears,
Enough to quench the flame of burning spheres;
With howls of wo outvie the ocean's roar,
And from his heart his life in torrents pour,
All would be vain: naught can for sin atone
Unless the offering Justice kindly own.
The cause requires, nor less the wise design,
Two natures join'd, the human and divine:
The manhood must expire, the life must flow
For man's offence by an official blow.
Then free salvation would benignly roll
Through all the world, in reach of every soul.
Were such an offering now prepared to die,
On yon dark orb before creation's eye,
A jubilee sublime all heaven would keep,
And Justice' sword on Mercy's bosom sleep:
Yes, man I would release from judgment's claim,
His soul absolve, build up his fallen fame,
With grace his heart illume, on lofty ground
His feet exalt o'er death and hell profound.

With awe we heard :—as the last sentence died
Upon our ears, th' eternal Son replied :—
Omniscient Power! all glorious is thy throne;
Th' adoring host thy awful mandates own!
Thy laws are perfect, just are all thy claims,
There is a *cause*—a cause why vengeance flames:
Ungrateful man has broken thy decree:
Thou madest him happy, and ordain'd him free:
Hence dark destruction, housed in judgment's stores,
Hangs o'er his guilty orb, and loudly roars.
But, lo! I've come to plead the culprit's cause,
His debt t' assume, and vindicate the laws;
The tragic *seals* to ope of Heaven's dark *roll*,
And in vile dust wrap my eternal Soul.
These radiant courts I'll leave, unite by birth
With man, and be a citizen of earth:
The rage of kings, the scorn of skeptics know,
Temptations vile and ignominious wo;
There let my glory sink in thankless dust,
By man be tortured, and for man be cursed.
The serpent's head I'll bruise, disarm his might,
Drive error hence, and fill the world with light!
Should demons rage, proud tyrants on me fall,
Man's debt I'll pay, and ransom him from thrall.
Love—love divine inspires my ardent plea,
In justice spare—spare wretched man for me!
Let not thy wrath the world to ruin give,
Smite me!—smite me, but let the rebel live!
My blood shall flow, my spotless life be given,
T' exonerate him from the curse of Heaven;
My life accept in the transgressor's stead;
Pour all thy vengeance on my sinless head!

The *winepress* I will tread, alone there stand,
And bear the crush of thy Almighty hand.
Let death and anguish beat upon my soul,
And clouds, and storms, and darkness round me roll,
Till suffering shall complete the grand design,
And vindicate in full the *cause* divine!
Then back with fame triumphant I will fly,
Through the broad portals of the starry sky,
With clouds of witnesses, whom I shall win
From death's domain, redeem'd from wo and sin;
Whose sounding harps my victory shall own,
And swell the plaudits round the eternal Throne.

Thy prayer is heard:—the Father makes reply:
Th' impending doom shall in suspension lie:
The culprit I will spare, the test and laws
Shall stand, that grace may triumph in his cause.
His night-clad orb, where death and sin are join'd,
Immortal Shiloh! is to thee consign'd.
Go, Son of light! with mortal flesh array'd,
Announce thy claim, and break th' involving shade;
Through error's maze th' apostate race pursue,
And heaven disclose upon their darken'd view.
From their abode repulse th' invading foe,
And peace recall to claim her seat below.
Good tidings preach to all: salvation free!
Through earth proclaim an endless jubilee!
Go, like the sun, dispense eternal *day*,
Thy *throne* erect, and wield a conquering sway!
At thy command new scenes shall cause surprise:
The blind shall see; the dead shall wake and rise!
From rocks of marble streams shall gush amain,
And living fountains fill the desert plain.

From sea to sea th' invigorated soil
With life shall burst, and send forth corn and oil.
Thus heathen lands shall lose their wintry gloom,
Like Eden flourish, and like Sharon bloom.
The powers of earth thy rod and truth shall own,
And suppliant princes bow before thy throne;
From sea to sea thy kingdom shall extend,
On rock triumphant stand, and never end!
Bright stars inspired shall lead thy holy train,
And wave thy banner round the vocal fane;
Thy law and doctrine, perfect and divine,
The world shall awe, and through creation shine.

Illustrious deeds shall publish far thy power,
Till restless time revolve th' eventful hour:
The hour of death replete with ponderous wo:
The like nor earth nor heaven shall ever know;
To justice due,—as stands the judgment high,—
Man's only hope—for him thou pray'st to die!
But when that fearful storm shall round thee spread,
And spikes and timbers form thy dying bed—
When that horrific cup of mingled wo,
And dregs of vengeance without mercy flow:
A death of deaths, ten thousand deaths in one:
A death for sin—enough to blot the sun!
When foes conspiring rise from earth and hell
With dark designs, moved on by passions fell,
Then all in heaven shall stand in deep amaze,
In silence stand, and on thy sufferings gaze.
The dying sun shall shroud his face in gloom,
And frighten'd Death desert his boasted tomb.
The rending rocks the mortal stroke shall show,
And the huge temple quake beneath the blow;

The bursting earth and lowering sky shall own
The tragic day, and sound thy dying groan.
"*It is finish'd!*" loud winds shall waft that cry,
And louder still resound the vaulted sky!
Enough! enough!—seven thunders shall repeat—
'Tis done! 'tis done! Redemption is complete!

Soon as th' Eternal closed, the wondrous plan
In swelling numbers through all heaven ran;
With tones of joy the wide empyrean rung:
All heaven join'd, angels and archangels sung:
Each harp sublime the theme, *salvation*, bore:
To angels new, in heaven unknown before.
The stormy clouds roll'd from th' observant eye,
And mercy's banner waved along the sky;
On chains of *love* the legal flames retired,
And thunder loud on angels' harps expired!
Down heaven's bright steep we saw swift heralds fly,
With tidings sent, whose wings illumed the sky;
On this dark *orb* they lit; which slumbering lay
In night's embrace, deserted by the day;
And here their mission oped—here they began
The love of God to tell to fallen man.

As from a shock we woke, strangely impress'd,
And all at once sprang from our bed of rest;
Nor knew the cause that broke our sweet repose,
Nor whence our lucent, heavenly visions rose,
Till out we gazed; when, to our great surprise,
A light resplendent flash'd upon our eyes.
The sun was gone; 'twas in the deep of night;
To distant lands the moon had borne her light;
The sickly stars were dim; and to the view
No lightning flash'd, nor dazzling meteors flew

Along the void; still bright the zenith glow'd;
The shaggy clouds were bleach'd, and gently flow'd
On waves of light; the trees and mountains round
With radiance blazed; our tents the grassy ground,
With snowy sheets of liquid light were spread;
Mute terror reign'd; and what increased our dread,
A form august before us stood display'd
Of angel rank, in cloth of heaven array'd,
Wrought in the skies of threads of colour'd rays,
With wavy rainbows fringed, that seem'd to blaze
Around his form; in shadeless folds complete
His garment hung, and show'd his spotless feet,
Stars on his wreath appear'd, and in his hand
A reed; in air he waved an olive wand.
The Seraph saw that we were all amazed,
With terror mute, and trembled while we gazed:
Our fears and doubts to quell he kindly spoke,
And with this rapturous strain the silence broke:—

Dismiss your gloomy fears, rejoice and sing!
Hear! hear, ye swains! delightful news I bring!
Good tidings of great joy to all mankind,
A Light is come, a Guide for all design'd!
A Prince is born, as sung the prophet's lyre,
Shiloh renown'd, the promised, true Messiah!
In lowly Bethlehem the Saviour lies
In humble state: this sign shall meet your eyes:
There you shall find him in a manger laid,
Housed in a stall, with borrow'd robes array'd!

The Seraph ceased: a sudden sound we heard
Of mingled tones, and like a flash appear'd
A countless host: the hills and plains below
With spotless forms were throng'd; all white as snow

Their flowing robes appear'd; and their bright mien
Increased the blaze of this unearthly scene!
Enraptured all; all were inspired with song:
Forth, in one moment, bursted from the throng
Ten thousand tones; ten thousand voices high
In concert rose, and fill'd the hollow sky:
Back joyful echoes talk'd from height to height,
And with th' inspiring sound, that fill'd the night,
Our ears were charm'd. The music of the throng
Plain words express'd, with accents loud and long:
A celebration chimed; joy touch'd each lyre;
Good news they sung—the birth of the Messiah!
Transporting theme! Glory to God! they cried;
Glory to God!—echoing hills replied—
Peace reigns on earth!—was heard from every tongue—
Peace reigns on earth!—the rocks and caverns rung—
Shiloh is born!—resound! resound his name!
To man good-will, immortal bliss and fame!
Quick as the electric flash eludes the sight,
The angels disappear'd. In sullen night
The hills were wrapp'd; nor linger'd in the skies
A wandering ray to cheer our anxious eyes;
The notes of joy died in the distant vales;
The world to silence sunk; the fanning gales
Woo'd us to rest; but sleep no place could find;
Thought, busy thought, engaged each wakeful mind:
Thus musing sat, and talk'd the hours away,
Till in the east the harbinger of day
Her signal gave; then over hill and plain
We promptly flew, the honour'd place to gain;
There Gabriel said the bless'd Immanuel lay,
The Lord of earth, couch'd on his bed of hay!

The wonderful report all true was found,
Hence we return'd, and blazed the news around.
Each object seem'd to smile with new delight
Round earth and sky. It was a moving sight!
From pearly chambers of the wavy deep
The king of day awoke from dreamless sleep;
Thence up the Orient rode on heaven's highway,
And spread salvation with each flaming ray;
While on the clouds the bow of mercy hung,
Triumphant Truth we saw, and glory sung.

END OF THE TWELFTH BOOK.

BOOK XIII.

THE ARGUMENT.

THE MINISTERIAL COURSE OF CHRIST.

How the promise of a Saviour was sustained—The mission of John the Baptist—A happy era begins with the birth of Christ—He assumes his office, and instructs the people—His policy and kingdom—The paschal feast—Christ enters Jerusalem—He eats the passover with his disciples, and institutes the sacramental supper—They all retire to Gethsemane—Judas betrays his Lord.

HARK! a lone voice: *Watchman, what of the night?*
The watchman cries, Behold! behold the Light!
He comes! he comes! In Judah's moral sky
The Morning Star appears: the Day is nigh!
Four thousand years, enwheel'd with pagan night,
Revolved the world, except the signal light
Of prophets true, who rose with moral rays,
And shone in course along time's gloomy maze,
Attended by a moon of types, that shone
By borrowing radiance from an absent *Sun*.
Those oracles of truth were ranged complete,
As station'd lamps along a gloomy street.
So, on the road of time they trail'd a light,
Like the galaxy o'er the vault of night;
From age to age as telegraphs they stood,
To transmit tidings of th' approaching Good.

From type to type faith's vivid vision run,
And thence the *bards* beheld the distant SUN.
Hence Isaiah cried on Israel's raptured ear,
Thy Light is come—the glorious Day is near!
Empires have fallen, princes ruin hurl'd,
Commotions raged, and changes mark'd the world;
Sustain'd by Heaven, this *series* kept its way
Through heathen darkness to the gospel day.

Lone, on the legal verge, with lifted hands
And dauntless ardour, John the prophet stands:
His garment rough—nature his food prepares;
Around his waist a leathern girdle wears:
Abstemious lives, and wanders wilds of wo:
An heir of heaven, a pilgrim here below.
Two worlds lie open on his ravish'd sight—
A world of shadows and a world of light:
He sees the shades recede; while on his eye
The SUN of righteousness burst from the sky.
John is the star of morn before the Day:
He comes the herald to prepare the way!
The wilderness resounds!—he ardent cries
The world to wake; he calls the world to rise,
And greet the Day! Behold the promised Light!
Repent, he cries, and wash your raiment white.
A witness true he stands, and shines, and burns
And to its Source the glory all returns;
Completes his mission, seals it with his life,
A martyr dies, and quits the world of strife.

The night is past, wild doubts away are hurl'd,
And a new era bursts upon the world.
Complete the promise stands to Adam given
In Eden's court. Late, from the throne of Heaven,

The BRANCH *Divine* has come, with *truth* and *light*,
The world to rule, and crush the powers of *night*.
Kings, seers, and bards possess'd a strong desire
To see this day—the day of God's Messiah!
But saw it not: a fitness marks the time:
This middle era, tranquil and sublime,
Was Heaven's choice: here distant ends all meet,
And minds remote a centric object greet.
The ancients forward look'd till Shiloh came,
And we look back, in time, and see the same;
Thence, on the track, we follow to the skies
Where he's enthroned, and where Hope's anchor lies.
Propitious day of God!—accomplish'd plan!
The counteraction to the fall of man!
Good-will to earth, a wonder in the skies:
New life awakes, and triumphs new arise!
A golden age begins in Time's long chain,
That ne'er shall end:—Grace shall for ever reign.
Blind Error's rule shall own superior sway,
And leave the moral world in Truth's clear day.
Kings, lords, and priests shall in this cause conspire,
And pay their homage to the great Messiah.

From earth to heaven this grand design extends,
Uniting worlds; hence angels are our friends:
As prompters stand, defenders of the laws,
Kind, active agents in redemption's cause.
A pleasing thought that ties congenial reign
In minds devout: celestials feel the chain.
Messiah's birth roll'd through the lofty spheres
Of angels first, then broke on human ears:
They sung below the Saviour of mankind;
The joyful news employ'd each seraph mind:

A pleasure felt to tell a world forlorn
That mercy reigns, that Christ the Lord is born.
Time now had roll'd the grand, eventful hour,
For Christ to act in high official power.
As wheel'd the sun from dense, chaotic night,
And through the concave pour'd a flood of light;
So Shiloh rose t' effect his noble plan,
Clothed with high functions, and his course began.
High, on the shaded mount observant stood
The peerless Oracle, the Source of good,
In humble robes, intuitively wise,
With kindly feelings, and o'erflowing eyes.
Wide o'er the crowd his piercing glances flew,
While all their thoughts lay open to his view.
With power he spoke, with weight his warnings rung:
Love moved his soul, and wisdom graced his tongue:
In diction forcible, in doctrine sound,
In method clear, in argument profound.
To every eye he oped Truth's brilliant mine,
And taught them how to speak and how to shine;
Their duties sketch'd in one connected plan,
From man to God, so on from man to man;
Described the righteousness kind Heaven requires,
How passions must be curb'd, and vain desires;
Detected errors, mark'd the *tempter's* art,
Explored the windings of the human heart;
Despoil'd the world of all its masquerade,
And vice exposed of every hateful shade.
The law and gospel in full view he brought,
With lucid parables and weighty thought;
The just and vile portray'd, in colours bright:
These threw in shade, and those in beams of light.

The trees he doom'd that fruit pernicious bore,
To feel the axe, and perish at the core:
Taught that the wise were safe, fools could not stand:
Those build on rock, these on the treach'rous sand.
I am the *way*, the *truth*, the *life*, he cries,
Hear me, ye deaf! behold, ye sightless eyes!
Ho! every one that thirsts, come: hither fly!
Salvation free; come all the world and buy!
Ye weary, come! come, all who are oppress'd,
The cross sustain, and I will give you rest!
My meekness copy, follow with delight:
My yoke is easy, and my burden light.
Amazement seized the crowd that waited round
His word to hear: they felt the truth profound.
With power he spoke:—not like the Pharisees,
Whose downy eloquence was form'd to please:—
Force wing'd his words, which gave a mental smart,
Like wounding steel, and pierced the faithless heart.
Yet oft his doctrine fell like drops of rain,
Or milder dew that cheers the herbid plain.
To rich and poor alike, to great and small,
He proffer'd grace, and gave an equal call;
To every case a portion was assign'd,
And well adapted to the end design'd.
The letter'd rabbins, taught in subtle schools,
Saw in his light that they were merely fools.
Their sophistry he foil'd, exposed their pride,
Their questions answer'd, and their arts defied.
The dread events which time was rolling nigh,
He duly traced with a prophetic eye;
Foretold the ruin of the Jewish state,
And named the woes design'd to bring the fate;

O'er faithless Salem wept a flood of tears,
And made loud wailings in her sullen ears;
Her crimes review'd, her expectations vain,
And traced the march of Error's deadly reign.
His own celestial kingdom he explain'd,
How constituted here, and how maintain'd:
Its mysteries in parables he taught,
All fitly chosen, and with wisdom wrought.

No subtle policy nor martial laws
Messiah form'd:—Grace triumph'd in his cause!
With fatal steel no pompous armies led,
Nor chariots drove with martial thunder dread;
With blood no fields he drench'd; at his command
No towns were plunder'd: Mercy moved his hand!
Guardless he stood amid a world of strife,
Nor weapon bore to vindicate his life:
Peace form'd the basis of his perfect laws,
And crown'd the triumph of redemption's cause.
"*Put up thy sword!*" he promptly gave command,
When Malchus bled by Peter's erring hand.
Unlike this world, his kingdom, all divine,
Its laws unearthly, and of high design:
Its base a Rock that never will decay,
Should earth dissolve, and nature pass away;
Its bounds are set, and mark'd with colours strong,
Dividing *light* from *darkness*, *right* from *wrong*,
The *truth* from *error*, *guilty* from *forgiven*,
The *living* from the *dead*, and *hell* from *heaven*.

How bless'd were they who saw the Saviour's face!
More bless'd indeed the subjects of his grace!
O happy shades! recesses of his choice!
But happier they who heard his melting voice.

Devoted Mary loved with all her heart,
And wisely acted—chose the better part:
So charm'd was she to hear him and adore,
Sat at his feet, concern'd for nothing more.
The paschal feast—for fifteen hundred years
With zeal observed by people, kings, and seers—
Is now at hand; th' annual call is given:
Lo, all the tribes attend the voice of Heaven!
As clouds on clouds from regions distant rise
To fill the chambers of the stormy skies,
Commingling move, but with advancements slow
Trail through the air, and darken all below;
So moves the crowd along th' indented plain,
Toward Salem's gates and Zion's golden fane.
From Canaan's mountains, from her cities gay,
The pilgrims pour and hasten on their way;
By thousands join'd, the sacred mount to gain,
From distant ports and islands of the main:
From Candia's shore, and Cyprus' rocky zone,
And all the marts in Asia Minor known.
Proud Rome's imperial gates her pilgrims send,
And Egypt's votaries with the movements blend;
Arabia, Persia, Libya, all bestow
Their honour'd subjects to augment the flow.
Here Jews and proselytes from all the east
Promiscuous move to attend the sacred feast:
Like restless surges rolling to the strand,
Crowds press on crowds, which darken all the land.
Th' embellish'd steeds move proudly o'er the ground,
Toss their gay heads, and through the valleys bound;
The rattling chariots wake th' unbidden gaze,
While in the sun their gilded fabrics blaze.

In clouds of dust, on foot, a rustling throng,
With girded robes and sandals move along;
Led by the hand, the blind mix in the scene,
While crippled age on staves and crutches lean;
Pale mendicants in hordes swarm every way,
Like hungry flies upon a summer's day.
Far on the hills huge elephants appear,
And loaded camels cloud the dusky rear,
With spicery press'd, rich gums from fragrant trees,
The fat of olives and the wealth of bees:
To Salem bound, oblations destined there,
From the sweet mountains of Arabia fair.
More distant still, where dust in clouds arise,
Droves follow droves, design'd for sacrifice;
To meet their doom, with heavy steps and slow,
They travel on, and print the sand below.
With clamour loud the cavern'd hills resound,
From bleating flocks upon the barren ground;
O'er toilsome hills and plains are urged along
To crown the altars and to feed the throng.

As labouring bees, compell'd by storms to yield,
Rush toward the hive, and leave the flowery field,
From every point in swarms to one repair,
Whose sounding wings awake the passive air;
So round the sacred mount the pilgrims pour,
Whose babbling tongues emit a ceaseless roar.
Come in, ye tribes! the illustrious city calls,
With open gates through all her towery walls.
From day to day each avenue they throng,
And through the streets in armies sweep along:
A mingled mass of life!—stupendous crowd!
A million souls press'd in one moving cloud!

Whose swift-wing'd hours in preparation fly
To meet the opening which is verging nigh.
Their robes they wash, and bathe in lavers wide
From fountains fill'd, that burst the mountain's side.
With ceaseless care and sounding strains they wait
In tents and groves, or round the temple's gate;
With offerings destined for the hallow'd day,
Whose life must flow in crimson rills away.

The time arrived, well chosen for the end,
Messiah appears this ancient feast t' attend:
Now Salem's subjects, from her frowning towers,
Behold him coming, clothed with regal powers;
But no proud chariot bears him on his way:
In movements lowly, humble in array:
Embroider'd robes and diadems of gold—
The toys of kings—he neither bought nor sold.
See, toward proud Salem's gates he moves along,
Borne by an ass amid a sainted throng!
Who lop the palm, and strew the branches round,
And with their garments spread the honour'd ground
O'er which he rides:—Messiah has come to reign!
What shouts of triumph thunder from his train!
"Hosanna!"—loud they cry—"behold your King!"
With just applause th' echoing mountains ring!
Thus Shiloh enters Salem's vaulted wall
'Mid gazing crowds,—how complicate his call!
The feast t' attend, his ministry to close,
T' accomplish mercy's plan, and end his woes.

This signal feast, by Heaven's express commands,
Had long been kept:—as a memorial stands
Of Israel's exit from the Egyptian yoke,
When Pharaoh yielded at the angel's stroke:

The victim was a lamb, whose blood they shed,
And mark'd their door-posts with the signal red,
O'er which the angel pass'd in that dread hour,
When death was sent to crush th' Egyptian power.
To Israel's tribes an emblem this was given
Of Christ the Lord, the Lamb of God from heaven!
Now with this feast the sign must disappear;
The end is come—the Antitype is here!
His precious life a sacrifice he'll give,
That Justice' sword may pass and let us live.
While Shiloh waited for th' eventful hour
To prove his mission, and to show his power,
On came the day, distinguish'd from the train,
In which the paschal offering must be slain.

To his apostles then—they were alone—
The Lord spake thus, with a pathetic tone:
I have desired with ardent, deep desire,
And still I feel the same enkindled fire,
This supper with you once more here to eat,
The truth to seal, the emblem to complete.
As you go hence, a stranger you will find
Who has a room prepared for guests design'd;
Make all things ready there, as I command,
Against th' appointed hour which is at hand.

The whole was done exactly to accord
With the designs of their observant Lord.
Soon as the hour arrived the Master came,
And came the twelve. A sheeny taper flame
The room display'd: a table there was spread,
A lamb thereon, with herbs, and wine, and bread.
In thought profound, on proper seats prepared,
They all reclining sat; while each eye stared

Upon the Master's face: his will to know,
His words to hear, and reverence to show:—
To their surprise this declaration made,—
By one of you I soon shall be betray'd.
Lord, is it I? in turn they cried around,
Till Jesus answer'd thus, with skill profound:—
The treacherous hand is present with me here
Upon the table, artful, without fear!
The rightful Son of man, alas! must go
As was presaged: but, Oh! the traitor's wo!
A wretch indeed!—perdition's son forlorn!
For him 'twere well if he had ne'er been born.
The supper closed—upon the table lay
The sacred symbols, waiting new display;
Then, on the board that bore the paschal sign,
The sacrament was form'd of bread and wine:
The latter rite was grafted on the old;—
The latter sign a greater wonder told.
Before their eyes he took th' unleaven'd bread,
And broke the same, and gave to all, and said:—
This is my body, which for you is given,
The Bread of life, the living Bread from heaven!
Then pass'd the crimson cup that near him stood,
And said, Drink this, the emblem of my blood:
This I ordain;—this do with love sincere;—
A feast memorial of my sufferings here.
When all was done, th' hymn being ended too,
Straight from the crowded city they withdrew.
Near Salem's precincts stands a mountain high
Of ancient birth: coeval with the sky;
Whose shaggy head among the clouds repose
While near its base a kindred summit rose;

Where groves of olive wave from side to side,
Rich with deep verdure and eternal pride;
Hence styled Mount Olivet: the saint's retreat,
Devotion's refuge, and the Muses' seat.
Along this mountain's base extended lay
A winding vale beneath a genial ray;
Where nature's balmy breath perfumed the air,
And murmuring Kidron found a passage there.
Along this valley art with nature join'd,
A garden form'd, for social walks design'd;
Where pensive souls could from the crowd retreat,
And guardian angels with their comrades meet.
On flaming wheels the radiant king of day
Down the steep western hills had roll'd away;
Th' ethereal lamps on heaven's high portals hung
In cloud-wrapp'd skies, while mournful night-birds sung:
'Twas dark, when, lo! Messiah, with wearied frame,
Pass'd Kidron o'er, and to the garden came.
There faithless Judas, charm'd by lucre's power,
A traitor turn'd—Oh, dreadful!—dreadful hour!
Though deep the plot, all veil'd with muffled fear,
The Saviour saw the painful moment near;
And agonized, oppress'd by ponderous woes,
His friends deserted, and pursued by foes.
To Heaven's high throne he raised his weeping eyes;
Let this cup pass, if possible, he cries:
But let thy will be done, and not my own,
I bow submissive to th' eternal Throne.
And thrice he pray'd; yea, thrice implored the same,
While death impending shook his earthly frame.
Prone on th' unconscious earth with grief profound,
He laved with crimson sweat the mournful ground;

Till sable night had measured half the skies,
And lock'd in sleep his dear disciples' eyes.
A crew with arms, in glimmering light display'd,
He saw advancing through the breezy shade.
Sleep on, he cries; behold! a barbarous band
Of foes conspired: they come with torch in hand!
Lo, Judas leads!—the way he cannot miss—
Hail, Master! cries, and gives the treach'rous kiss.
With guilty hands they seize the Prince of light,
Who lamb-like stands, and bears their hellish spite:
No plaint he offers, no resistance shows,
Nor weapon wields to subjugate his foes.
Should he but ask, chariots and angels bright
Would cleave the clouds to bear him from their sight.
Yes, subject earth would yawn at his command,
And give them graves beneath the trodden sand:
The lightning at his call would leave the skies,
And scathe his ruthless foes before his eyes;
But he forbears, flies not the dreadful hour,
Nor shuns the outrage of their cruel power.
Tremendous scene! how shocking to the view
Of sinless shades! they see and wonder too!
Lo, nature feels this sleepless night of fears,
And bending olives drop their dewy tears!
The stars grow dim; lo, night's illustrious queen
Sinks down in clouds, and shuns the dismal scene!
Among the happy band dismay is spread:
They smote the Shepherd, and the sheep are fled!
By fiends controll'd, poor Judas has no rest,
Fear and remorse like vultures tear his breast:
Back to the royal hall he goes with speed
To counteract the contumelious deed;

There states his crime, reveals his base desires,
Then casts the money down, and straight retires,
And seeks for death :—death does not from him fly :—
Dies in despair ;—Oh, what a death to die !

END OF THE THIRTEENTH BOOK.

BOOK XIV.

THE ARGUMENT.

CHRIST'S CRUCIFIXION, RESURRECTION, AND ASCENSION.

Messiah is condemned and sent to Pilate—Pilate delivers him to be crucified—He endures the scourge—The cross described—A part of the frame Jesus bears—He addresses the crowd on the way to Calvary—Christ dies—Prodigies follow—Reflections on this great sacrifice—The tomb sealed and guarded—Christ rises, and, after forty days, ascends to heaven.

WEEP, earth and heaven! lo, men and fiends agree!
Now comes the judgment of this world: now see
What judgment men will give:—wrath spins the clew,
And foes conspire. The tragedy is new,
The actors impious. Who now can doubt?—
The Lord of earth will be from earth cast out!
The priesthood and their agents are combined
In deadly schemes: to truth and reason blind.
The world now triumphs; now with pleasure shows
A brief supremacy; nor fears nor knows
A higher doom. Fair Justice comes not near
This bench of hate; nor is Compassion here,
Nor honest Truth; but wanton Slander brawls
Unawed, and demons haunt these splendid halls

The Saviour enters with a dreadless band
Of barbarous foes, to hear the priests' demand;
Nor makes defence: reserved in each reply:
On charges false he stands condemn'd to die!
The rugged chains their cruel hands bestow
He mutely bears, while they to Pilate go
His doom to get confirm'd. Rome held the power
Of life and death:—at this momentous hour
Pilate her legate stands, who calmly hears
The charges brought:—the cause to him appears
A slander vile. To calm the wordy storm,
And justice do, he offers to perform
A customary deed: some one in bonds to free,
And Jesus named, but left them to agree.
All adverse to his wish, they turn their voice
Against his life, and make a different choice.
Barabbas they prefer, whose impious hand
Had murder wrought with a seditious band.
The governor perplex'd, yet wish'd to show
Indulgence still, in haste inquires to know
What shall be done with Jesus, who now stands
A prisoner uncondemn'd upon his hands.

To this demand with vengeance they reply,—
His doom is fix'd by us—him crucify!
Why? what hath he done? th' governor rejoin'd,
He guiltless seems—no fault in him I find!

With greater rage they sound a louder cry—
Let him be crucified—him crucify!

Then Pilate saw, when this wild tumult rose
That nothing would appease the prisoner's foes
But his immediate death. Straight in the hall
His hands he bathes, in presence of them all:—

Of this man's blood I guiltless am, he cries,
The wo is yours if innocent he dies.
Then from the people burst a deafening roar
Of mingled cries, much louder than before,—
His blood on us and on our children fall!
The guilt and curse we'll bear—yes, bear it all!
Hence Pilate straight proclaims Barabbas free,
A boon of triumph for the day of glee;
And yields the crimeless Jesus to the hands
Of cruel scourgers, as the law demands:
This torture he must feel—Oh, barbarous doom!—
Before he dies: a prelude to the tomb.
Without complaint the Sufferer calmly stands,
And bears the bloody scourge from ruffian hands:
The ploughers cut red furrows deep and wide
Across his yielding frame from side to side;
While the dry lash drinks blood from every wound
The purple showers bedew the thirsty ground;
The mangled flesh falls on the weeping stones,
And leaves the naked bones to stare on bones!
Still, like the lamb to slaughter doom'd to go,
Without a groan he bears the appointed wo.
All laved in gore the suffering Saviour stands:—
The scourge is gone—it has no more demands.
The soldiers next rush round him like a flood,
To scoff at innocence, and sport with blood.
All vile are they, inured to scenes of wo;
As mountain tigers fierce, nor pity know:
With scornful jeers around the Sufferer crowd,
By wanton hands they first displace his shroud—
Then with mock royalty his frame adorn:
A crown constructed of the prickly thorn

They place upon his head, and in his hand
A slender reed, to mimic high command,
Hail, Judah's King! all kneeling, loudly cry
Before his face: each taunting art they try,
With spitting too: now from his saintly hand
The reed they take, and at a vile command
The rugged wreath they smite upon his brow,
And by its force the thorns deep furrows plough;
Hence, from the wounds, the gushing life-drops pour
In giddy streams upon the marble floor.

When this was done—when every art was tried
Of wanton sport, and all were satisfied,
They led him from the hall, amid a crowd
Of faithless wretches, in wild triumph loud,
To die the death—an ignominious fate!—
For him ordain'd, without the city gate:
A death horrific, lingering, stamp'd with shame,
For slaves design'd—the worst that had a name:
To all a dread—a dread to hearts of stone:
A doom in keeping with a tyrant's throne.

Behold the cross, the work of Roman hands!
Deep in the earth an upright pillar stands;
And, high in air, well fitted to the same,
A timber crosses, which completes the frame:
Hence styled the *Cross*—an ignominious tree:
The bed of death—the bed of misery!
The transverse beam, by which the arms are stay'd,
There by them lay, which is for torture laid
On Christ the Lord, whose shoulders reek with gore;
At their command he passes on before
The martial train, through streets and portals wide,
'Mid Salem's towers, and ranks of gazing *pride*,

The cross he bears, bound to that lonely height,
Golgotha call'd, where Death sits throned in light.
The Son of man, the human nature frail,
Beneath the wood begins to faint and fail;
A stranger press'd, receives and bears his load
With trembling step along the toilsome road.

The Saviour still has friends: some in the train
Feel strong emotions—sorrow at his pain:
Expressive tears fall on the speechless clay
That bears their feet along the trodden way.
The tender heart he knows, that beats with wo,
And marks the eye that lets compassion flow.
Around he turns—O, hear his voice!—his face
Who can describe! how full of truth and grace!

Daughters of Salem, hear! (with zeal he cries,
While brooks of feeling trickle from his eyes!)
Weep not for me, but for your children weep!
Weep for yourselves, and mournful vigils keep.
Your doom is near! this impious realm must know
Dark days of vengeance and pale days of wo!
If the green tree be marr'd, and cut, and riven,
What in return shall to the dry be given?

At length the height of Calvary they gain,
With all things ready for their work of pain:
His sacred feet and tender hands they wound
With pointed spikes—his blood bedews the ground!
Aloft they next the solid timber raise:
A fixture stands; the Lamb of God the gaze!
To all display'd, and left to linger there,
The sport of rage, without a mortal's care,
Except his friends, who stand remotely round
In silent grief, and bathe with tears the ground.

Forsaken thus, with raging anguish stung,
Suspended there the Lord of glory hung!
Her God, lo! Nature owns, laments aloud,
And stops her chariot in a dusky cloud:
The sun declines—his beams away are hurl'd:
A gloom mysterious shrouds the lower world.
Nor stars appear, nor blazing meteors fly
To light the chambers of the vaulted sky:
The brutes o'erwhelm'd in unexpected night,
Stand all amazed, and tremble with affright.
Dead silence reigns,—the world is like a tomb,—
Nor sounds of joy are heard amid the gloom.
The heathen sages mark the signs of power,
Feel strange concern in this tremendous hour.
The doubts to solve up wakes the world of thought,
And latent skill is into action brought;
But this phenomenon all search defies,
And whelms the gazer in extreme surprise:
The potent cause to skeptics lies unknown,
And o'er its end a sable veil is thrown.
Celestial guards behind this cloudy screen
Behold the progress of the tragic scene;
And while they see the Innocent distress'd,
Strange horror feel, although completely bless'd.
Three painful hours had roll'd as dark as night,
Nor object smiled upon the languid sight.
Lo! the ninth hour comes on, that awful hour,
Replete with judgment and Almighty power!
The immortal SUN goes down! aloud he cries,
And, with deep groans, gives up the ghost, and dies!
All heaven is moved, earth feels the vital wound,
And nature trembles to her distant bound:

The voice of victory echoes to his groan,
And spoils of triumph round the world are thrown.
The vaulted temple quakes; its mystic veil
Asunder rends—its deep foundations wail:
The ocean roars, convulsions heave the ground,
Hoarse, cavern'd thunder, swells a doleful sound:
The solid rocks in their dark beds are riven,
And from the chambers of the mountains driven.
Deep chasms yawn along the hollow ground
Where rest the dead: the saints from sleep profound
Awake, and rise to prove Messiah's reign,
And, on his triumph home, to form his train.

The astonish'd crowd, repulsed by crimes from rest,
The scene behold, and smite their tortured breast.
Though late they raged, and sway'd the crimson rod,
Now trembling cry, "He is the Son of God!"
Thus, with remorse, the impious crowd return,
And leave his train alone to weep and mourn.

Hark! from the mount, where, lo! the Saviour dies,
With solemn tone, '*Tis finish'd*, now he cries:
He gives his life, outflies the vengeful doom,
And leaves them wondering why he dies so soon!
The long-predicted sacrifice is made,
Which hangs disfigured in the ambient shade;
His robe is dyed: lo, he the winepress trod,
And bore the vengeance of almighty God!
The law is honour'd, its full demand is given,
And Mercy smiles upon the throne of Heaven.
Th' atonement great is made, the victory won,
The Serpent bruised, and peace on earth begun:
Justice and Mercy met, the heavens bow'd,
While glory flamed upon the hov'ring cloud.

The heralds of the sky, who saw the sight,
Bore up the tidings through the realms of light.
Inglorious Calvary!—immortal now!
Who can forget thy cross, thy bloody brow?
Where Mercy fled from Him who raised her throne;
To purchase life for man, laid down his own:
Where human nature sunk o'erwhelm'd by woes,
And high Divinity triumphant rose;
Where from a storm an endless calm begun,
And from dense clouds arose a radiant Sun.
Oh, horrid mount! whose memorable day
Arose in blood, and fled in gloom away!
Whose late, rich incense, grateful to the skies,
The world shall fill, and shall for ever rise!
Though Sinai wakes with mingled terrors crown'd,
And angry clouds involve the nether ground—
Though from its summit vivid flashes fly,
Which rend the earth and lighten all the sky—
Though direful shocks in quick succession roll
From its dread height around the guilty soul—
Secure the saint on Zion's crimson'd height,
The storm he views receding from his sight;
O'erwhelm'd by grace the flashes cease to rise,
And all its roar in *hallelujah* dies!
The angry clouds by gales Divine are driven,
And o'er it shines the peaceful light of heaven.
The day declined, night's mournful harp was strung,
Still on the cross the Saviour's body hung;
There the disciples stay'd to watch the end,
And mourn the loss of their departed Friend.
The soldiers came,—this ancient seers descried,—
His bones they spared, but pierced his yielding side;

Thence flow'd amain a sanctifying flood
Of water blended with a stream of blood.
Then Pilate, yielding, gave to Joseph's care
The Saviour's body, that hung bleeding there;
Which down he took before the gazing crowd,
With care involved it in a spotless shroud,
And laid it in a tomb that stood alone,
Unoccupied before,—form'd for his own,—
Hewn in a rock: a noble, sinless end,
To make hard marble crumbling dust defend.
With prayer and tears he closed the mournful rite,
As growing shadows told th' approach of night.
His duty done—he could do nothing more—
A ponderous stone he roll'd against the door,
And straight retired, with all the mourning train,
Nor stopp'd to think that he would rise again.
Messiah's foes, all impious at heart,
Were much suspicious of imposing art;
To Pilate went; their parlance Pilate hears
Of fraudful schemes:—thus run their babbled fears:—
Sir, we have learn'd that this deceiver said,
Ere he was doom'd to die, that from the dead
He should arise:—deception lurks in gloom:—
The day is fix'd for him to leave the tomb.
Now lend us aid, and by your signet broad
The tomb secure against the hand of fraud;
Lest his disciples should by night convey
His body hence; and then with triumph say
He's risen from the dead. In spite of all,
The charges then would on us pointed fall.
Go, seal the tomb,—the governor replies,—
Protect the ground, and be alert and wise!

A watch you have subjected to your will,
Directions give, and keep the matter still.
From Pilate's court, in haste, the priests depart,
The tomb to guard against imposing art:
The ponderous stone that on its entrance lies,
Receives a seal: the power of fraud defies.
A watch they set to eye the haunted gloom,
Intruders stay, and guard the holy tomb:
Around the vault the dreadless soldiers stand,
From hour to hour, pursuant to command;
See nothing strange,—no sound alarms their ears,—
The Sabbath comes, and soon it disappears,—
And a new day awakes:—hark! now the ground
Begins to quake! a hoarse, uncommon sound,
Rolls through the air; swift, from the opening skies,
An angel form descends before their eyes:
His snowy robe floats on the wavy air
Around his form; his face as noontide glare;
With awful ease he rolls away alone,
From the sepulchre's door, the massive stone,
And seats himself thereon. With sudden dread
The keepers quake, and powerless fall as dead;
Their swords and shields drop useless to the ground,
In strange confusion, with a clashing sound.
The time foretold for Death to yield his power
Is now elapsed. Hail, long-expected hour!
Messiah comes triumphant from the tomb,
A victor over Death, and Death's dread gloom:
The tyrant spoils; o'er his mute kingdom reigns,
Leads captive hence Captivity in chains:
Of this grand victory makes a pompous show,
In view of heaven, and earth, and hell below.

Some sainted women, ere the sun had graced
The eastern hills, came to the tomb in haste,
And found the stone removed by some strong hand
To them unknown: they greatly wondering stand.
While gazing in they see two beings there,
But Jesus' body gone, they know not where.
Thus, while in doubt, they hear an angel speak,—
Your fears dismiss, the Lord of life you seek:
He is not here,—remember what he said,—
His shroud is left: come, see where he was laid!
Hence quickly go, and let your hearts revive;
To all proclaim, The Saviour is alive!
Charge his disciples not to faithless be;
They all shall see him soon in Galilee.

The frighten'd watch, recovering from their fall,
Without delay proceeded to the hall
Of the high priest: oppress'd with gloomy care
They musing went, and told this story there:—

Sirs, while on duty, ere the bright dawn came,
The mountain trembled, and a whirling flame
Flash'd on our sight; amid the splendour shone
An angel form, who roll'd away the stone
With graceful touch, and sat thereon: for dread
Could see no more; we fell around as dead.
But soon we rose, amazed at what was done—
The tomb lay open, and the body gone!
In view an angel stood, conversing there
With certain women; heard him thus declare,
That Christ is risen; and, to prove it true,
Said they should see him soon, and hear him too.

The priests all heard with terror in their eyes:
Though strange th' account, no one th' account denies.

They must believe, although they do not know;
Hence honest thoughts thus gain'd a ready flow:
How can we doubt? as things do now appear
There is no fraud: the watch are men sincere:
A lie they would not frame our cause to harm,
Their foes to aid, and raise a false alarm.
We may be wrong: perhaps we crucified
The Prince of Peace, and God's own Son denied!
Whom death could not detain. But who can show
That he came down to rule the world below?
Whirl'd in the maze of thought, they oft review
This strange concern: see difficulties new
At every turn; yes, thoughts perplexing rise,
In doubt what mode of action to devise:
Should they confess the guards' account at all.
His death unjust would justly on them fall.
Soon they resolve their impious acts to hide
By falsehood's aid, and lay all fears aside.
The watch they bribe; direct them thus to say,
His minions came, and bore his corse away
While we all slept—charged them to tell no more
What they had seen, and heard, and said before.
If this, said they, to Pilate's ears should fly,
And you be charged with a nefarious lie,
We will delude him by some artful clew,
His favour gain, and then provide for you.
The soldiers took the bribes, then went their way
And told the things that they were hired to say;
Their false report the impious priests sustain'd,
The vile believed, and babbling dupes were gain'd.
The bless'd Messiah, by proofs that doubts survive,
To his disciples show'd himself alive:

From time to time, from place to place appear'd:
His wounds they saw—his gracious voice they heard.
His work to close, he took them to the height
Of Olivet renown'd; there, robed with light,
He stood and said,—In Salem's precincts stay
With joyful hope until the promised day
Shall come:—a promise by the Father given,
That God the Spirit should descend from heaven.
The Pentecost is near—wait with desire;
You then shall be baptized with holy fire!
From regions high a sudden sound you'll hear,
Like gusts of wind impetuous on your ear,
Which all the house shall fill; and tongues of fire
Shall crown your heads, and every soul inspire.
Thence, by mysterious skill, you can proclaim,
In various tongues, my glorious Truth and Name.
Yes, go with unction fill'd from that bless'd hour;
Your high commission prove by signs and power!
My Gospel preach, salvation free proclaim,
And baptize all in my eternal Name.

He said no more. O'erwhelm'd with deep amaze
Th' apostles stand, and on their Master gaze.
Lo! now a whirling cloud rolls on the ground,
And as it wheels it wraps their Lord around;
High on the winds his chariot takes its flight;
Enwheel'd with glory mounts the God of light!
Entranced the apostles stand in anxious gaze,
But lose his track in th' ethereal blaze.
Far in the fields of space, beyond our day,
He swiftly flies; bright suns illume his way;
The volant *lightnings* harness'd to his car,
Go bounding through the void from star to star,

Till, on his course, Time's throne he leaves behind,
High ether plains, and seas of light refined.
Lo, there bright Seraphim, on wings of fire,
Come on to escort him to th' eternal Sire
With shouts sublime: while from a distant crowd
Responsive plaudits swell the triumph loud:
The wide empyrean quakes! His banner high,
In purple waves floats o'er the dazzled eye.
Heaven's golden gates, unbidden, open spring—
Archangels radiant rush upon the wing,
With trumpets sounding; while the call is given,
Come in! come in, triumphant King of Heaven!
The world's redeem'd! the victory is won!
Reign thou in heaven, adored, eternal Son!

Wrapp'd in deep thought the apostles stood and [gazed
Up toward the heavens; apparently amazed;
Unseen supposed—supposed themselves alone,
Till on their eager vision brightly shone
Two angels clothed in white, who kindly spoke
With awful tones, and thus the silence broke:—

Ye men of Galilee! why stand ye here
In silent muse, perplex'd with needless fear?
Faith is required: behold, and understand
The chain of wonders rolling from the hand
Of Power Divine! This Jesus, you must know,
Who has gone up to heaven, and left below
His anxious train, will in some future day
Unknown on earth—nor angels skill'd can say—
In whirling clouds from heaven alike descend
To earth again, to carry out the end
Of Wisdom's scheme: the moulder'd dead to wake—
The living change—earth's strong foundations shake—

The world arraign—to death the wicked doom,
And in high triumph lead the ransom'd home
To their immortal rest—the Book Divine
Throughout fulfil. Then the whole Truth shall shine
In flaming letters on the walls of heaven:
TRIUMPHANT TRUTH! the last impression, given!

THE END.

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